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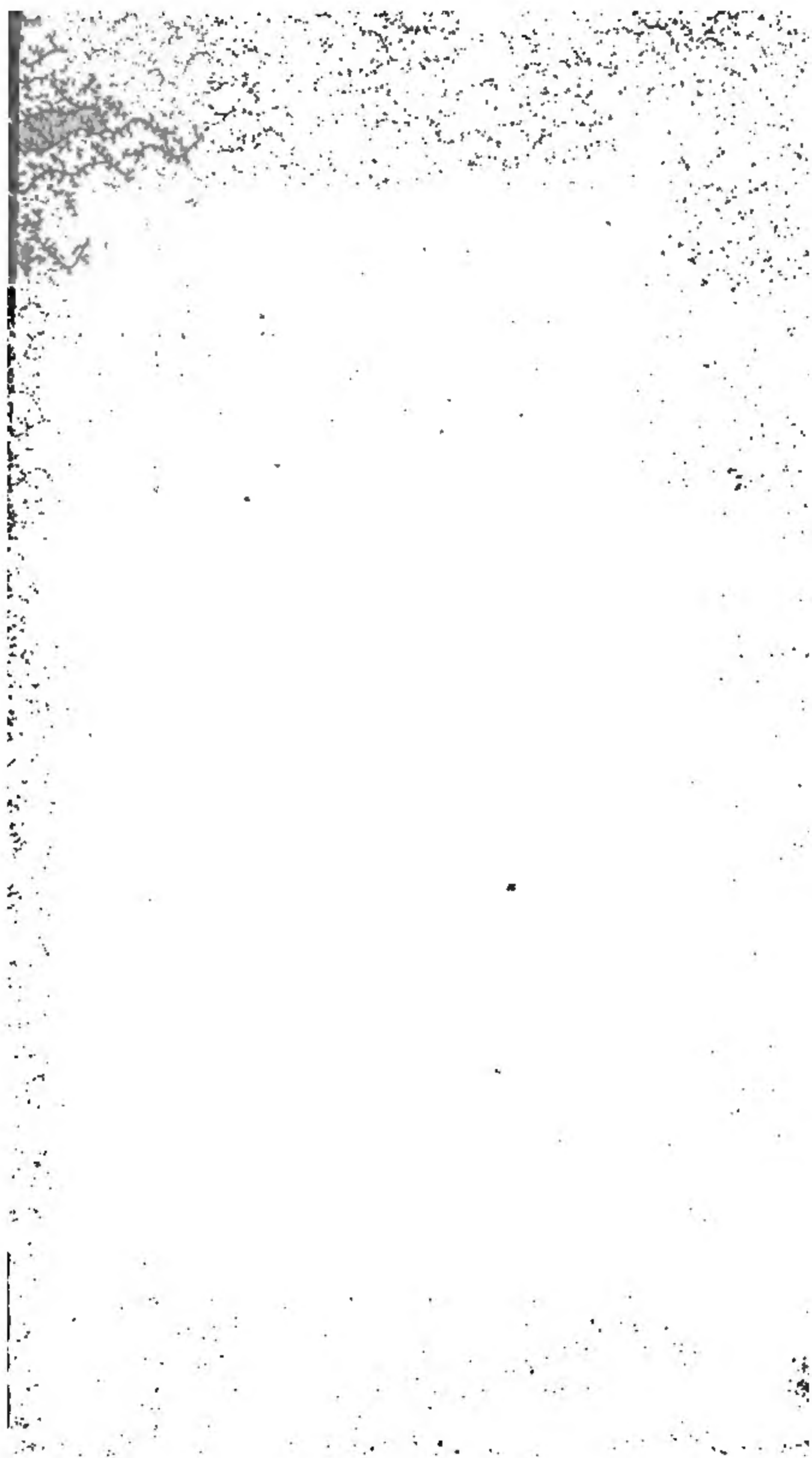
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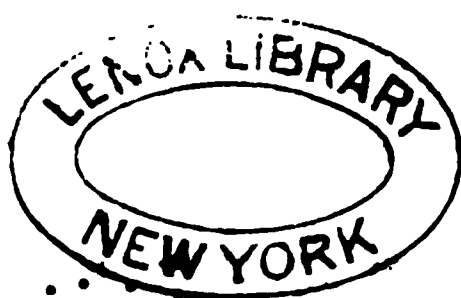
Restituta;
OR,
TITLES,
EXTRACTS, AND CHARACTERS
OF
Old Books
IN ENGLISH LITERATURE,
REVIVED.

BY
SIR EGERTON BRYDGES, BART. K.J. M.P.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY T. BENSLEY,
Bolt Court, Fleet Street,
FOR
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1815.



NEW YORK
JAN 24
1951

PREFACE TO VOL III.

A THIRD Volume of *RESTITUTA*, being completed, it is unnecessary to say more than that the Editor, having rather in the following pages relied on the recondite stores, and accurate information of a learned coadjutor, than on his own distracted memory and hurried pen, trusts that the evidences of curious research and rare matter will be found not only undiminished but augmented. The materials for the minutiae of our literary history, especially in the department of our old Poetry, are thus gradually ac-

cumulating into a vast, though yet indigested, mass: while every fresh volume draws forth and embodies a store of fugitive notices, which might otherwise have perished. If there are those who yet consider these things as either dull or trifling, time and occasion will shew their value.

Oct. 23, 1815.

ADDENDA.

The Forest of Fancy is assigned by Ritson to HENRY CHETTER.

Since the article of MAXWELL's *Life and Death of Prince Henry* was printed off, it is found to have been fully noticed by Mr. HASLEWOOD in the concluding number of the *British Bibliographer*. One apology may serve for this and other oversights. *Humanum est errare!*

DIGESTED

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Peculiar Character of Milton's Juvenile Poems, with a list of cotemporary Poems, in 8vo. from Nov. 30, 1640, to May 1661, in the order of publication.

WHATEVER be the age and its manners, in which a great poetical genius is born and educated, the turn of his mind will be the same; and he will delight in the same images, and the same sentiments. Was there any thing particularly propitious in the reigns of the two first Stuarts to the peculiar colour of Milton's poetry? While Carew, and Waller, and Lovelace, and Stanley, were with a waste of ingenuity adapting sonnets to the eyebrows of their mistresses, and Lawes and Gamble and others were setting those songs to music, Milton was nursing in solitude visions of natural imagery, or thrilling emotions of tender or sublime sentiment! The courtly air, the polished compliment, the sparkling conceit, had no attractions for him. His estimates and his taste were not formed on temporary fashions of artificial splendor.

Without a familiar acquaintance with the poetical writings of the authors coeval with him, it is not easy to estimate the degree of originality of Milton's genius.

That which has been well denominated by Mason and Warton, (and long before by Phillips, when speaking of Marlow) *pure poetry*, was at that time almost unknown. In Q. Elizabeth's reign it had been occasionally exhibited by Spenser, and in a few songs, such as *Come live with me, and be my love*; and it may be found scattered in detached passages of the dramas of Shakespeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and occasionally in the *Shepherd's Pipe* of William Browne, and the *Shepherd's Hunting* of George Wither.

But natural imagery seems in general to have afforded no attraction in itself; and to have been only regarded as the material for figurative language, by which some far-fetched thought might be illustrated, or some absurd flattery conveyed. Donne and Cowley carried this bad taste to the greatest excess.

A minor genius follows the fashionable models: it is best pleased with that which is most artificial; and the greater the difficulties imposed by rules and examples, the better its chance of success; not merely with reference to the execution, but also to the applause which will follow. It requires critics less highly qualified to pronounce on artificial, than on natural, excellence.

Let any one compare *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Lycidas*, and *Comus* with cotemporary poetry. These pieces are not merely different in degree; they seem almost to belong to a different order of beings: they carry us into a new creation, habituated to simpler, purer, and more elevated sentiments, and surrounded by objects of a brighter and sublimer hue! An attempt has been sometimes made to shew Milton's imitations,

or coincidences. This may happen in particular lines, or thoughts. But where can be found the same general and equal cast of imagery and sentiment; the same tone of enthusiasm and inspiration throughout?

Milton, untouched by the ordinary vanities and passions of the world, which exercise uncontrolled dominion over inferior minds, passed his youth either in severe study, or the intellectual society of his potent imagination: he retired to court visions of angelic choirs on the banks of haunted streams; not to dark closets, glimmering with the midnight lamp, that he might waste the stores of poetry, and betray a distorted wit, in celebrating some court beauty, or some unworthy minion of state favouritism.

Yet so little were these things to the taste of the day, that neither then, nor for nearly a century afterwards, do I recollect a single imitator of these most exquisite poems! Carew was now passing through four editions; Waller was a still greater favourite: Sir John Suckling also was in the hands of every Courtier. Of John Cleveland, a forgotten versifier, more universally read at this time than any other pretender to poetry, I say nothing, because we may attribute the attention he received to the party zeal from whence his productions originated. Cowley was popular; but popular, I suspect, on account of his faults. Those beautiful moral essays, containing a mixture of prose and poetry, written after he was sick of the world, and recommending obscurity, retirement, and the pleasures of the country, were not then published; yet these are the compositions on which his permanent fame must rest.

While others, who aspired to the reputation of poets, ushered their works to the world by commendatory verses of many of those who were pursuing the same course, Milton disdained to give or receive such assistance. He stood aloof; and seems to have retired within himself, calmly content, amid coldness and neglect, with his own singular powers.

It is dangerous to leave the classical models of antiquity; which, with a few exceptions, will be found to contain all the excellence that is calculated to please through the fluctuating taste of a series of ages. Yet Milton is, I think, one of these exceptions. It does not strike me that any thing of the cast of the four juvenile poems I have mentioned is to be found among the ancients. They have a wilder and more picturesque air, and they have allusions to popular superstitions, arising perhaps out of Gothic institutions and manners, which have the strongest tendency to delight or agitate the fancy.

This peculiar character ascribed to Milton's genius and compositions, will perhaps be deemed by some to be carried to a fanciful length. But let them carefully examine the following List, which is extracted from the Catalogue of the King's Pamphlets. Of a large proportion of these books, an account may be found either in *Censura Literaria*, or in *The British Bibliographer*. It is but fair to say of Herrick, that there are two or three pieces of his, full of that pure description and wild allusion, which mark a poetical mind of a genuine cast.

List of poetical Tracts.

1. Elegies on Horace Lord Vere.
2. Wither's Remembrancer.
3. Eugenio's Tears.
4. Psalms in four languages, by W. Sclater.
5. Wither's Campo-Musæ.
6. Triumphs of Love, from Petrarch, by Anna Hume.
7. Milton's Poems.
8. Philipot's Poems.
9. Waller's Poems.
10. Wither's Vox Pacifica.
11. John Hall's Poems.
12. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple.
13. G. Hills's Odes of Casimir.
14. Hen. Vaughan's Poems, with 10th Satire of Juvenal.
15. Llewellyn's Men Miracles.
16. Sir Robert Stapylton's Musæus.
17. Rob. Baron's Cyprian Academy.
18. Jas. Shirley's Poems.
19. Bp. Corbet's Poems.
20. Stanley's Aurora and Oronta, *principally prose*.
21. Rob. Herrick's Hesperides.
22. Sir Rob. Stapylton's Musæus.
23. Cowley's Mistress.
24. Wither's Prosopopæia Britannica.
25. Alexander Ross's Muse's Interpreter.
26. Bp. Corbet's Poemata Stromata.
27. Rd. Crashaw's Steps to the Temple.
28. John Quarles's Fons Lachrymarum.
29. T. D. Zion's Song, or Catechism.
30. Lachrymæ Musarum on Lord Hastings.
31. John Quarles's Regale Lectum.
32. Rd. Lovelace's Lucasta, Epodes, &c.

33. Peter Hausted's Poem in Honour of Tobacco.
34. Reliquiæ Wottonianæ.
35. Rob. Heath's Clarastella.
36. R. Baron's Pocula Castalia.
37. The Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America.
38. The Loves of Hero and Leander, a mock poem.
39. W. Cartwright's Plays and Poems.
40. J. Harington's Polender and Flostella.
41. W. B.'s Haleluiah, or Hymns from Scripture.
42. Mrs. A. W.'s Continuation of Sydney's Arcadia.
43. Herbert's Remains.
44. Digges's Gerardo, or the unfortunate Spaniard.
45. Francis Beaumont's Poems.
46. Rd. Flecknoe's Miscellanea, or Poems.
47. Selected Parts of Horace, Prince of Lyrics.
48. Lamentations of Jeremiah, in metre.
49. Tho. Manley's Whole Book of Job, in metre.
50. Anacreon, Bion, Moschus, Kisses, by Thio. Stanley, (Dec. 30, 1652.)
51. G. Wither's Dark Lanthorn.
52. Verses to be reprinted with the 2d edition of Gondibert.
53. Rd. Brome's five new Plays.
54. Lady Newcastle's Philosophical Fancies.
55. G. Wither's Westrow revived.
56. Song of Solomon, in metre.
57. J. C.'s Melancholy Cavalier.
58. Tho. Washbourne's Divine Poems.
59. J. C.'s Wit's Interpreter; or the English Parnassus.
60. W. W.'s Muse's Cabinet, stored with variety of Poems.
61. Geo. Wither's Protector, a poem.
62. E. E.'s Dia Poemata.
63. Shakespear's Rape of Lucrece.
64. R. C.'s Sacred Poems, presented to the Countess of Denbigh.
65. Poems by W. H[ammond.]

66. Jos. Rigby's Drunkard's Burning Glass.
67. John Collop's Poesis Rediviva.
68. Sir J. M[ennes's] Jovial Poems.
69. John White's Psalms of David, in metre.
70. The Diarium, in burlesque verse.
71. Vaticinia Poetica.
72. Parnassus Biceps.
73. John Quarles's Elegy on the most Rev. James Usher.
74. Lord Herbert's Expeditio in Ream Insulam.
75. R. Fletcher's Epigrams of Martial, translated.
76. Sir J. Mennes's Musarum Deliciae, 2d edit.
77. Sir W. Davenant's Entertainment at Rutland House.
78. Evelyn's Essay on the first Book of Lucretius.
79. Bp. King's Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets.
80. Hugh Crompton's Pierides.
81. Garden of Delight, deck'd with choice flowers.
82. J. Jones's Ovid's Invective against Ibis.
83. E. E.'s Divine Poems, with a short description of Christian Magnanimity.
84. Poems, consisting of Epistles and Epigrams, Satires, Epitaphs and Elegies, Songs, Sonnets, &c.
85. Sir W. Lower's Enchanted Lovers, a pastoral.
86. Naps upon Parnassus.
87. Pharonnida, an heroick poem, by William Chamberlain of Shaftsbury.
88. Last Remains of Sir John Suckling.
89. Tho. Peck's Parnassi Puerperium.
90. J. Cleaveland's Poems, revived.
91. William Shipton's Dia.
92. G. Wither's Furor Poeticus.
93. The Rump, a collection of Songs.
94. John Dancer's Aminta and other Poems.
95. Sir Rob. Howard's Poems.
96. Poems by Wm. Earl of Pembroke, and Sir Ben. Rudyard.

*Omitted.*Barksdale's *Nympha Libethris*.R. Chamberlaine's *Poems*.T. Jordan's various *Tracts*.

Sir A. Cokayne.

&c. &c. &c.



It may be thought that the comparative disesteem, with which I have spoken of most of these productions, is inconsistent with the industry and zeal hitherto exercised in rescuing them from oblivion. Such an opinion would, as I contend, be uncandid, and ill-founded. To place them at an immeasurable distance from Milton, is not to exclude them from all honour and consideration. There is a minor ingenuity which is still amusing and instructive. The various purposes to which the revival of them may be applied, has been already frequently insisted on; and the repetition would fatigue the reader.

It would be unjust to Lovelace, were I not here to renew my testimony of praise to some of his Songs. That exquisite Lyric to Althea, from prison, is familiar to every one acquainted with the Collections of Percy and Ellis. And while I mention the latter name, may I may be permitted to consecrate a tear to the recent loss of one, who adorned the pursuits of the literary antiquary by his taste and his genius; and which will leave a vacancy in his department, that I know no one capable of filling!

April 21, 1815.

THE VALLEY OF VARIETIE, &c. 1638.*



AN engraved plate is prefixed to this little volume containing an oak encircled with flowers: at the top of the plate is the following motto—*dat gratiam humilibus*; at the bottom are the following lines, versifying that passage in the Psalms from which the motto is taken—

God hates the proud, the humble are his care,
Hence hills are barren, vallies fruitful are.

In a note in the third volume of *The History of Music*, Sir John Hawkins, whose historical and biographical knowledge have not been very often exceeded, has given a few outlines of Peacham's life, under his account of Horatio Vecchi, Peacham's musical instructor. These Mr. Park has filled up, as far as an examination of the writer's works affords materials; at any rate, the clue has been laid down by the latter, so as to enable any future biographer, whose concern may be more immediate with Peacham, to follow out the particulars of his various life. Having myself made no discoveries in that way, I will not give any account of Peacham, lest, as it could only be an abbreviation or alteration of what has been already done by others, I should in reality or appearance derive to myself credit from industry in which I had no share.

* See vol. ii. p. 295.

In the list of Peacham's works, which Mr. Park has given in the 9th volume of the *Harleian Miscellany* the *Valley of Variety* is omitted: as the work, therefore, of a writer highly complimented by Warton and Ellis, this little volume may deserve attention.

The imprimatur bears date March 10, 1637, (*i. e.* 1637-8) and is dedicated to Henry Earl of Dover, in return for many courtesies conferred upon him; and out of duty to his religious and honourable COUNTESS, for her repeated favours to *him* and *his* since the writer was last at *his Lordship's house in Broad Street*. What Lord, except indeed a Lord Mayor, would now have it said that his house was in Broad Street! The intention of Peacham originally was (he tells us) to translate the whole of Pancirolla's work into English; but having kept what he had already executed till the untowardness of the times promised little reward to literature, he resolved to give this sample of the fruits before he opened the whole basket, and from the reception this met with, to perfect or abandon his primitive purpose. Times still more unpropitious to literature succeeded; and we may be sure that Peacham's story was "left half told." Whatever might have been the author's first design, he soon quitted Pancirolla; and his *Valley of Variety* consists of short essays on various subjects, or rather it is a collection of anecdotes and authorities connecting various subjects, divided into chapters. For this purpose the classics, particularly those of the later ages, are laid under pretty heavy contributions. The nature of the work may be judged of from the titles of two or three chapters.

Chap. I. What to thinke of the lengthe of age which men lived in former times, and shortly after the creation.

Chap. II. Of the dead sea.

Chap. IV. (Of those locusts which the Scripture saith John Baptist did eate: where beside, many admirable things are reported of strange and unaccustomed meats.

The XIVth chapter treats of incombustible flax, or which will not consume by fire; in which he tells us, "He had given him by an *Arabian*, when *he lived in Saint Martin's Parish in the Fields, twenty years since*, a pretty quantitie of a stuffe like flaxe, which he bad me put into the fire, but it consumed not; whether it were the kind of flaxe which the Grecians called *Asbestinum*, and the Latins *Linum Vivum*, or that flaxe of Cyprus which Podocontus, a knight of Cyprus, (who wrote an History of Cyprus, anno MDLXVI) brought to Venice, and the fire could not consume it, he professes he knew not."



The Occasion of the Alteration of the Armes of Bohemia.

"When Vladislaus, K. of Bohemia, tooke parte with Frederick Barbarossa, and very much assisted him with men, munition, and all things necessarie for his expedition against Millan, Millan being taken, the day after the Emperor had entered into the citie, mounted upon a goodly courser, in his imperial robes, wearing the crowne which the King of England had sent him, all beset with most resplendent and prizeless jemmes, hee entred into the chief church of the citie; wherein the Archbishop of Millane sayd masse; there taking off his crowne, hee presented it to the King of Bohemia in these words: 'Vladis-

laus, this crowne, and the honours thereunto belonging, being the gift of my loving friend the King of England, appertaineth by right unto yourselfe : for you have been both the head and foot of that victory which now I have obtained. Moreover, as a perpetuall testimonie and monument of our mutuall love and friendship unto all posteritie, give mee leave to change your single blacke eagle into a sterne lion : for a lyon in strength and courage farre excelleth an eagle.' The king yeelded unto him, giving him many thankes. Then by the commandement of the Emperour a painter was sent for, who should draw this lyon in an ensigne : but heare a merry jest which followed. The paynter by chance had so drawne him, that his tayle lay close between his legges, as if he had had none at all ; which the Bohemians observing : And, I pray you, (quoth they to the painter) where is his tayle ? this is more like an ill-favoured jack-an-apes, then a generous lyon. Herenpon despising this coward-like lyon, they desired (being much grieved) that they might have their old eagle againe. This when it was related unto the Emperour, he fell into a great laughter, saying, It is no hard matter to finde a remedy for this, and to please the Bohemians. Wherefore he caused presently to be new paynted, a white lion, not with one taile onely, but with two, and those fairely aloft cast over his backe ; which remaineth the armes of the Bohemians even to this day."

G.



*The Soules immortal Crowne, consisting of seaven glorious graces. 1. Vertue. 2. Wisdom. 3. Love. 4. Constancie. 5. Patience. 6. Humilitie. 7. Infinitenes. Devided into Seaven dayes Workes. And dedicated to the Kings most excellent Majestie. At London, printed by H. Lownes, and are to be sold by J. C. and F. B. 1605.**



“ To the high and mighty Prince James, by the grace of God, King of great Brittain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c.

To whom shall I dedicate the praise of Vertue, but to him who Vertue praiseth, which in your Majesty being made good, to the eyes of those understanding spirits, that can judge of the heavenly notes of heroicall natures (I hope) having truth for my warrant, to escape the scandall of fawning eloquence; vouchsafe, therefore, my gracious Sovereign, in this plain poem, to peruse the labour of my heart's love, which with the service of true loyalty, I humbly lay at the feet of your Royal Majesty, beseeching the vertue of all grace, and grace of all vertue, so to bless you with his infinite blessings, that as Vertue under heaven putteth her praise under your patronage, so the Patron of all Vertue will so royallize your praise in the heavens, that to your gracious crown on earth, you may receive a crown of eternal glory.

Your Majesty's most
humble and loyal in all service

BER. N. Gent.

* Of this work, ascribed to *Nicholas Breton*, an account has already been given in *Censura Literaria*. It is here again introduced, because of the signature to the Dedication and Address, which being “*Bern. N.*” may raise some doubt. Notwithstanding this disguise, I hesitate not to pronounce it, from internal evidence, *Breton's*.

To the Reader.

You that have a heart to lift your eyes above your head, and have not buried your soul in the sink of sin, take a little time to read over this little Tract, where if Vertue may invite you, Wisdom may woo you, Love may draw you, Constancy may content you, Patience may perswade you, or Humility may entreat you, you shall not pass without your payment, and make a profit of your expence: the villain cannot taste it, the fool understand it, the hatefull not love it, nor the inconstant commend it, the impatient endure it, nor the proud regard it: but I hope the best will allow it, and to thee I only leave it, who can best judge of it, will judiciously peruse it, and accordingly esteem it: there is no state taxed in it, no person abused by it, none that read it, but may have good of it, and for the good of all men I have done it. The youthfull may learn, and the aged consider what is most necessary for the soul's comfort, the rich may find treasure above their wealth, and the poor, relief in their misery: in sum to avoid tediousness, I hope you shall see Vertue truly honoured, Wisdom truly praised, Love truly described, Constancy truly commended, Patience truly proved, and God in all, truly glorified: to the tuition of whose grace, in hearty prayer for your happiness, that you may seek it only in his goodness: I leave you for this time, and for ever, till I better know you.

Your friend as I
find cause,

BER. N. Gent.



THE ARGUMENT.

*Vertue is Wisdom's light, Wisdom her love,
And Constancy her only life's delight :
Which Patience in Humility doth prove,
Humility the eye of Vertue's sight :
That sees the graces branches of the tree,
Which figures God, in whom their glories be.*

A POEM

UPON THE PRAISE OF VERTUE.

(* *)

The first daye's work.

Oh, my dear Muse, that never could'st endure
The wicked courses of a wretched mind :
Nor ever learn'st by cunning to procure
The hateful comforts of a hellish kind :
But ever hast the love of Vertue near thee,
Speak in her praise, that all the world may hear thee.

Go, tell the greatest Monarch (where thou goest)
She is a queen to fit his majesty ;
And tell the wisest counsellor thou knowest,
By her his wit hath greatest dignity :
And tell the fairest, in her fairest grace,
Foul is her fair, except she blush her face.

Tell the Divine, she gives a glorious light
Unto the truth of the eternal word :
Tell Valour, she makes but a bloody fight,
Except she guide the hand that holds the sword.

Tell all the Arts, their studies are but idle,
Except she hold the senses in a bridle.

Tell Honour, that her title's but a tittle,
Except she build the steps of her estate :
Tell Riches, all her greatness is but little,
Except she hold her reckonings at a rate :
Tell Love, alas, his treasure's but a toy,
Except she be the substance of the joy.

Go, tell the world, more than the world can tell,
All is as nought, where she's not all in all :
Tell Excellence, she never doth excell,
But when her Grace doth to her glory fall :
Tell Truth herself, that in her trump of Fame,
Her highest note is only in her name.

Oh, were she seen within the sacred sense
Of her high favour alwayes with the highest ;
Where Angel's grace, and Grace's excellence,
Keep her dear love unto themselves the nighest :
Then would the world all humbly fall before her,
And, next to God, in hearts and souls adore her."*

&c. &c. &c.

* Two Poems of Nicholas Breton have been lately printed at the private press at Lee Priory, *The Longing of a blessed Heart*, and *Melancholike Humours*. Both of them, more especially the latter, which consists of twenty small poems, prove the poetical genius of Breton, whose copiousness of natural sentiment, and ease and elegance of language, are so eminent, and so well adapted to popularity, that the oblivion which has covered him is a matter of constant surprize to me.

The Jewell House of Art and Nature: containing divers rare and profitable Inventions, together with sundry new Experiments in the Art of Husbandry. With divers chimical Conclusions concerning the Art of Distillation, and the rare practises and uses thereof. Faithfully and familiarly set down, according to the Authour's own experience. By Sir Hugh Plat of Lincoln's Inne, Knight.

Whereunto is added, A rare and excellent Discourse of Minerals, Stones, Gums, and Rosins; with the vertues and use thereof. By D. B. Gent.

London: printed by Barnard Alsop, and are to be sold at his house in Grubstreet, near the Upper Pump, 1658.

4^{to}. pp. 232.



“ To the munificent Lover of all Learning, the Right Honourable Boulstroad Whitlock, one of the Lord Commissioners of the great Seal of England, &c.

MY LORD,

There is not any thing in nature so churlish to its self, which indeavoreth not to its own protection, it being the business and delight of Nature to protect her self. But to protect the Arts is a work (my Lord) which requires a head of honour, the depth of whose knowledge can understand their mysteries, and the height of whose dignities can countenance their merits.

In this treatise your Honour shall finde lively represented how wonderfully Nature doth actuate, whether you look upon it as Nature naturing, which is God; or, Nature natured, which

reflects onely on compounded bodies ; and, as the philosophers do define, is the beginning of their motion, and their rest.

Your Honour may here behold the latter in all her beauty ; and observe how industrious is Art to work her up to her quintessence of perfection ; from whence many inestimable treasures may be derived to advance as well the mind as the body of the creature, and to improve the glory of the Creator.

My Lord, you have read that Art doth perfect Nature, which can never more properly be understood than in this sence ; for although Nature appears a most fair and fruitful body, and as admirable in her variety as abundance ; yet the Art, here mentioned, is as a soul to inform that body to examine and to refine her actions, and to teach her to understand those abilities of her own, which before lay undiscovered to her.

My Lord, this is a subject which is worthy of the greatest and gravest apprehensions, and deserves the noblest patronage ; by which your Honour shall oblige both Art and Nature ; and more particularly him who is, My Lord,

Your most humbly devoted servant, D. B."

The Garden of Eden: or, an accurate Description of all Flowers and Fruits now growing in England, with particular Rules how to advance their Nature and Growth, as well in Seeds and Herbs, as the secret ordering of Trees and Plants. In two Parts. By that learmed and great Observer, Sir Htgh Plat, Kt. The sixth Edition.

London, printed for William and John Leake, at the Crown in Fleetstreet, betwixt the two Temple Gates, 1675.

Small 8°. pp. 148.

*“ To the honourable and most perfect Gentleman, Francis Finch,
junior, of the Inner Temple, Esquire.*

SIR,

Yov may please to pardon my forward inscribing this Book to your name. Were it a work of mine own composition, I should have thought on a meaner patron. But the memory of that learned Knight the Author (to whom I had so near alliance) may excuse this presumption. He was a great searcher after all sorts of knowledge, and as great a lover of it in all others. And I humbly conceiv'd I could not do him a higher service than by placing his Book under your protection, who are not more honour'd by those many noble families whence you are descended, than by that large portion of learning and vertue which have so enriched your noble mind : and rendred you precious to all that know you. I hope that candor and sweetness, which accompanies all your actions, will also shew it self in acceptation of this offering from him who is ambitious of no other title than, Sir,

The most humble and most devoted

of all those that honour you,

CHARLES BELLINGHAM.



The Publisher to the Reader.

I shall not blush to tell you, I had some ambition to publish this Book, as well to do right to the learned Author, (my ever honoured kinsman) as to check their forwardness who were ready to violate so useful a work. There are some men (of great name in the world) who made use of this Author, and it had been civil to have mentioned his name who held forth a candle to light them to their desires ; but this is an unthankful

age. And whatever you may think of this small piece, it cost the Author many years search, and no small expence, there being not extant (in our language) any work of this subject so necessary and so brief. He had consultation with all Gentlemen, Scholars, nay not a Gardiner in England (of any note) but made use of his discoveries, and confirmed his inventions by their own experience. And whatever they discovered (such was his modesty) he freely acknowledges by naming the authors, sometimes in words at length, as Mr. Hill, Mr. Taverner, Mr. Pointer, Mr. Colborn, Mr. Melinus, Mr. Simson, and sometimes by T. T. A. P. &c. Whatever is his own, hath no name at all, unless sometimes (and that not often) he add H. P. at the end of the paragraph. And when he refers you to some other part of the Book, 'tis according to the number or section, not the page, for that only serves for the table. He wrote other pieces of natural philosophy, whereunto he subjoyned an excellent abstract of *Cornelius Agrippa de Occulta Philosophia*; but they fell into ill hands, and worse times. As for this Collection of Flowers and Fruits, I would say (if I had not so near relation to it) that no Englishman that hath a garden or orchard can handsomely be without it; but at least by having it, will find a large benefit. And all Ladies and Gentlemen, by reading these few leaves may not only advance their knowledge and observation when they walk into a garden, but discourse more skilfully of any Flower, Plant, or Fruit than the Gardiner himself, who (in a manner) grows there night and day. Farewel.

C. B.



*The Author's Epistle to all Gentlemen, Ladies, and all others
delighting in God's vegetable Creatures.*

Having out of mine own experience, as also by long conference with divers Gentlemen of the best skill and practice, in the altering, multiplying, enlarging, planting, and transplanting of sundry sorts of Fruits and Flowers, at length obtained a pretty volume of experimental observations in this kind; and not knowing the length of my days, nay, assuredly knowing that they are drawing to their period, I am willing to unfold my napkin, and deliver my poor talent abroad, to the profit of some, who by their manual works, may gain a greater employment than heretofore in their usual callings: and to the pleasuring of others, who delight to see a rarity spring out of their own labors, and provoke Nature to play, and shew some of her pleasing varieties, when she hath met with a stirring workman.

I hope, so as I bring substantial and approved matter with me, though I leave method at this time to schoolmen, who have already written many large and methodical volumes of this subject (whose labors have greatly furnished our studies and libraries, but little or nothing altered or graced our gardens and orchards) that you will accept my skill, in such a habit and form as I shall think most fit and appropriate for it; and give me leave rather to write briefly and confusedly, with those that seek out the practical and operative part of Nature, whereunto but a few in many ages have attained, than formally and largely to imitate her theorists, of whom each age affordeth great store and plenty.

And though amongst these two hundred experiments, there happen a few to fail under the workman's hand (which yet may be the operator's mistake, not mine) yet seeing they are such as carry both good sense and probability with them, I hope in your courtesie I shall find you willing to excuse so small

a number, because I doubt not, but to give good satisfaction in the rest.

And let not the concealing, or rather the figurative describing of my last and principal secret, withdraw your good and thankful acceptance, from all that go before, on which I have bestowed the plainest and most familiar phrase that I can: for *Jo. Baptista Porta* himself, that gallant and glorious Italian, without craving any leave or pardon, is bold to set down in his *Magia Naturalis*, amongst many other conclusions of Art and Nature, four of his secret skills, (viz. the secret killing of men, the precipitation of salt out of sea-water, the multiplying of corn two hundred fold, which elsewhere I have discovered: and the puffing up of a little paste, to the bigness of a foot-ball) in an obscure and ænigmatical phrase. And I make no question, but that if he had known this part of vegetable philosophy, he would have penned the same as a sphinx, and roled it up in the most cloudy and darksome speech that he could possibly have devised.

This author, I say, hath emboldened me, and some writers of more worth and higher reach than himself, have also charged me not to disperse or divulgate a secret of this nature, to the common and vulgar eye or ear of the world.

And thus having acquainted you with my long, costly, and laborious collections, not written at adventure, or by an imaginary conceit in a scholar's private study, but wrung out of the earth by the painful hand of experience: and having also given you a touch of nature, whom no man as yet ever durst send naked into the world without her veil; and expecting by your good entertainment of these, some encouragement for higher and deeper discoveries hereafter, I leave you to the God of Nature, from whom all the true light of Nature proceedeth.

H. P. Knight."

The Second Part of the Garden of Eden.

1765. pp. 159.

*“ To the Reader.*

It were very vain to commend the First Part of the *Garden of Eden*, which hath been so often welcomed into the world in so short a time; for (without foolish apologies, which are but officious lies) we can assure you it hath had four impressions in less than six years. The benefit it brings is as well known to the Country as to the London Stationer. Only let me inform you, that a Second Part, full as large as the First, is here presented you; and (if possibly upon reading you could doubt its integrity) you may at pleasure see the original manuscript, under the Author's own hand, which is too well known to undergo the suspicion of a counterfeit. Therefore if heretofore the First Part of the *Garden of Eden* were a useful book, this is now much more, when the Garden is enlarged, and far better stored. You will soon find if truth be not now told you.

*Elizabetha quasi vivens. Eliza's Funerall. A few
 Aprill Drops, showred on the Hearse of dead Eliza:
 or, the funerall Tears of a true hearted Subject. By
 H. P.*

*London, printed by E. Allde for M. Lawe, dwelling in
 Paule's Church-yard, neere unto Saint Austen's
 gate, 1603.*

[Quarto. Fourteen leaves.]



OF HENRY PETOWE, author of this and of the succeeding article, entitled "*England's Cæsar*," no notice appears to have been transmitted by any of our poetical biographers. It is not improbable that he was some dependant on the Court, as he speaks (in his dedication) of his private sorrows for the loss of Queen Elizabeth, and pays such quickly-succeeding congratulation to her regal successor. It is dedicated

"To the worthy and curteous Gentleman, Mr. Richard Hildersham, H. P. wisheth increase of worship and virtue.

I have (worshipfull and wise) contrary to the expectation of many, presumed to publish the formall manner of my private sorrows, for the great losse of your late deceased Lady-Mistress, and England's Sovereigne. And knowing your Worship a sad and pensive mourner for so great a losse, I have made bold to shrowd my teares under your sad garment: which if you deigne to shadowe from the heate of envie, there is no fire of malice can have power to partch them. Shrowd them at your pleasure, keepe them no longer than you please to mourne, which, I knowe, will be of long continuance: not that you have cause by this late change, but that the memorial of so sweet a Princes cannot be sodainly buried in oblivion. God graunt that the auncient saying in this barter may be verified; which is—'We have changed for the better.' Is it possible a better than shee should succeed? But what is impossible with the Almightye? What Eliza was in her life you know: nay, the world knows her fame girdles the earth. What her Successor hath been in his kingdom of Scotland, his subjects they know, and we have heard, which hath been much to God's glory, his countrie's peace, and his Majestie's honour. Therefore, since it hath pleased God to continue his wonted favour towards us, in bless-

ing us his unworthy servants with so gracious a Sovereigne, adding unto his royall crowne the highest tytle of majestie and earthlie dignitie; graunt, thou Most of Might, (Almightie King!) that our dread Sovereign JAMES, the first of that name of these three united kingdoms, England, France, and Ireland; and of Scotland the sixt; maye be so directed and governed by thy Almighty hand, that he may rule his several kingdoms in peace, to thy glory: raigne in tranquility Nestor's yeeres to our comfort; and, in the end, dye in thy favour, to live againe in glory with his æternized sister, divine ELIZA. Thus, not dreading your kinde acceptance of my love, I humblie take my leave.

Your worship's most obsequious

HENRY PETOWE."



THE INDUCTION.

I that obscure have wept till eyes be drye,
 Wil teach my pen another while to weep,
 Obdurate hartes that they may mollifye,
 For losse of her that now in peace doth sleep.
 Peace rest with her, but sorrowe with my pen,
 Till dead Eliza doth revive agen.

Amongst high sp'rited paragons of wit,
 That mount beyond our earthlie pitch to fame,
 Creepes forth my Muse; ye great ones, favour it;
 Take her not up; alas! she is too tame.
 Shee'l come to hand, if you but lure her to you,
 Then use her kindly, for shee'l kindly woo you.

And if this infant of mine artlesse braine,
 Passe with your sweet applause, as some have done,

And meane good favour of the learned gaine,
 For showring teares upon Eliza's tombe;
 My Muse shall hatch such breed, when she's of yeres,
 Shall bring you comfort, and dry up your teares.

The last of many, yet not the least of all,
 Sing I a heavie dirge for our late Queene;
 And, singing, mourne Eliza's Funerall,
 The *E per se* of all that e're hath beene.
 She was, she is, and evermore shall bee
 The blessed Queene of sweet eternitie.

With her in heaven remaines her fame; on earth
 Each moderne poet that can make a verse
 Writes of Eliza, e'en at their Muse's birth:
 Then why not I weepe on Eliza's herse?
 Somewhere in England shall my lines go sleep,
 Till England read, and (England reading) weepe.

The poem thus commences, and contains some passages that are not wholly unpoetical.

ELIZA'S FUNERAL.

Then withered the primrose of delight,
 Hanging the head o're sorowe's garden wall;
 When you might see all pleasures shun the light,
 And live obscurer at Eliza's fall,
 Her fall from life to death; oh! stay not there,
 Though she were dead, the shril-tong'd trump of Heaven
 Rais'd her again; think that you see her heere,
 E'en heere, oh where? not heere, shee's hence bereaven,
 For sweet Eliza in elizium lives,
 In joy beyond all thought. Then, weepe no more,
 Your sighing weedes put off, for weeping gives,
 (Wayling her losse) as seeming to deplore

Our future ~~toward~~ ~~fortunes~~—mourne not then :
 You cease awhile—but now you weepe agen.

Why should a soule in passion be deny'd
 To have true feeling of her essence miss ?
 My soule hath lost herself, now deified,
 I needes must moan her losse, tho' crown'd with blisse.
 Then give me leave, for I must weepe awhile,
 Till sorrow's deluge have a lower ebbe :
 Let lamentation never finde a stile
 To passe this dale of woe, untill the webbe,
 Appointed for my latest mourning weed,
 Be spun and woven with a heavie band ;
 Then will I cease to weepe, I will indeed,
 And every beating billowe will withstand.
 'Twill not be long before this web be spun,
 Dy'd blacke, worne out, and then my teares be done.

Of April's month, the eight and twentieth day,
 M. sixe hundred and three by computation,
 Is the prefixed time for sorowe's stay ;
 That past—my mourning weedes grow out of fashion.
 Shall I by prayer hasten on the time ?
 Faine would I so, because mine eyes are drie ;
 What cannot prayers doo for soules divine,
 Although the bodies be mortallitie ?
 Divine she is for whom my Muse doth mourne,
 Though lately mortall, now she sits on hie,
 Glorious in heaven, thither by angells borne,
 To live with him in bliss eternally.
 Then come, faire day of joyfull smiling sorrow,
 Since my teares dry, come happie day to-morow.

Yee herralds of my heart, my heavie groanes,
 My teares which, if they could, would showre like raine ;

My heavie lookes, and all my surdging mones,
 My moaning lamentations that complayne,
 When will you cease? or shall paine, never ceasing.
 Seaze on my heart? oh, mollifie your rage,
 Least your assaults, with over-swift increasing,
 Procure my death, or call on tymeles age.
 She lives in peace, whome I do mourne for so;
 She lives in heaven, and yet my soule laments.
 Since shee's so happie, I'll converte my woe;
 To present joy turne all my languishments;
 And with my sorrowes see the time doth wast,
 The day is come, and mid-day wel nigh past.

Gaze, greedy eye; note what thou dost beholde,
 Our horizon is of a perfect hew,
 As cleere as christall, and the day not olde;
 Yet thousand blackes present them to thy view.
 Three thousand and od hundred clowds appere
 Upon the earthly element belowe,
 As blacke as night trampling the lower sphere,
 As by degrees from place to place they goe.
 They passe away: oh, whither passe they then?
 Into a further climate, out of sight,
 Like clowds they were, but yet like clowded men,
 Whose presence turn'd the day to sable night.
 They vanish thence: note what was after scene—
 The lively picture of a late dead Queene.

Who, like to Phœbus in his golden car,
 Was the bright eye of the obscured day;
 And though her glorious prograce* was not far,
 Yet, like the smiling sunne, this semblance lay,
 Drawne in a jetty charriot vayl'd with blacke,
 By four faire palfraies, that did hang the head,

As if their Lady-mistress they did lacke,
 And they but drew the figure of the dead.
 Oh, yee spectators, which did view that sight !
 Say, if you truelie say, could you refraine
 To shed a sea of teares in Deathe's despight,
 That rest her hence, whom Art brought back againe ?
 He that knew her, and had Eliza seene,
 Would swear that figure were faire England's Queene.

“ Faire England's Queene, e'en to the life, tho' dead ; ”
 Speake, if I write not true, did you not crye ?
 Cry forth amaine ? and say—“ Her princely head
 Lay on a pillowe of a crimson dye,
 Like a sweet beauty in a harmless slumber :—
 She is not dead : no, sure, it cannot be.”
 Thus with unlikely hopes the vulgar number
 Flatter themselves :—(oh, sweet lyv'd flatterie !)
 Indeed, a man of judgment would have thought,
 Had he not known her dead, but seene her so
 Tryumphant drawne, in robes so richly wrought,
 Crowne on her head, in hand her sceptre to ;
 At this rare sight he would have sworn and said—
 “ To parliament rides this sweet slumb'ring maid.”

But that my warrant's seal'd by Truthe's one* hand,
 That in her counterfeit† Art did excell ;
 I would not say, that in this little land
 Pigmalion's equal doth admired dwell.
 Enough of that :—and now my teares are done ;
 Since she that dy'd lives now above the spheres :
 Luna's extinct ; and now beholde the sunne,
 Whose beames soake up the moysture of all teares.
 A phoenix from her ashes doth arise,
 A King, at whose faire crowne all glory aymes.

* [own.]

† [i. e. resemblance, likeness.]

God graunt his royall vertues simpathize
 With late Eliza's!—so, God save king James!
 He that, in love to this, saies not *Amen*,
 Pray God the villaine never speake agen! *Amen.*"

4

England's Caesar. His Majestie's most royall Coronation. Together with the manner of the solemne shewes prepared for the Honour of his entry into the Cittie of London. Eliza, her Coronation in Heaven: and London's sorrow for her Visitation. By Henry Petowe.

London, printed by John Windet for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at his shop at the signe of the Fox in Paule's Church-yarde, 1603.

[Quarto, sixteen leaves.]



THIS very rare, and perhaps unique production, was written by the author of *Elizabetha quasi vivens*, as a supplementary tribute to King James. It is thus opaquely inscribed to a plurality of persons.

"To the curteous and wise yong Gentlemen, united in love, Master N. H. Master Ro. W. Master J. H. Master L. K. Master H. A. and Master Tho. S. Henry Petowe wisheth increase of vertue, and prosperous successe in all their affaires.

I have adventured (curteous, virtuous, and wise,) with the strong wrastlers of Olympia, though not to winne yet to worke

for the garland ; I meane the laurell wreath of your gentle favours. The judgement of my labours relyeth on your severall censures, whereof, if your opinions relish but one small taste of content, I presume upon a general liking of others : such is the sufficiencie I conceive of your discrete judgements. Therefore, touch and taste, taste and digest ; but with such contentment, that you may applaud the fruitfull operation: How it will proove I know not, but I hope pleasant in digesture. For however the fruits of my toyle now relish, after the long gathering I dare protest, the tree from whence they were pluckt, came of a royall stocke. Make, therefore, your severall choyses of the best ; and if you finde some more greene than others, impute it to their want of growth, in that they are but yong, and not come to their true perfection ; or rather, blame my rashnes, that make sale of them for mellow fruite, when indeede they are not ripe. But in hope they will all prove delicious, according to your expectations, I present them in all love to your kinde acceptances ; promising as much in affection, as any other can performe in perfection. Therefore, looke and like of such as you finde ; and I promise you (under your favourable encouragements) to imploy all my best designs and studies to your severall good likings.

Yours in all that he may,

H. P.



AD LECTOREM. .

Go, princely writ, apparelled in love,
 The poyson of all sorrows to remoove :
 Inrich thy selfe and me, by thy selfe-riches,
 And strive to mount beyond our poet's pitches.
 And thou, kind reader, reading this my writ,
 Applaud the invention of an infant wit;

Thoug yoong it be, it hath as good a hart
 To merite well, as those of high desert.
 Then blame it not, although for fame it strive,
 For, after death, Fame still remaines alive.

Thine in all love,

H. P.



THE INDUCTION.

Now turne I, wandring all my hopes againe,
 And loose them from the prison of despaire ;
 Ceasing my teares, that did bedew the plaine,
 And clearing sighes which did eclipse the ayre.
 My mourning weeds are off, and sigh I may not,
 Joy stops my teares, and (joying) weepe I cannot.

Nor tongue, nor penne, nor witte can truly sing
 His wondrous worth, and matchlesse dignitie ;
 I meane the glory of the English King,
 Which wraps my Muse in all felicitie.
 Oh, were my penne so rich in poetrie,
 As to pourtray his royall Majestie !

But since she is not, as I would she were,
 And since I cannot as I wish I could ;
 No marvell, though her weakness doe forbear,
 To sing that royall song which all pennes should.
 Yet what she can she will for love compile,
 Not seeking glory for a stately stile.

Goe, joyfull truce-men, in your virgin weedes,
 Under a royall patron I have past you ;
 Soake up the teares of every hart that bleeds,
 And on the wings of Fame hence quickly hast you.

And from the silver mayne of calmy Thames,
Sound forth the worth of our heroicke *James*.

Into the eares of drooping London thunder,
The King of peace and plentie sallies by :
Bid her rejoyce in him, our English wonder,
Who mournes to see her in extremitie.
He mournes for her e'en at his coronation :
'Twill greive her soule to taste his royall passion.
Yet, London, thou art happie by his teares,
That weepes for thee, whom all the world else feares.



His Majestie's most royall Coronation.

Within the table of æternitie,
In leaves out-waring brasse, shall Fame write downe,
With quilles of steele, the lasting memory
Of *England's Cæsar*, and great *Cæsar's* crowne ;
Give place, yee silent shadowes of black night,
And let the brightest lamp of heaven shine ;
Vanish, thou time of dreames ! for, to delight,
This jeme must be survei'd with angels' eyne ;
Angels, as bright as is the brow of heaven,
When nere a clowd hangs lowring in the sky,
When foggy mists are from the sphere bereaven,
And angels' beutie mates with heaven's eye.
Such sunne-bright angels with a smiling face,
Must *England's Cæsar's* Coronation grace.

Mount high, my soule ; the harbinger of light
Plaies jocund musicke to the welcome day ;
Aurora blushes, and the sable night
Unto the ruddy morning gives faire way.

From forth the easterne clyme behold the sunne
 Shines on the turrets of Great Cæsar's towne,
 And summons him to weare what he hath won,
 By true succession. What brow dares to lowre,
 Or contradict the will of mighty Jove?
 He'll have it so, for England's future blisse;
 Our King is his anoynted dearest love,
 And what we have, we farme it but as his.
 Then like true leigemen, let our voyces sing
 Glory to God! that He may blesse our King."

¶

*Jews in America; or Probabilities that those Indians
 are Judaical, made more probable by some additionals
 to the former conjectures. An accurate Discourse is
 premised of Mr. John Eliot (who first preached the
 Gospel to the natives in their own language) touching
 their origination, and his vindication of the Planters.*

&c. &c.

Tho. Thorowgood, S. T. B. Norfolciensis.

*London, printed for Henry Brome, at the Gun in Ivie
 Lane, 1660.*

4to.



ORIGINAL dedication to K. Charles I. dated 1648.



To the noble Knights, Ladies, and Gentlemen of Norfolk, and to those especially that declared their desires to promote the Gospel among the Indians in America, by their bountiful encouragement to Mr. John Eliot, Grace, Mercy, and Peace.

Sir John Hobart, Kt. and Bart.	Major Gen. Skippon.
Sir John Palgrave, Kt. and Bart.	Jo. Spelman of Narburgh, Esq.
Sir John Pots, Kt. and Bart.	Ja. Calthorp of Barsham, Esq. d.
Sir Ralph Hare, Kt. and Bart.	Greg. Gansel of Watlington, Esq.
Sir Thomas Hoogan, Kt. d.	Ri. Hovel of Hillington, Esq. d.
Sir John Thorowgood, Knt.	Edw. Prat of Riston, Esq.
Lady Frances Hobart.	Hen. Bexwel of Bexwel, Esq. d.
Lady Abigail Poly, d.	Tho. Toll, sen. of Lin, Esq. d.
Mrs. B. Mordaunt.	

June 25, 1660.

Barnaby Googe.

HAVING a vacant space, I take this opportunity of registering the descent of BARNABY GOOGE, which has accidentally met my eye in a MS. Vol. of old pedigrees. It explains his alliance with Kentish families, which I conjectured in *Censura Literaria*.

Margaret daughter of Sir Walter Mantell Kt. and sister of Sir John Mantell who was attainted of felony with the Lord Dacres of the South, married Robert Googe, Gent. and had issue *Barnaby Googe*, who married Mary, daughter of Thomas Darell, and had issue. As to this marriage with Darell, I shall hereafter give some curious Letters.

Remarks on the true Character of Poetry.

THE highest and best province of poetry is, as I conceive, to arrest, describe, and fix, the association of the material with the intellectual world. This is the prime characteristic of our two first Bards, Shakespeare and Milton. It is prominent also in Spenser; and it marks the exquisite pieces of the most celebrated of our modern writers, Gray. We have also some living poets, in whom it is conspicuous.

In early ages of literature, it is scarcely possible that this merit should exhibit itself in any striking degree: and it has a tendency to decline again, as composition becomes too much of an art; till sudden revolutions in society, and times of energy and violence, bring back the faculties of men to something of former vigour.

I have more frequently observed a genuine love of true poetry in those who pursue in obscurity

———“ the noiseless tenour of their way,”

than in men of cold, disciplined, and artificial minds, who too generally lead the public taste. That converse with an ideal world, which cheers and enriches solitude, and which it is the business of the Bard to stimulate and assist, is discouraged, and perhaps utterly depressed, in the bustle of society, where readiness, self-possession, and a cautious and freezing judgment, are in constant demand and exercise. No one can really love poetry who is not an enthusiast: and what is there, in the intercourse of the world, so much exposed to ridicule, danger, and defeat, as enthusiasm? The taste of the mob, whose wits are sharpened by perpetual

collision, (the great, as well as the little mob) is epigram; and then satire.

As to those, who undertake professionally to guide the public judgment, we know the extraneous influences to which they are subject. Every work of periodical criticism is under the bias of views political or religious, totally alien to poetical merit. And where these prejudices do not operate, a rival perhaps, or one of a different school, pronounces a verdict upon his brother poet. I know not that the intellectual Colossus of the North writes poetry; beautifully, though not always consistently, as he criticizes it: but it is generally understood that some eminent poets of the day are among those who habitually dictate opinions to the public, on others engaged in the same art. In this conflict, I fear that the blow which prostrates the poor mangled Bard, is ill compensated by the feeble plaudits which the attack generally draws upon him from the rival party.

Mr. Wordsworth does well to go his own way amid his sublime lakes and mountains, deaf to the contradictory dogmas of these critics: they would palsy the hand of Spenser, or Shakespeare, or Milton, even when about to throw it across the harp in their most inspired moods.

True poets would be less infrequent, were they not overcome by the false taste of critics, and a pusillanimous subjection to vulgar opinion. Poetry is addressed to the noblest faculties of our intellectual nature; to those which, in proportion as they exist in combination, most exalt us above the material part of our being! All science, and almost all human learning, is adapted to an artificial state of mind: Poetry requires no ad-

ventitious knowledge to render it intelligible and delightful, in proportion to the native gifts of understanding and sensibility : it reflects, as in a mirror, all those movements of the soul, which lift the human species from the brute to the angel.

It is too often the business of what is called philosophy, but surely a spurious philosophy, to destroy the illusions which constitute the essence of poetry. The mind, rich in stores of sentiment and imagery which it associates with natural objects, is gifted with the materials of the poet's art. When the cold separating Sage comes to tear away these ornaments, as *ignes fatui* only leading astray, he thinks he is performing an act of benefit and wisdom ! Alas ! he extinguishes the cheering sun of the bosom ; the light which warms the soul in its earthly tabernacle !

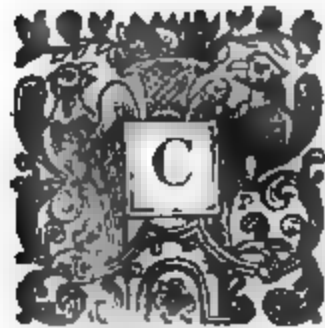
But versifiers, who have not a single intellectual quality of the Muse, are daily obtruding their mechanical productions on the public, while real poets, diffident, neglected, or insulted, suffer their brilliant visions to expire in their own breasts !

While Soame Jenyns and Paul Whitehead were among the favourites of their day, poor Collins was committing to the flames, in indignation, the solitary impression of those divine Odes, which no one would buy or notice ! The frantic shrieks of the agonized Bard echoed through the hollow passages of the cloisters at Chichester, which had been witnesses to the fond whispers of his early dreams of Fame ! Alas ! how dreadful are the sufferings of Genius, when its cries are thrown on an hard and unhearing world !

April 18, 1815.

Biographiana.

Collectanea for Athenæ Cantabrigienses.



OLE before his *Athenæ* says—"Notwithstanding Boccalini's censure on the writers of Parochial Histories, Towns, and Counties, and Bishop Warburton's severe criticisms of the same complexion, and on Anthony Wood, at p: 64, of his scarce book, printed early in his life, 1727, called *A critical and philosophical Enquiry into the Causes of Prodiges and Miracles, as related by Historians, &c.* yet I beg leave to dissent from them both, though of such eminence. Private history, anecdotes of men of learning and character, notices of customs and manners, are not only amusing, but instructive of the usages of early ages, and of our country and ancestors."

He afterwards says—

"In good truth, whoever undertakes the drudgery of an *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, must be contented with no prospect of credit or reputation to himself; and with the mortifying reflection, that after all his pains and study through life, he must be looked upon in an humble light, and only as a journeyman to Anthony Wood, whose excellent book of the same sort will ever preclude any other, who shall follow him in the same track, from all hopes of fame; and will only represent him as an imitator of so original a pattern. For at this time

of day, all great characters, both Cantabrigians and Oxonians, are already published to the world, either in his books, or various others: so that the collection, unless the same characters are reprinted here, must be made up of second rate persons, and the refuse of authorship. However, as I have begun, and made so large a progress in this undertaking, it is death to think of leaving it off, though from the former considerations so little credit is to be expected from it.

W. COLE, *May 17, 1777.*"

Dr. Johnson very justly observes in the *Rambler*, No. 71: "It is lamented by Hearne, the learned Antiquary of Oxford, that the general forgetfulness of the fragility of life has remarkably infected the students of monuments and records. As their employment consists first in collecting, and afterwards in arranging and abstracting what libraries afford them, they ought to amass no more than they can digest; but when they have undertaken a work, they go on searching and transcribing, call for new supplies, when they are already overburthened, and at last leave their work unfinished. It is, says he, the business of a good Antiquary, as of a good man, to have mortality always before him." However reasonable the observation may be, (continues Cole) there may be many palliatives in favour of the dilatory Antiquary. It is to be presumed he would make his work as perfect as he could; collect all the materials necessary for that purpose: in the mean time years slide from under us, and we leave our collections to others to piece together, who have not had the drudgery to collect, but have all ready to their hands. This is exactly my own case in respect to this Work, and the History of the County. I hope my industry will fall into the hands of a judicious brother Antiquary, who will make a proper use of them, when I am no more.

W. C. *May 28, 1778.*"

. *Dr. Philemon Holland, 11 April 1636.*

"In consideration of the learning and worthy parts of DR. PHILEMON HOLLAND, and in consideration of his want of means to relieve him, now in his old age, I have given leave that he shall receive such charitable benevolence as the Master and Fellows in every College shall be pleased to bestow upon him.

H. S. Procan.

"Dr. Holland is 84 years old: Pupil to Dr. Whitgift, Fellow of a College, Master of the King's Free School in Coventry for 20 years; and commenced Doctor 40 years since. He translated diverse books, and for 60 years kept good hospitality, *Sit tota Coventria testis*, and by age being disabled to travel abroad and practice, and confined to his chamber, he is impoverished, and indebted, having had a great charge of children."

MS. Hen. Smyth; S. T. P. Procan. et Coll. Mag. Præf. manu propria.

"He (P. H.) wrote the Lepanto battle finely. *Mem.* to get it of his son." *H. S. ibid.*

"Of him, (P. H.) see Fuller's *Worthies in Warwickshire*, p. 127, 128.

"The author of *Heroologia* (his son, I presume) was of Warwickshire. See that book, p. 220.

"Hen. Smyth was Vice-Chancellor, ann. 1625, 1626, and 1635." *Baker's MSS. Harl. MSS. 7038, f. 216.*

2. *Edward Benlowes, of St. John's.*

"In a tract, called *Apocalypsis, or the Revelation of certain notorious Advancers of Heresie*, printed at the end of *Alex. Ross's view of all Religions*, 2d. edit. 1658, 8vo. Lond. is a vindication, by the translator from the Latin, to the 'excellently learned Edward Benlowes of Brenthall, Esq.' in which are these expressions — 'But your excessive benefactorship to the Library of St. John's College in Cambridge (whereof I have sometimes had the honor to be an unworthy member) I cannot pass over, as a thing which

which will stand upon the file of memory, as long as learning shall find professors, or children; and that which encreases the glory of your munificence is, that that Library may boast that it is furnished with the works of its own sons." The translator is one Jo. Davies.

V. Ant. Wood's Life, p. 94. edit. 1772. I will just take notice of the ignorance of the Editors of this edition of Anthony's life, who were Joe Pote, a bookseller at Eton, near Windsor, &c. who at p. 356 says, that in 1687, when King James was at Oxford, one day after dinner, "he went, with many of his guard, to Mr. Walker's Chapel, where he heard verses." Now Obadiah Walker, the learned Master of the University College, being a Roman Catholick, had a chapel of his own, in his lodgings, where no doubt his Majesty went to hear *verses*. This is not corrected in the *Errata*: and the book being printed at Oxford, and some of that Learned Body being concerned in the edition, which is a very trumpery performance, it is hardly conceivable that they could be such blunderers.

Benefactor to St. John's College Library. Vol. 57, p. 352. "See an account of him in Wood's *Fasti Oxon.* vol. ii. p. 204. p. m. Bp. Kennet's *Regr. and Chron.* p. 300.—*Ath. Oxon.* vol. i. 491.—vol. ii. p. 901.

"Amongst Dr. Sam. Ward's MS. papers there is an answer, *Ad quæsitâ a D. Bendlosse*, which shews him (Bendlosse) to have been then a Papist: and his chief objection is taken from our want of a Judge of Controversies and divisions among ourselves. B.

"Gul. Bendlowes, Essex, admissus discipulus (Coll. Jo.) profundatrice, Nov. 10, 1558. B. Grandfather to him.—Edw. Bendlowes, Coll. Jo. Conv. 1. admissus in matriculam Acad. Cantabr. Apr. 8, 1620. Reg. Acad. Cantab. B. V. Fuller's *History of Cambridge*, p. 89.

"Mr. Sam. Butler, in his character of *A small Poet*, printed in the second volume of *Mr. Butler's Genuine Remains*, p. 119, which were published in two vols. 8vo. 1759, by Mr. Thyer, keeper of the public Library at Manchester, thus severely handles Mr. Benlowes:—"There was one that lined a hat-case with a paper of Benlowes' poetry; *Prynne* bought it by chance, and put

a new demi-castor into it. The first time he wore it, he felt only a singing in his head, which within two days turned to a vertigo. He was let blood in the ear by one of the state physicians, and recovered: but before he went abroad he writ a poem of *Rocks* and *Seas* in a stile so proper and natural, that it was hard to determine which was rugged. There is no feat of activity, nor gambol of wit, that ever was performed by man, from him that vaults on Pegasus, to him that tumbles through the hoop of an anagram, but Benlows has got the mastery of it, whether it be high-rope wit, or low-rope wit. He has all sorts of echoes, rebuses, chronograms, &c. besides carwitches, cleriches, and quibbles. As for altars and pyramids in poetry, he has outdone all men that way; for he has made a *gridiron* and a *frying-pan* in verse, that, besides the likeness in shape, the very tone and sound of the word did perfectly represent the noise that is made by these utensils, such as the old poet called *Sartago loquendi*. When he was a captain, he made all the furniture of his horse, from the bit to the crupper, in the beaten poetry, every verse being fitted to the proportion of the thing, with a moral allusion of the sense to the thing: as the *bridle of moderation*, the *saddle of content*, and the *crupper of constancy*: so that the same thing was to the epigram and emblem, even as a mule is both horse and ass.

“ ‘There was a tobacco man, that wrapped Spanish tobacco in a paper of verses, which Benlowes had written against the Pope, which, by a natural antipathy that his wit has to any thing that is catholic, spoiled the tobacco; for it presently turned *mundungus*. This author will take an English word, and, like the Frenchman, that swallowed water and spit it out wine, with little heaving and straining, would turn it immediately into Latin: as *plunderat ille domos—mille Hocopokianay*, and a thousand such.’

“ But the cream of the jest is, that Mr. Thyer, the annotator and publisher of these *Remains*, having never heard of such a person as Mr. Benlowes, unluckily gives us the following note upon this passage:—

“ ‘As I never heard of any poet of this name, I take it for granted, that this is a cant word for some one that he did not chuse to name: and I think it not improbable that the person meant

was *Sir John Denham*. What suggested to me this conjecture is Butler's avowed sentiments of that gentleman, and a circumstance which follows in the next paragraph, in which Benlowes is said to have been a captain once, which coincides with the History of Sir John, who in the beginning of the civil war was employed in a military capacity in the King's service.'

"I can't help observing another egregious blunder of Mr. Thyer, tho' nothing to the purpose of this article, in another of his notes, on the character of *An undeserving Favourite*, p. 367 of the same volume, where Mr. Butler observing, that 'the fore-part of himself, and the hinder part of his coach publish his distinction: as French Lords, that have *Haute Justice*, that is, may hang and draw, distinguish their qualities by the pillars of their gallowses.'

"Upon which Mr. Thyer has added this unfortunate guess and note:

'The distinguishing their qualities by the pillars of their gallowses, may probably allude to a cross in coats of arms, which, from its resemblance to the letter T, or a double gibbet, is called *Crude patibulata*, or *la croix potoncee*.'

"Whereas such Lords *Haute Justiciers*, or who have the privilege of *Haute Justice* belonging to their *manor* or *Seigneurie*, have the liberty of erecting on their demesns gallowses with three or four pillars, according to their respective dignities. I have seen them frequently in France.

"His picture is in the picture gallery at Oxford.

"There is a good three-quarter picture of him in the Master's Lodge in St. John's College, in the fine noble dining room, Oct. 26, 1779, and immediately under it hangs a small picture, in an ebony carved frame, representing a kitchen and larder, with game of all sorts, and provisions, very curiously painted; and on it are his arms, viz. *quarterly per fesse, indented gules and or, on a bend or a cinquefoile between two martlets, sable*. This shews that the picture belonged to him, and was given by him to the College; as is the case of another picture over the chimney of a new erected bed-chamber, at the west end of the gallery, near the College Library: it is of a Sergeant at Law, dressed in his scarlet robes,

and sitting in a chair; and white coif on his head, and half-length with the same arms in the corner, and W. B. They were at a loss to know for whom it was designed, till I found it out by the arms; which shews the usefulness of having them, or the name put upon the canvas; otherwise half a century destroys the merit of them, as to their persons, tho' they may be good portraits of they know not whom. By Dugdale's *Chronica Series*, p. 89, it appears that Wm. Bendloes went out Sergeant at Law, 1554, 1 and 2 Philip and Mary. And in the fine bow-window of Benet College are still these arms remaining, with this date, 1583. *v. my vol. vi. p. 25.* It seems he, the Sergeant, gave 20*l.* at that time towards building the chapel of Corpus Christi College: but the historian of that society does not say that he was ever a member of it. As the picture was sent hither, it is more natural to suppose that he had received his education at St. John's: however that may turn out, there is this character of him under his arms, impaled with Palmer, viz. *Or on two bars g. six trefoils slipped a. in chief a grey hound currant sable.* Instead of a cinquefoil on the bend is a *fleur de lis inter two martlets azure*, in Sergeant's Inn Hall. Dugdale's *Origines Juridiciales*, 327.

“ *Will's Bendlowes Serviens ad Legem* (quam plures annos inter alias) *eximius, annis reginarum Mariæ ultimo, et Elizabethæ primo superfuit et claruit solus, conscripsit Casuum in jure sui temporis Relaciones, quibus hodie apud juris-consultos fides et usus est non vulgaris, vir doctus, probus, pius, legavit huic hospicio quinquaginta libras, quas Wills ejus filius præstitit vicesimo die Maij, anno 1596.*

“ The arms of Lord Chancellor Audley, Lord Chancellor Bromley, and Sergeant Bendlowes are constituted so much alike, and all three great Lawyers and contemporaries, one would be almost tempted to think they were taken out of compliment by two of them from the Bromley arms, which are simple, and had great Lawyers in it in Henry 1st's time. The arms of Edward Bendlowes before his Theophila, have nothing on the bend, and as well as I can remember, there are none on Sergeant Bendlowe's picture: I am sure there is none on the still-life piece.

“ *Benlowes, Edward Joannensis, armiger Cantabr. has an*

epigram on R. Winterton's *Metamorphosis of Hippocrates his Aphorismes*, 1633.

“ The said Dr. Winterton in 1632 dedicated his translation of *Drexelius upon Eternity* to him, to the Right Worshipful and truly religious Esq. Mr. E. Benlowes of Brent Hall in Essex. He was bred and brought up in the Roman Catholic religion, and sent beyond seas to be confirmed in it; but was yet brought home again by divine providence, and restored to his mother the Church of England, and was singled out of his kindred to be a most zealous Protestant. He was born to good fortunes, and yet not given to pleasures: wedded to his books and devotions; spending what some call idle time in the best company, for the edifying himself or others: taking more care to lay out his money for the good of others, than others in laying up money for themselves. In short, a Gentleman, whose conversation is in heaven, his discourse on things above, and his thoughts are eternity. He was as remarkable for those christian virtues, piety and temperance, charity and bounty: for many poor scholars, godly and devout ministers in the University, and abroad, of several Colleges, felt the effects of his bounty; besides those, many excellent books, together with other rare monuments, purchased at a great price, which, without any solicitation, out of meer affection you bore to St. John's College in Cambridge, where you were sometimes a student, you have bestowed on their Library.

“ In 1633 Phineas Fletcher dedicated his *Purple Island* to him; before which book are many verses by E. B. to the author, between which two there was a most firm friendship.

“ Vide *Anecdotes of British Topography*, p. 431, where said to be of Oxon. Vide Mr. Granger on *English engraved Heads*, vol. ii. p. 64.”

3. *John Barret.*

“ *An Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary, containing four sundry Tongues; namely, English, Latin, Greek, and French.* Lond. 1580. fo. Lat. ded. to Wm. Cecil Lord Burghleigh, with

his arms before it, a crest in the title-page, curiously ornamented with flowers, fruit, bee-hives, and bees flying about the flowers : signed *Jo. Baretus Cantabrigiensis*. Verses before it in Latin by John Cocus, Ric. Mulcaster, Ric. Gard, Edw. Grant, John Leech. Arthur Golding has a copy of English verses : In Latin also Ralph Waddington, Nich. Leigh, Tho. Spight, and Abr. Fleming, who have also some observations at the end of it relating to some additions to the *Alvearie*. N. L. and Tho. M. have each a copy of English verses before it, by the last of which it appears, that the author was then dead, as it does also by Abr. Fleming's and other verses, it being a second edition since his death. In the preface he says, that about eighteen years ago, having pupils at Cambridge, he collected the *Alvearie*, which at London the Right Worshipful Maister Powle and Maister Garth encouraged him to publish, which he did by the assistance of Sir Tho. Smith, principal Secretary to the Queen, and great patron of learning, with the Right Worshipful Mr. Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's.

“ *V. Tanner's Bibliotheca*, p. 73, 74.”

4. *John Bunce, Trinity Hall, 1726.*

“ Now in May, 1780, Vicar of St. Stephen's near Canterbury. He has some verses prefixed to Mr. Hughes's Poems, in the *English Poets*.

“ In *Gent. Mag.* for 1780, p. 195, he has a copy of verses to Mr. Highmore the painter, who lived in the latter part of his life with his son-in-law, Mr. Duncombe.

“ Mr. Bunce was a good draughtsman while at College, where Dr. Warren now and then employed his pencil in drawing some monuments in Trinity Hall Chapel, some of which are in that gentleman's MS. history of that society to this day.” *Cole*.

I remember him. He left a son, who died one of the Ministers of Sandwich ; and another an attorney at Canterbury : both of whom have left sons. There is a cousin William of his own surname, a frequent correspondent to *Gent. Mag.* 1815.

6. Charles Beckingham, Sidney College.

“Born July 25, 1699; admitted to Merchant Taylor’s School Jan. 20, 1707. Author of some stage performances, poems, &c. *Rawl. W. K. Miscell.* 674.”

7. Wm. Burrell, LL.D.

Cole says—“is my friend and acquaintance, and Member of the House of Commons. He is of the Commons, and is Chancellor of some diocese. An active, stirring man; a good antiquary. He is rather low, and squints a little; but very ingenious, and scholar-like. The first time I was acquainted with him was meeting him at Paris, at Mr. Horace Walpole’s. I often met him since at Lord Montfort’s at Horseheath.

“Chancellor to the Bishop of Worcester. In 1773 married Sophia, daughter of Charles Raymond of Valentine House in Essex, who was created a Baronet, May 3, 1774, with remainder in default of heirs male to Wm. Burrell, who married his daughter.”

He succeeded to the Baronetage. His eldest son is now M. P. for Shoreham; and his 2d. son, Walter, M. P. for Sussex.

His splendid collections for a History of Sussex are in the British Museum. (1815.)

8: Osmund Beauvoir, St. John’s, about 1740.

“He was a cheerful companion, sung a good song, and understood music well.

“I have several of his father’s papers, given to me forty years ago, by Dr. Zachary Grey, containing bundles of gazettes, &c. translated. I think he was a Jersey man.” *Cole.*

He first married Miss Boys of Hode Court, and was many years Head Master of Canterbury School, till about 1781. He afterwards married Miss Sharp, the great heiress.

He was a man of very quick and lively talents; and an ad-

mirable classical scholar, as the Editor can speak from intimate knowledge. See *Additions to Kent* in the new edition of *Fuller's Worthies*. He died about 1780.

8. *Nicholas Breton. Qu. 1577.*

"See Warton's *Hist. E. P.* iii. 484, 485."

This is all that Cole's entry contains. I know not on what ground he is inserted among the Cambridge writers.

9. *Sir Aston Cokayne, Fellow of Trinity College.*

"See Dodd's *Church History of England* in regard to Catholics, vol. iii. p. 248. Also *Biog. Dram.* A. Wood, and Granger."

10. *Tho. Check, Esq. Queen's College. Poet.*

Such is the bare entry of Cole, without date, or other particular reference.

11. *Thomas Campion.*

Incorporated at Oxford about 1624.

"*A Relation of the Royal Entertainment, &c. at Causham,*" &c. by Thomas Campion, 1613, 30 pages. See Wood, i. 229, &c.

All that can be collected of Campion will be found brought together by the industry of Mr. Haslewood, in the preface to the forth-coming reprint of *Old Tracts of Criticism on English Poetry*. Editor.

12. *Henry Coventry, Esq. Fellow of Magdalen College.*

“ See preface to vol. ii. of Warburton's *Divine Legation*, after Contents.

“ A man of a good estate: part of it in the Isle of Ely. I used to be much with him at Dr. Middleton's and Mr. Horace Walpole's. When he first came to the University, he was of a religious enthusiastic turn of mind; as was Mr. H. W. also, even so much as to go with Ashton, his then great friend, and now Fellow of Eton, to pray with the prisoners in the castle: afterwards both Mr. Coventry and Mr. W. took to the infidel side of the question. I believe Mr. Coventry was somewhat disordered in his intellects before his death. He used to dress remarkably gay, with much gold lace; had a most prominent Roman nose; was, I think, a bastard son of an Earl of* Coventry; at least in a bastard line; and was much of a gentleman. Author of *Philemon to Hydaspes*. He was uncle to the author of *Pompey the Little*, who was a Clergyman, and died young.

13. *F. Coventry, of Magdalen College.*

“ Author of *Pompey the Little*. See Letters to and from John Hughes, Esq. 3 vols. 1773, 2nd edit. vol. ii. p. 41. *Gent. Mag.* for 1776, p. 64.

“ Mr. Coleman of Benet told me, Apr. 29, 1778, that Mr. Duncombe, formerly of C C C C, and Editor of Hughes's Letters, told him, that after his decease there was found among his papers a MS. copy of *The Fragment*, full of interlineations and additions. As the pamphlet was easy to be had, few people would have been at the pains of transcribing it; therefore it was concluded that Mr. Coventry was the writer of it; tho' it had been given to Mr. Stebbing of Catherine Hall; and Mr. Tarrant of St. John's, who had been Proctor; but was too dull a man to be supposed to be the author of so lively a performance.

“ *The History of Pompey the Little*: Lond. 8vo. 1751. pp. 272. See *Gent. Mag.* 1780, p. 124.”

* No. See *Coll. Peer.* last edit. 1812.

14. John Gilbert Cooper, Fellow Commoner of Trinity College.

“ Changed his name from Gilbert to Cooper for an estate. He is a lively young man ; but a most accomplished coxcomb ; yet a good scholar. He travelled abroad, after he left College ; and at his return married, and published some poetry. Author of *The Life of Socrates*, 8vo. 1749.”

15. Abraham Cowley, Trinity College.

“ Admissus socius Minor Coll. Trin. Oct. 30, 1640. Major Mar. 16, 1642. Art. Bac. ann. 1639.

“ The celebrated Mr. Sam. Johnson, who directed the method of *The Literary Magazine* ; and therefore on a subject in which he so greatly excels, may be very naturally supposed to be the writer of an essay on that subject, published in the 3d vol. of that periodical work, p. 198, thus mentions our author : ‘ The time seems to be at hand, when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley’s prose, as well as poetical writings.’ ”

16. Collier, of Trinity College, Hebrew Professor, 1780.

“ V. *An Heroick Address to the Rev. Dr. Rd. Watson*, pp. 37. Lond. 4to. 1780,

17. Arthur Wilson.

“ Has verses before Edward Benlowe’s *Theophila*, a divine poem. Lond. fol. 1652.

“ In his Life by himself in *Peck’s Desid. Cur.* vol. ii. b. 12. p. 6, he says, that when he was 19, and fit for Cambridge, his inclination rather carried him into France,

“ In 1631, after leaving the Earl of Essex's service, (at the instigation of the Countess) he entered himself (tho' 36 years o. age, being born in 1595) of Trinity College, in Oxford, where he staid two years. *Ath. Ox.* ii. 155.”

18. *Thomas Western, Esq. Clare Hall.*

“ I have heard his son, my dearest and most particular good friend, say, that Will. Whiston used frequently to be at their house, where he was always well received. Mr. Western was a particular friend of Mr. Addison, and wrote one or more of the papers which go under the name of the *Spectator*. His son and heir, my fellow Collegiate at Clare Hall, where he was Fellow Commoner, when I was pensioner, was of Riven-Hall in Essex, where he lives in a very retired way with his family upon a noble and fine estate: is a most worthy son of an ingenious father, being possessed largely of all those accomplishments, which adorn the fine Gentleman, without the pedantry, or conceit of a scholar, to which title he has most undoubted pretensions.” *V. Spectator*, No. 261, v. iv. p. 42. Qu.

19. *Wm. Whitehead, Clare Hall.*

See his *Epistle on Nobility*, Lond. 1745. F.

“ He is son of a baker in Cambridge, in St. Botolph's parish; educated, as I think, at Winchester, by the interest of Commissary Graves; placed with the Earl of Jersey, as tutor to Ld. Villiers; with which Earl he now continues, and is much in his favour, (Aug. 25, 1750) but because he would not go into orders three or four years ago, quitted his Fellowship.” He was afterward Poet-Laureat.

20. *Sir Wm. Peer Williams, Clare Hall.*

“ He was son of Sir Hutchins Williams, educated at Eton, then of Clare Hall, and was one of the prettiest figures of a man that could be seen. He was wild and extravagant, and not having an estate equal to the greatness of his condition, it is said that he went in the expedition to Bellisle, with a formed design not to return home again. His brother, Sir . . . Williams, who I think was of Oxford, tho’ I have seen him at Cambridge, was a good person of a man ; but almost a natural.”

See Gray’s Lines on Sir W. P. W. in his Poems.

21. *Edw. Waring, M. D. Mag. Coll.*

“ Author of *Meditationes Algebraicae*, 1771. Elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Feb. 1760.

“ Before he married, he took it ill that the Society of Magdalen did not elect his brother into a better Fellowship on his quitting it : after his marriage, he settled for a time at St. Ives ; and now, 1778, at Cambridge ; but has little practice as a physician, being of a most shy and reserved disposition. He entered himself of Trinity College, on his quitting Magdalen. Vide *Monthly Review*, 1778, p. 81, where he is called to account for endeavouring to lessen the credit and abilities of Sir Isaac Newton. *V. Gent. Mag.* for 1779, p. 605, twice.”

22. *Tho. Wilson, A. M. 1643. Qu.*

“ He was Rector of Otham in Kent, where, being prosecuted for dilapidations, and for contumacy suspended by the High Commission, he got an exchange for the Curacy of Maidstone in that neighbourhood, where he revenged himself of Abp. Laud by refusing to read the prayer against the northern expedition against the Scots, and the declaration for Sports on the Lord’s day, which

made him very popular with the puritan party; and was in 1643 appointed one of the Assembly of Divines, and was an evidence against Archbishop Laud at his trial; when testifying that he had been suspended by the Abp. for not reading the Book of Sports, it turned out that it was for nonpayment of dilapidations.—*Wharton's Hist. of the Trial of Abp. Laud*, p. 344; *Prynne's Canterbury's Doom*, p. 149. He printed a sermon, called '*David's Zeal for Zion; preached before sundry of the Honourable House of Commons, at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Ap. 4, 1641.*' His life is written by Mr. George Swinock.

"He is represented by the writer of his Life, as a very pious, zealous, and useful man, in the way he took; and died about 1651 or 1652. *Newton's Hist. of Maidstone*, p. 66, 67.

23. *Paul Wright, D. D. olim of Pembroke Hall.*

"He is Rector of Oakley, near Saffron-Walden in Essex; and in 1769, at the Commencement at Cambridge, printed bills for a new edition, with additions, of *Sir Henry Chauncey's History of Hertfordshire*. He then plagued me for assistance in it; but I soon found him to be a most odd and extravagantly ridiculous person; and by no means qualified to undertake such a work. He wanted me and others in the University to sign a paper of recommendation to be received a Member of the Antiquarian Society, which I declined; however he got one somewhere else; for in Dec. 1770, he was admitted a Fellow of that Society. He is a married man, and has a son a jeweller, or goldsmith, in London, where the father was born, and educated in St. Paul's school, as he told me: he then gave me a printed bill to find his shop, if I wanted any thing in his way. He has since printed a book on heraldry." [I suppose Mr. Cole means a new edition of *Heylin's Help to History*.]

"At the Commencement, 1778, he proceeded D. D. Dr. Colman, the new Master of Benet College, told me, July 5, that he called upon him to see *the Book of St. Alban's*, which he had; to his chamber, and shewed it to him: but he could not read it,

who' the most distinct and legible hand I have met with. He told him he meant to visit him on Abp. Parker's Anniversary, Aug. 6. The Master told him, that he should be then in Dorsetshire. Indeed I have met with few people of his assurance.

"I was told, July 23, 1778, that he was Rector of *Snoring* in Norfolk. To publish himself in the Cambridge Chronicle Rector of *Snoring*, and Vicar of *Ugly*, would have excited a laugh in the University: so when he put himself into the papers, D. D. and F. A. S. he suppressed the Rectory. That he put the other in, Dr. Colman told me from pretty good proof.

"In the *London Chronicle* of Nov. 22, 1781, was this advertisement:

'*The Complete Family Bible, &c. With Notes, &c. By Paul Wright, D. D. F. A. S. Vicar of Oakley, and Rector of Shoreham in Essex, and late of Pembroke Hall.*' "

24. *Ferdinand Warner, Jesus College.*

"Dr. Warner's *Ecclesiastical History of England* deserves the highest applause, on account of that noble spirit of liberty, candour, and moderation, that seems to have guided the pen of the judicious Author. It were at the same time to be wished, that this elegant Historian had less avoided citing authorities, and been a little more lavish of that erudition, which he is known to possess: for then, after having surpassed Collier in all other respects, he would have equalled him in that depth and learning, which are the only meritorious circumstances of his partial and disagreeable History. *Mosheim's Eccles. Hist.* ed. 1758, 8vo. ii. p. 27, note (2)."

25. *Wm. Warren, LL. D. Trinity Hall.*

"A most worthy and good man, and my friend. He died in Kent of a cancer in his mouth, which he had laboured under for about two years in Cambridge: and returning to die in his native

county, was not long there before it happened to him. Vide Dr. Middleton's *Germanæ quædam Antiquitatis eruditæ Monumenta*, p. 65."

26. Francis Willoughby, Trinity Coll. Camb.

"*Francisci Willughbeii de Middleton in Agro Warwicensi Armigeri ; Ornithologiae Libri Tres, &c.* 1676. fol.

"Mr. Willoughby, who did assist in this book, (viz. Mr. Ray's *Catalogue*) and whose experiments are at large set down, p. 136, &c. is a virtuous gentleman, and one excellently accomplished in learning. He is one of those to whom Mr. Barrow did dedicate his *Euclid*. He is A. M. also, having continued a longer time in the University than usually Fellow Commoners do. But he is lately gone from the University. His father is a Knight in Warwickshire, and would have him into the country to settle there, he being his only son. Mr. Barrow saith, that he never knew a gentleman of such an ardour after real knowledge and learning; and of such capacities and fitness for any kind of learning. See Dr. J. Worthington's Letter, dated Mar. 9, 1659.

"Mr. Willoughby was Mr. James Duport's pupil at Trinity Coll. to whom and three others, he, Mr. Duport, dedicates his *Gnomologia*, 1660." T. B.

27. Thomas Woolsten, Fellow of Sidney College.

V. *Dunciad*, b. iii. l. 208. and Mrs. C. Cockburne's Works, ii. 272. See also Voltaire's character of him, &c.

"B. D. Born at Northampton, 1669, son of a tradesman there. Deprived of his Fellowship of Sidney College, 1721. Lived the last four or five years of his life mostly in confinement in the King's Bench prison; and the three last years were totally passed there, where he died, Jan. 23, 1733, Saturday, after a four days' illness; viz. a cold, which was then epidemical. Buried in St. George's churchyard, Southwark, Jan. 30.

"For his *Six Discourses on the Miracles of Christ, and two Defences of them*, 1727-30, he was again under prosecution, and sentenced to a year's imprisonment, and 100*l.* fine. He purchased the liberty of the Rules of the King's Bench. Part of his sentence was, to give security not to offend again in any future writings; which he refused to give, being resolved to continue the freedom he had begun with."

28. *Tho. Watson, Bishop of Lincoln, Master of St. John's College.*

"See Dod's *Church History*, i. 485, and Strype's *Cranmer*, p. 269, 325.

"See two curious passages concerning him in Roger Ascham's *Scholemaster*, in Ascham's *English Works*, published in 4to. Lond. about 1766, by one James Bennet, Schoolmaster at Hoddesdon, Herts. He was admitted Master, Sept. 28, 1553.

"His *Antigona*, a tragedy out of Sophocles, was much admired."

28. *Rich. Walter, A. M. Fellow of Sidney College.*

"*A voyage round the world, &c. from 1740 to 1744, by George Anson, Esq. commander in chief, &c. By Richard Walter, A. M. &c. 3d edit. Lond. 1748. 8vo.*

"The author of this book I was acquainted with at Cambridge, where he was Fellow of Sidney College, and was always esteemed a very worthy and sober man. His father was a silk-mercator in London. He was rather a puny, weakly, and sickly man; pale, and of a low stature; and suffered great hardships on board, being often forced to do the most laborious duty, for want of sufficient hands to work the ship, when it was at times so deplorably overrun with the scurvy. So he came back to England in another ship, by the Cape of Good Hope, on the Centurion's first getting to China, &c. After he got home, he married, and set-

ted at Portsmouth, where I think he had one of the Churches; and coming sometime afterwards to Cambridge, I met him several times at Dr. Middleton's. It was then generally said that a gentleman of the squadron had the chief hand in drawing up this account; which Mr. Walter had the publication of, as well as the profit attending a large subscription," &c.

Cole adds in another place, that "Mr. Robins is said to have been the writer of Lord Anson's voyage," and cites a passage, complaining that neither in Walter's nor in Hawksworth's compilations are there passages as if the authors thought that 'the crews were Christians, and believed in a Providence.' "

29. *Sir Peter Wyche, Trinity Hall.*

"*A short Relation of the River Nile, &c.* 1673. Ded. by Sir P. W. to Henry Lord Arlington, to whom he calls himself kinsman.

"He was Ambassador to the Porte, See *Clar. Hist.* iii. 205. *Wood's Ath.* ii. 954. f. ii. 152.

30. *John Wallis.*

"Originally of Emanuel College, Cambridge.

"He was the celebrated Savilian Professor at Oxford."

31. *John Weever, Queen's College:*

"Author of the *Funeral Monuments*, has a copy of English verses at the end of Butt's *Dyet Dinner*, 1599, with an answer also to them by himself.

"Joannes Weever, admissus Sizator Coll. Regin. (Tutore Mag^{ro} Covell) Apr. 30, 1594."

32. Philip Stubbes.*

"The Anatomie of Abuses: containing a Discoverie, or brjefe Summarie of such notable Vices and Imperfections, as now reigne in many Countries of the World; but especially in a famous Island called Ailgna; together with most fearefull examples of God's Judgements, executed upon the Wicked for the same, as well in Ailgna of late as in other places elsewhere. Very Godlie to be reade of all true Christians, but most needeful to be regarded in Englande. Made Dialoguewise by Philip Stubbes. Seene and allowed according to order. Printed at London by Ric. Jones, 16 Aug. 1583, 8vo." Dedicated to Philip, Earl of Arundel, 125 double pages.

At the back of the last page is a wooden cut of a man in a round bonnet, beard, gown with strait sleeves, stooping, and a pair of gloves in his left hand. Mr. Lort of Trinity College gave 7s. 6d. in May, 1772, for this scarce book at an auction of Mr. Joseph Hart's books. B. L.

"Long, tedious, and pedantic dedication. At p. 21 a most curious description of every particular kind of dress used in Q. Elizabeth's time, both of men and women at large. He is a most bigotted Puritan, and tells such ridiculous tales of judgements, as could be invented no where but in a most superstitious and credulous breast. The present outcry of dearness of provisions on account of Inclosures was the same then as now. At p. 7r he says: "that which might have been bought within these 20 or 24 yeres for 20s. is now worth 20 nobles or 20l. That which was then worth 20l, is now worth 100l. or more." At p. 83, he says, that he penned a book about 1581 giving an account of a judgment which befell a great swearer in Lincolnshire. No less an enemy to Sabbath breakers, as he calls them, and stage plays, than his successor Wm. Prynne: as also to May games, and other rural pastimes, of which there are many curious facts, though, no doubt, aggravated and heightened, particularly with church-ales, wakes, and dancing, to which he is a bitter enemy, in short, a sour, rigid, puritan."—V. *Atk. Or.* I. 282.

* See *Restituta*, p. 520.

33. Sir George Saville, Bart. Queen's College, 1780.

"A most ingenious man, but a flaming Patriot, which means more with us, than the original word conveys: I knew him, and often met him at Mat. Robinson's * of Trinity Hall, with whom he used to play at chess. There is a picture of him in his Doctor of Law's robes in the audit room of Queen's College; and the last time I dined at Mr. Greaves's at Fulburn, on account of his enthusiasm for patriotism, I observed that he had a copy of it, together with many other patriots, Oliver Cromwell, Hamden, Hollis, Pym, Algernon Sydney, Lord Russell, &c."

34. John Bridges, Fellow of Pembroke Hall, afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

Afterwards Bishop of Oxford.

"Jo'es Bridges *Londinensis*. Art. Bac. admissus Socius Aulæ Pembr. An. 1556. M. A. 1560.

"See *Ath. Ox.* i. 740. Sir John Harrington's *Brief View of the State of the Church of England*, p. 150, &c." See also *Censura Literaria*.

35. Dr. Samuel Salter, Master of the Charter House.

"He died May 2, 1778.

"See his Life in Masters's *History of Benet College*.

"Dr. Salter was one of the tallest men I have seen; well made, brown complexion; and had not his assurance and talkativeness been so abundant, his parts and ingenuity would have recommended him to the highest preferment."

Vide more particulars of a personal nature, in Cole's MSS.

36. George Steevens, Fellow Commoner of King's College.

"I met him at dinner with Dr. Farmer, &c. at Dr. Lort's chambers in Trinity College, Aug. 9, 1780. He is much of a

* Afterwards 2d Lord Rokeby.

gentleman, well-bred, civil, and obliging. Editor of *Shakespeare*. He told me that he was admitted in King's College, 1754, the year after I quitted it. He is an Essex gentleman in the Militia; well-made, black, and tall.

“ See ‘ A Letter to George Hardinge, Esq. on the subject of a passage in Mr. Steevens's Preface to his *Impression of Shakespeare*, Lond. 4to. 1777. Dedicated to Lord Dacre, p. 48. Very severe on Mr. Steevens, whom he accuses of plagiarism from Mr. Capell, whom he abuses. It is said to have been written by the Rev. Mr. Collins of Hertfordshire. It was sent by the anonymous author as a present to Dr. Turner, whom he often compliments; yet who has wrote in the first blank leaf this quotation from Dr. Johnson :

“ A great gun without powder or ball.”

87. Christopher Smart, Fellow of Pembroke Hall, Aug. 24, 1750.

“ Educated under Mr. Dongworth at Durham.

“ The Cambridge Chronicle May 25, 1771, says, “ On Tuesday last died in London Mr. Chr. Smart, M.A. a gentleman eminently distinguished in the literary world for his poetical abilities. His five Prize Poems on the attributes of the Supreme Being, which he wrote during his residence in the university, sufficiently testify his powers as a writer.

“ He was a little smart black-eyed man.

“ He made the following Epigram upon squinting John Wilkes :

His eyes are surely of the amorous kind,
For to each other they are still inclin'd.

“ The *Pretty Bar-keeper* was written by him, and printed under the name of *Lun*.” *Gent. Mag.* 1782, p. 126.

38. Thomas Salmon.

“ He was son to Mr. Salmon, Rector of Mepsal in Bedfordshire, who brought him up to no learned profession : yet he had no small turn for writing : witness his numerous productions from

patron : and upon Dr. Birch's unfortunate death, the living of Debden again reverted to its true patron, Dr. John Cock, who is still, Feb. 23, 1780, rector both of it and Great Horkeley, at which last he resides, and has laid out on the buildings it is supposed 3000*l*.

“ I suppose Mr. Wray is descended from a Nonconformist family, as I meet with one of both his names in *Calamy's Lives*, a minister among them. However that be, he is an ingenious, and an amiable man. Vide my vol. p.74.

43. *John Asgill.*

“ Vide Bp. Burnet's *Hist. of his own Time*, vol. 2. p. 248.

“ Mr. Asgill's Defence, upon his Expulsion from the House of Commons of Great Britain in 1707, with an Introduction and a Postscript, L. 8o. 1712. price 1s. pages 87. penes me. Qu. If of either univ.?

Vide *Biographia Britannica*.

“ John Asgill, an ingenious writer and eminent lawyer, died Nov. 10, 1738, aged upwards of fourscore. In 1698, he wrote a treatise, entituled, ‘ An Argument, proving, that according to the Covenant of Eternal Life, revealed in the Scriptures, Man may be translated from hence into that Eternal Life, without passing through Death.’ This publication was the alledged cause of his being expelled the House of Commons in 1707, though it is more probable that the desperate state of his affairs was the real motive. After his expulsion he became more embarrassed in his circumstances, and spent the last thirty years in prison. During this time he published a multitude of small Tracts, most of which were well received. *Note in the 2d vol. of Mr. Nichols's Supplement to Swift's Works*, in 3 vols. 8vo. Lond. 1779.

Vide *Memoirs of Thomas Hollis, Esq.* p. 518. London. 4to. 1780.”

44. *John White, B. D. St. John's.*

“ Died in Oct. 1755, Mr. John White, Rector of Stoke-Nayland in Essex, and author of *Letters to a Dissenting Gentleman*, and other pieces. *Cambridge Journal*, Nov. 1, 1755.

“ A Letter to a Gentleman dissenting from the Church of England, concerning the Lives of Churchmen and Dissenters, wherein Dr. Watts's *Humble Attempt towards the Revival of practical Religion among Christians*, so far as relates to this subject, is largely examined; and the popular argument (or prejudice) arising from the *supposed* or *real* better lives of *Dissenters*, in favour of their Churches, is fully considered. By John White, B.D. some time Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. 2nd edit. Lond. 8vo. 1745, pr. 1s. 6d.

“ A 2nd Letter to a Gentleman, dissenting from the Church of England, wherein the great and popular pleas of Dissenters against Communion with the Church, are reflected back upon themselves. By J. W. &c. 2nd edit. Lond. 8vo. 1745. p. 1s.

“ The 3d and last Letter to a Gentleman dissenting from the Church of England, wherein the design of the 2nd (which was to refute the great and popular objections of Dissenters against Communion with the Church of England, and to reflect them back upon themselves) is further pursued and completed. To which is added, an Appendix, containing some considerations on the lawfulness, expediency, and necessity of requiring all who are to be admitted to the ministry, or to any ecclesiastical preferment in the Church of England; or to be preachers or teachers in any dissenting congregation, to subscribe the Articles of Faith and Religion: and setting forth the inconsistencies between the notorious practices of Dissenters, and the avowed principles of many of them touching that matter. By J. W. &c. Lond. 8vo. 1745, pr. 1s. 3d. Letter dated at p. 64, *Nayland*, Apr. 19, 1745. Appendix or whole book finished at p. 85.

“ This ingenious and learned Gentleman had been tutor to Mr. Soame Jenyns of Botisham, where I often meet his brother, the Vicar of Swaffham-Bulbec, next parish to Botisham. I saw him there, 1770, in the autumn.

“ See a Letter written by a private Clergyman to Abp. Herring, in 1771, p. 44, 45, 46, 47, where it is said Mr. White was author of *Free and impartial Considerations of the free and candid Disquisitions*, 1751.”

45. Ric. Brathwaite.

“ V. *Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. p. 516, 627.

“ I have his *Survey of History*, which is pedantic. By Ric. Brathwaite, Esq. Oxon. Lond. 4, 1638. The frontispiece is curious and emblematical, with his head by Wm. Marshall, an. ætat. 48, 1638. Short hair, picked beard and whiskers, rough face and stern, falling laced band, round the oval, partly covered by a curtain, is this inscription :—‘ *Theatrum Mundus, ærarium Tempus Historiæ Thesaurus.*’ The whole title to his book is :—

‘ *A Survey of History ; or, a Nursery for Gentry : contrived and comprised in an intermixed Discourse upon historical or poetical Relations. By Ric. Braithwaite, Esq, Oxon. London, printed by N. and John Okes, 1639.*’ 4to. It is dedicated to Hen. Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton : and a 2nd to Elizabeth Countess Dowager of Southampton. Contains 415 pages. Print the best part of my purchase of the book, which cost me 1s. 6d. in 1779.”*

46. Dr. John Byrom.

“ V. *Spectator*, vol. viii. No. 603, p. 182.

“ *Miscellaneous Poems*, by Dr. John Byrom, F. R. S. sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Inventor of the universal English short-hand, and author of the celebrated pastoral—*My time, O ye Muses, &c.* Manchester. 8vo. 1773. 2 vols. p. 103. He was a very tall thin man : I remember him coming to Cambridge about 17..4, and reading lectures on short-hand, and teaching it there.

* See *Archæia*. Part VI.

" *V. Gent. Mag.* for 1780, p. 175, 423, 424, a letter of his. V. an account of him in Mr. Nichols's *Miscell. Poems*, vol. vii. p. 156, &c. Lond. 8vo. 171. donum editoris, 1781."

47. Vincent Bourne, Trinity College.

" *Poematia*, Latine partim reddita, partim scripta. A. V. B. Collegii Trinitatis, apud Cantabrigienses aliquando socio, Lond. 8, 1734. Ded. to the Duke of Newcastle. " *Miscellaneous Poems*, consisting of Original and Translations, by V. B. M. A. 4to. Lond. 11s. Dodsley. In the *Critical Review* of April, 1772, some short memoirs of his life, which finished in Dec. 1747.

" Usher of Westminster School."*

48. Sir Richard Bulstrode of Cambr.

" Original Letters written to the Earl of Arlington by Sir R. B. Envoy at the Court of Brussels from King Cha. 2nd, with a preface, giving an account of the Author's Life and Family, Lond. 8vo. 1712. Ded. by E. Bysshe to Geo. E. of Cardigan. V. Carter's *Cambridge*, p. 397. Knt. Envoy at Brussels from Ch. 2. and Ja. 2. *Miscellaneous Essays*, published by his son, B. Whitlock, Esq. with a pref. W. R. *Miscell.* 383.

" In the *History of Long Livers*, by Eugenius Philalethes, p. 97, Lond. 8vo. 1722, it is said, that " Sir William Bulstrode at St. Germain en Laye, near Paris, died Oct. 3, 1711, aged 105. He left 17 children, the eldest was 72 years old, and the youngest only 14." I suppose it is a mistake for Sir Richard: for in letters between Dr. Wood and Whitelock Bulstrode, Esq. (Lond. 8vo. 1717) p. 2, Dr. Wood says, that " his father-in-law, Sir Richard, of late is much impaired in his health by a diabetes." This Letter was wrote, Feb. 22, 1708-9."

* See Life and Letters of Wm. Cowper. *Editor.*

49. *Walter Balcanqual, Dean of Durham, Pembroke Hall.*

“ V. Sir Dudley Carleton's Letters, Lond. 4to. 1757, p. 317, published by the 2nd Earl of Hardwick. His letters to Sir Dudley Carleton concerning the Synod of Dort are at the end of Hales' *Golden Remains*. V. Dean Barwick's *English Life*, p. 413, 444. Nalson's *Collections*, vol. i. p. 428. vol. ii. p. 447. *The King's Large Declaration*, ao. 1639, fol. p. 272, 273, 274, 275. Kennet's *Register and Chronicle*, p. 28, 29. *Original Papers relating to Lord Clarendon*, p. 37. an 8vo. pamphlet among my collection of pamphlets, vol. 10. Lloyd's *Memoirs*, ed. 1677, p. 523. *Fasti Oxon.* vol. i. p. 211. W. B. A. M. Admissus Socius Aulæ Pembr. Sept. 8, 1611. Fuller's *Ch. Hist.* L. 16, p. 79.”*

50. *William Basse. Qu.*

“ Isaac Walton's *Compleat Angler*, p. 84. edit. 4. Lond. 8vo. 1668. *Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. p. 812.

“ Mr. Knight, jun. shewed me a MS. written by Wm. Basse, and corrected by him, in 4to. called *Polihymnia*. Dedication—To the Right noble and vertuous Lady the Lady Bridget, Countess of Lindsey, and Baroness of Eresbie and Ricot, in verse, with verses to the Right hon. Francis Lord Norreys, Earl of Berkshire (in his days) To the Right hon. the Lady Aungier (then wife of Sir Tho. Wenman) upon her coming out of Ireland, and return thither. To the Right hon. the Lady Viscountess Falkland, upon her going into Ireland, two sonnets. The Youth in the Boat. Acrostics of the truly noble, vertuous, and learned Lady the Lady Agnes Wenman; of the Lady Penelope Dynham; of Mrs. Jane Wenman. Verses on the Chapel of Wadham College consecration, St. Peter's day, 1613; on Caversham, or Causham House; of Witham House, Oxfordshire, the house of a noble Knight and favourer of my Muse, and Elegy on a Bullfinch, 1648; of the four wide course of Bagarde's Green six times over, by two famous Irish footmen, Patrick Dorning and Wm. O'Farrell. It contains about 40 leaves, much corrected, and at the end is L'Envoy.

* See *Coll. Peerage*, new edit. vol. ii. Art. Thynne.

‘ Go, sweet Polymnia, thanks for all your cost
And love to me ; wherein no love is lost.
As you have taught me various verse to use,
I have to right you to be a Christian Muse.’

“ The poetry seems to be below mediocrity : so no wonder he has escaped the list of poets, and that we know so little of him.

“ He took his A. M. degree in Eman. Coll. 1636, at least one of both his names. *V. my vol.* 50, p. 22.

“ Wm. Basse admitted sizar in Eman. Coll. 1629. of Suffolk, A. B. 1632, A. M. 1636. *id.* p. 55.

“ In Warton’s *Life of Dr. Bathurst*, p. 288, is a copy of English verses by Dr. Bathurst.

‘ To Mr. W. Basse upon the intended publication of his poems, January 13, 1654.’

“ Mr. Warton has added this note at the bottom : ‘ I find no account of this writer or his poems.’ But from the beginning and end of the short poem of about 40 verses, it should seem that the Emanuelian was too modern for the poet, who might be his father. They begin thus :—

‘ Basse, whose rich mine of wit we here behold
As porcelain earth, more precious, ’cause more old ;
Who, like an aged oak, so long hath stood,
And art religion now as well as food :
Though thy grey Muse grew up with elder times,
And our deceased grandsires lisp’d thy rhymes ;
Yet we can sing thee too, and make the bays,
Which deck thy brow, look fresher with thy praise.

Though these, your happy births, have silent past
More years than some abortive wits shall last ;
He still writes new, who once so well hath sung :
That Muse can ne’er be old, which ne’er was young.’ ”*

* See *Commendatory Verses to Shakespeare* ; and *Restituta*, vol. i.

51. *Tho. Colbatch, Vicar of Little Abington.*

“ This most worthy man, whom I well remember, christened me; my father, then living in the parish, though occupying the great farm at Baberham, whither he retired soon after my birth, and whither Mr. Colbatch used often to walk over to see him and my mother, whose funeral I well remember, at her desire, he attended to St. Clement's Church, in Cambridge, to be laid by her father and mother in that churchyard; though my father is buried in the Chancel of Baberham Church. Mr. Colbatch was brother to Mr. Colbatch of Trinity, and was rather looked upon as a singular person in an age that set no value on exemplary virtue and goodness: he let his beard grow for some years before his death, on a vision which he supposed to have seen, and had ordered him to do so. He used to read the Psalms of the Day wholly himself, and not let the congregation read one verse and the Clergyman the other alternately, as is the common practise. He was a tall thin man; and going over to Cambridge to see his brother, he fell from his horse on Gogmagog Hill, and broke his leg, which occasioned his death, March 14, 1731-2, in the 75th year of his age, and was buried in Little Abington churchyard, under an altar tomb, with an epitaph (see in my first vol. of *Collections for the County of Cambridge*, p. 4.) He left a daughter behind him, to whom her uncle left 10,000 *l.* and with whom she lived at Orwell for some years, and married. I have heard my father say, that he believed an honest or more worthy man never lived. I remember to have seen, when a boy, a book of devotion which he published; but have never met with it since.”

52. *Sir Sam. Prynne, Sergeant at Law.*

“ Educated at St. John's College, born at Bury St. Edmund's, son of a tallow-chandler.

“ He flung up his profession in disgust, that Lord Camden was put over his head—and married the widow Shepherd of Suffolk, with a jointure of 1800 *l.* a year, the daughter of Mr. Wil-

mot of Banstead, an heiress of 20,000 *l.* He bought the estate at Whitton, in Twickenham, Middlesex, formerly Sir Godfrey Kneller's; and died at Whitton, 24 Feb. 1776, leaving a son, formerly of St. John's College, to whom he bequeathed 70,000 *l.*"

53. *Ambrose Philips, St. John's.*

"*The Life of John Williams, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of York in the Reigns of K. James, and K. Ch. I. Wherein are related several remarkable occurrences of those times, both in Church and State; with an Appendix, giving an account of his benefactions to St. John's College, Camb. By A. P. Fellow of the same College. Cambridge, 8°. 1700.*"

From the *Whitehall Evening Post*, Tuesday, June 20, 1749.

"Last week was buried in Audley Chapel from his house in Hanover Street, Ambrose Philips, Esq. late Member for Armagh in Ireland, and Registrar of the Prerogative Office in that Kingdom: a Gentleman well known to the learned world by his writings: whose Pastorals and Translations from Pindar, with his tragedy, called the *Distressed Mother*, are esteemed among the most elegant compositions in the English language. He died in the 73th year of his age, after a life spent most in foreign states. He was remarkable for his politeness and integrity of manners. He was a native of Shrewsbury, but descended of the Phillipses of Leicestershire, who have been frequently representatives of that county. He was many years Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and paymaster of the lottery office. He was the last survivor of the excellent authors of the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*."

54. *Hen. Peacham, Trin. Col.*

Author of *The Compleat Gentleman*, 1622, 4to. &c. And of *The Gentleman's Exercise, for drawing, limning, &c.* 1634. &c. *The Worth of a Penny.* Reprinted 1664.*

* Again reprinted, 1814.

“ He lived sometime in St. Martin's in the Fields, and was addicted to melancholy.

“ In Mr. West's Catalogue of Books sold by auction in April, 1773, at p. 226, N^o 4391, is this article and note :

“ *A Dialogue betweene the Crosse in Cheap and Charing Crosse. By Ryhen Pamcach, 4to.*

“ *Anecdote of the Author.* This Dialogue was made by Hen. Peacham, author of the *Compleat Gentleman*, who was reduced to poverty in his age, and wrote penny pamphlets, signed *Johan. Gibbon. Bluemantle.*”

See Hawkins's *Hist. Mus.* iii. 194, 195. Walpole's *Engravers*, 44, and *Anec. Paint.* ii. 13.

55. *Sir Edward Peyton.*

“ *V. Hist. of King-Killers, or 30th of January commemorated.* Lond. 8vo. 1719, p. 58, and Wood's *Ath. Ox.* ii. 156.

“ Author of ‘The divine Catastrophe of the kingly Family of the House of Stuarts : or a short History of the Rise, Reign, and Ruin thereof; wherein the most secret and chamber Abominations of the two last Kings are discovered, divine Justice in K. Charles his overthrow vindicated, and the Parliament's proceedings against him clearly justified. By Sir Edw. Peyton, Kt. and Bart. a diligent observer of those times. Lond. 1652. in 8vo. pp. 149. Dedicated to the supreme authority of this nation, assembled in this present Parliament.’

“ He seems by his writing to have been an enthusiast of the fifth monarchy sort ; and sets out with a most glaring proof of false history, making Francis II. King of France, husband to Mary Q. of Scots, to have been killed with a shiver of a lance at a tournament ; whereas it was that young King's father who was killed in that manner. But his divinity and history are equally valuable. V. p. 7, 22, 31, 35, 51, 60, 61, 62, 63, 65, 74, 113, 118, 119, 120, 134, 139.”

56. *Morris Drake Morris, Esq. Trinity College, 1715.*

“His *Athenæ Cantabrigienses*, in three vols. folio, were given to me by Dr. Conyers Middleton, who married his mother, to his first wife. They are only collections from Fuller, Wood, Lloyd, Walker, and other printed accounts. He was a Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, Lord of the Manor of Coveney in the Isle of Ely, where I think he died, and was buried at his family estate in Kent. Mat. Robinson, Fellow of Trinity Hall, Esq. and Member of Parliament, being his heir, (probably) a son of his sister; for I remember Mr. Robinson calling Dr. Middleton jocosely his grandfather, (&c.) There is some account of Mr. Morris prefixed to each of these three volumes.” *Cole.*

Mr. Morris was son of Mr. Drake, Recorder of Cambridge, by the daughter and heir of Thomas Morris, Esq. of Mount Morris, in the parish of Horton, near Hythe, in Kent. His sister and heir married Matthew Robinson, Esq. of West Layton, in Yorkshire, and was mother of the celebrated Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Scott, Matthew, 2d Lord Rokeby, who died 1800, &c.

57. *Dr. Conyers Middleton of Trinity College.*

“The character of him, sent by the Rev. Mr. Smyth of Woodston, near Peterborough, to be inserted in Carter’s *History of Cambridge*, was this:—

“As Dr. Middleton is lately dead, you cannot but give him a place amongst the writers of Trinity College, of which he was Fellow: his style that of Principal Librarian, as he was no where a Dignitary: he was really a man of considerable parts and learning; but his pride and self-sufficiency were his ruin. His true character, I think, as it should be entered, is this:—Dr. Conyers Middleton, Principal Librarian of the University, author of *The Life of Cicero*, and many late pieces *On the Miracles*, and other subjects of religion, in which he displayed his learning, and lost his character as a Divine and a Churchman.”

He died at Hildersham, in Cambridgeshire, July 28, 1750.

See a notice of his death in *Gray’s Letters* by Mason.

58. *Tho. Nevile, Fellow of Jesus College.*

“ The fourteenth Satire of Juvenal, imitated by T. N. A. M. Fell. of Jesus Coll. Camb. 1769.

“ Imitations of Juvenal and Persius. By T. N. Fell. of J. C. Camb. Lond. 8vo. 1769. pp. 120.

“ Imitations of Horace, by Tho. Nevile, A. M. Fell. of Jes. Coll. Cam. Cambr. 8vo. before 1760.

“ I was informed, Mar. 4, 1776, that this gentleman never associates with any of the College; spends all his time with himself; and rarely goes out of the College walls. He is of a good gentleman's family in Lincolnshire; tall and thin; has an impediment in his speech, which may occasion his much solitariness, and is a layman.

“ Dr. Ashton not allowing him to go out in physic, he removed to Emanuel, where he took his M. B. degree, and then retired to his old society, where he died, Wedn. Sept. 19, 1781, of an epidemical fever, weak nerves and hypochondria.

“ Supposed to be the author of *The Capitade*, printed in *Gent. Mag.* 1781, p. 530.”

I remember him, when I first went to Cambridge, under the character and appearance here noticed. *Editor.*

59. *Tho. Lowndes of Overton, in Cheshire, Esq.*

“ Founded the Astronomy Professorship in 1749. *V. Carter's Cambridge*, p. 460.

“ I once was with him, with my most worthy friend, the late Dr. Conyers Middleton; we were then together in the Court of Requests; and he was then soliciting with printed papers some project about salt, which he was distributing to the Members of Parliament, as they passed. Dr. Middleton was tired of his company; and soon shook him off, looking upon him as a whimsical, odd kind of man, and a professed projector. He was then dressed very ordinarily.

“ In Mr. West's Catalogue, 1773, N^o 157, p. 8. is a pamphlet, called *Lowndes's Improvement of Brine Salt*, 1746, 4to. I know this was a favourite project of his.”

60. *Wm. Mason of Pembroke Hall.*

"He was esteemed at College, where I had the good fortune to be acquainted with him, to be one of the chief ornaments of the University; is now married, and preferred in Yorkshire by Lord Holderness, and Precentor of York. His friend, Mr. Gray of the same College, dying, 1771, left him 500*l.* all his books, MSS. musical instruments, medals, &c. and executor to do with his papers as he should judge proper.

"On Friday, Jan. 7, 1774, I was assured for certain that he was the author of *The Heroic Epistle*, &c. 1773. When I read it, I easily saw the reason of its great character, exclusive of its being well written, in fine poetry; and running through so many editions. Satire and ill nature is always acceptable. The King himself is not spared in several places of this short and snarling poem; so his ministers need not grumble that they are under the lash. He shews himself too much of a party-man throughout. I am sorry for it, as I had a great veneration for his character."—HE DENIES IT—14th edit. in 1777.

61. *Wm. Melmoth, Eman.*

"One of our best translators of the classics into English. He is son of an eminent lawyer, who wrote *The Importance of a religious Life*. Mr. Melmoth is a most worthy and amiable character; and lived for some time at Shrewsbury, but now, 1771, at Bath, where he married his second wife, an Irish Lady, soon after the death of his former."*

* *Courtney Melmoth* "is a different person from the respectable Mr. Melmoth. This last is a young man whose real name is PRATT.—Being a lad of some parts, he taught school for a time, and, by means of a friend, got interest with Bishop Green of Lincoln to put him into orders: after which he got a curacy at Peterborough, where, being a flowery and agreeable preacher, he was so much caressed and admired that he got into debt as much as he pleased, and borrowed money where he liked. Dr. Goddard of Clare Hall lent him 20*l.* When he had got to the amount of 800*l.* he thought it time to decamp; got an inferior commission in the army, and

62. *Milner, Jesus College.*

"In or about 1774 he was presented to a College Living, and died about the end of June, 1779, of a dropsy, occasioned by his drinking too great quantities of small beer. He was an excellent Botanist, and a worthy man : of a large size, and black complexion.

63. *Cesar Morgan, 1780.*

"*V. Crit. Rev.* 1780, p. 67, *Monthly Review*, 1780. p. 479."

I remember him Minor Canon of Ely, in the year 1782 ; and afterwards Prebendary there. He was a learned man ; an indefatigable student ; and published a volume of very dull *Poems*, &c. *Editor.*

64. *Francis Meres, Pembroke Hall.*

Author of *Palladis Tamia. Wit's Treasury ; being the Second Part of Wit's Commonwealth.*

"He was originally of Pembroke Hall ; B. A. in 1587 ; and M. A. 1591. About 1602, he became Rector of Wing, in Rutland ; and died there, 1646, in the 81st year of his age. See Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 2nd edit. Cambr. 8vo. 1767, p. 89. Wood's *Ath. Ox.* F. i. 146."

65. *Owen Manning, B. D. Fellow of Queen's College.*

Editor of Lye's *Saxon Dictionary*, 1772.

"An ingenious man ; a warm petitioner against the Articles and Liturgy ; is collecting materials for an *History of Surry.*" (Published since his death by Mr. Bray.)

entered upon the stage : and afterwards going to Dublin, married a player there, of the name of *Melmeth*, which liking better than his own, he took that, and is now known by the name of *Courtney Melmeth* ; and is a writer for booksellers in town. This account I rec'd Dec. 9, 1778, from M. L."

66. *R. Marshall of St. John's College.*

"Has a Latin epigram before John Hall of St. John's College, his *Poems*, 1646."

67. *Tho. May,*

The Poet, was of Sidney College.

"Tho. May admissus in Sociorum comœtium, Sept. 7, 1609."
Regr. Coll. Sidn.

68. *Charles Jenner, Sydney College.*

Author of *The Destruction of Nineveh*. Seaton prize, 1768.

The Gift of Tongues. Prize poem, 1767.

Collection of Poems, 4to. pr. 3s.

Town-Eclogues, 1772, 4to. 2s.

The Man of Family. A sentimental comedy,
1772, 1s. 6d.

"His *Eclogues* were thought to be ingenious; and his style much improved in them: *The Visionary*, not unlike Mr. Jerningham's *Nunnery*, and *Festal*.

"In the *Cambridge Chronicle* of Saturday, May 21, 1774, was this paragraph:—

"On Wednesday sennight died after a short illness at Claybrooke in Leicestershire, the Rev. Charles Jenner, A. M. Rector of that place. He was son to the late Dr. Jenner, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, and was much esteemed as a gentleman of distinguished taste in every polite accomplishment."

"I heard at Cambridge, May 20, 1774, that he had been at London, and at Vauxhall, and being of a consumptive constitution, caught cold, and went home ill. He was a good singer of catches, and performer at concerts, and much with Lord Sandwich. His father's imprudences, it is said, much hurt him. The Archdeacon ran into debt with every one; lived long at Cam-

bridge, and at last, about 1770, or 1771, was forced to leave England, and died at Boulogne, or thereabouts.

“ Mr. Charles Jenner was of an expensive turn ; and had hurt his fortunes. Mr. Donald M’Kinnon of Aberdeen University, a native of the Isle of Skye, succeeded him,” &c.

In the *Cambridge Chronicle* for Saturday, Dec. 23, 1775, is this Epitaph, &c.

“ An elegant monument is erected in Claybrook Church, by a lady of very superior rank, to the memory of Mr. Charles Jenner, Vicar of that parish, author of *Town-Eclogues*, *Louisa*, &c. on which is the following inscription and epitaph :

“ To the memory

of

Charles Jenner Clerk, M. A.

Vicar of this parish,

Who died, May 11, 1774, aged 37.

Here in the earth’s cold bosom lies entomb’d
A man, whose sense, by every virtue grac’d,
Made each harmonious Muse obey his lyre :
Nor shall th’ erasing hand of powerful Time
Obliterate his name, dear to each tuneful breast,
And dearer still to soft humanity ;
For oft the sympathetic tear would start
Unbidden from his eye. Another’s woe
He read : and felt it as his own,

Reader,

It is not Flattery, nor Pride, that rais’d
To his remains this modest stone ; nor yet
Did partial Fondness trace these humble lines ;
But weeping Friendship, taught by Truth alone,
To give, if possible, in future days,
A faint idea to the race to come,
That here repositeth all the mortal part
Of one, who only liv’d to make his friends
And all the world regret he e’er should die.”

E. C. 1775.

69. Sam. Kerrich, D. D. C. C. C. C.

Author of "A Sermon preached in the parish churches o. Dersingham and Woolfertōn, in the county of Norfolk, on Thursday, Oct. 9, 1746, being the day appointed for a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God, for the suppression of the late unnatural Rebellion, &c. on Ps. cxxiv. 7. Cambridge, 1746." 8vo.

"He was father to my ingenious friend, Mr. Kerrich, Fellow of Magdalen College, who drank coffee with me at Milton this very day, June 24, 1777. Mr. Kerrich had Mr. Worts's Travelling Fellowship, and was at the same time tutor to Mr. Pettiward, Fellow Commoner of Trinity College, son to Dr. Roger Mortlock, alias Pettiward, my acquaintance while Fellow of that College. They travelled together through France and the Low Countries: settled at Paris for six months, and at Rome two years: he is an excellent draughtsman.

"Dr. Kerrich, his father, married the daughter of Matthew Postlethwayt, Rector of Denton, and Archdeacon of Norwich: but had been engaged in the former part of his life to a young person at Cambridge, of the name of Newton, who left him her fortune and estate; and for whom he composed her epitaph in Bene't Churchyard, in Cambridge, which he also did for his father-in-law, Archd. Postlethwayt, which see in Mr. Masters's *History of Bene't College*, in the Appx. p. 105, as also the former in my vol. vi. p. . . where is more relating to Dr. Kerrich, who, in 1726, was Rector of St. Benedict's Church in Cambridge."

70. Extract of a Letter from the Hon. Horace Walpole to the Rev. Mr. Cole at Milton, near Cambridge.

Berkeley Square, Feb. 5, 1780.

"I have been turning over the new 2nd volume of the *Biographia (Britannica)* and find the additions very poor and lean performances. The Lives entirely new are partial and flattering.

being contributions of the friends of those, whose lives are recorded. This publication, made at a time when I have lived to see several of my cotemporaries deposited in this national Temple of Fame, has made me smile, and made me reflect, that many preceding authors, who have been installed there with much respect, may have been as trifling personages as those that we have known, and now behold consecrated to memory. Three or four have struck me particularly; as Dr. Birch, who was a worthy, good-natured soul, full of industry and activity, and running about like a young setting-dog, in quest of any thing, new or old; and with no parts, taste, or judgment. Then there is Dr. Blackwell, the most impertinent literary coxcomb upon earth. But the Editor has been so just as to insert a very merited satire on his *Court of Augustus*. The third is Dr. Brown, that mountebank, who for a little time made as much noise by his *Estimate*, as ever quack did by a nostrum. I do not know whether I ever told you how much I was struck the only time I ever saw him. You know one object of the anathemas of his *Estimate* was the Italian opera. Yet did I find him one evening in Passion Week accompanying some of the Italian singers at a concert at Lady Carlisle's. A Clergyman, no doubt, is not obliged to be on his knees the whole week before Easter; and music and a concert are harmless amusements: but when Cato or Calvin are out of character, reformation becomes ridiculous: but poor Dr. Brown was mad; and therefore might be in earnest, whether he played the fool, or the Reformer.

“ You recollect perhaps the threat of Dr. Kippis to me, which is to be executed on my father, for my calling the first edition of the *Biographia* the *Vindictio Britannica*. But observe how truth emerges at last! In this new volume he confesses that the article of Lord Arlington, which I had specified, as one of the most censurable, is the one most deserving that censure, and that the character of Lord Arlington is palliated beyond all truth and reason: words stronger than mine. Yet mine deserved to draw vengeance on my father! So a Presbyterian Divine inverts divine judgment, and visits the sins of the children on the parents!”



A Paraphrase upon the Psalmes of David; and upon the Hymnes dispersed throughout the Old and New Testaments. By G. S. London, at the Bell in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1636. Cum privilegio Regiæ Majestatis.



THIS was the production of GEORGE SANDYS, the celebrated traveller; of whom an account was given in *Censura Literaria*, V. 233, with specimens of his version of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. To that lighter and more visionary undertaking he probably alludes in his dedication of the present; which may recal the memory of the reader to Pope's sacred Eclogue.

To the King. (Charles I.)

“ Our graver Muse from her long dreame awakes;
 Peneian groves and Cirrha's caves forsakes:
 Inspir'd with zeale, she climbs th' æthereal hills
 Of Solyima, where bleeding balm distills:
 Where trees of life unfading youth assure,
 And living waters all diseases cure:
 Where the sweet singer in cælestiall laies
 Sung to his solemn harp Jehovah's praise.
 From that false temple on her wings she bears
 Those heavenly raptures to your sacred ears:
 Not that her bare and humble feet aspire
 To mount the threshold of th' harmonious quire:
 But that at once she might oblations bring
 To God,” &c.

A second dedication is thus offered to the **Queen** (Henrietta Maria).

“ O you ! who like a fruitful vine,
 To this, our royall cedar, joine ;
 Since it were impious to divide,
 In such a present, hearts so ty'd ;
 Urania, your chast cares invites
 To these her more sublime delights.
 Then, with your zealous lover, daign
 To enter David's numerous fane.
 Pure thoughts his sacrifices are,
 Sabæan incense,—fervent prayre.
 This holy fire fall from the skies,
 The holy water from his eyes.” &c.

A commendatory poem from Lord Falkland to his noble friend, Mr. George Sandys, occupies seven pages. This is likely to have been Lucius the second Lord ; whose poetical talent cannot be so highly extolled as his political character has been. The following perhaps are among the best lines. The *Travels* and *Ovid* of Sandys had been previously complimented.

“ Yet, tho' we wonder at thy charming voice,
 Perfection still was wanting in thy choice :
 And of a soule which so much power possest,
 That choice is hardly good which is not best ;
 But though thy Muse were ethnically chaste,
 When most fault could be found : yet now thou hast
 Diverted to a purer path thy quill,
 And chang'd Parnassus' mount to Sion's hill.
 So that blest David might almost desire
 To heare his harp thus echo'd by thy lyre.

Such eloquence, that tho' it were abus'd,
 Could not but be (tho' not allow'd) excus'd,
 Join'd to a worke (so chose) that tho' ill done,
 So pious an attempt praise could not shun."

This commendation was not merely the effusion of friendship or fashion, but had real desert for its incentive and apology; since Dr. Burney, I think, who was no incompetent judge, has given to the Version of Sandys a preference before that of any other Translator of the Psalms.

A single specimen, almost casually taken, may not discredit the matured judgment of our learned musical Historian.

Ps. LXII.

" Lord ! thou art the only scope
 Of my never-fainting hope :
 My salvation, my defence,
 Refuge of my innocence :
 Thou the Rock I build upon,
 Not by man to be o'erthrown.
 How long will you machinate ?
 Persecute with causeless hate ?
 You shall, like a tottering wall,
 Like a batter'd bulwark, fall.
 All conspire to cast me down,
 From my brows to tear my crown :
 Full of fraud, they bless in show,
 When their thoughts with curses flow.
 Yet my soule on God attends :
 All my hope on him depends ;
 He the rock I build upon,
 Not to be by man o'rethrown :

He my glory, he my tower,
 Guards me by his saving power.
 You, who are sincere and just,
 In the Lord for ever trust ;
 Pour your hearts before his throne,
 His, who can protect alone.
 All that are of high descent,
 To the poore and indigent,
 Nothing are but vanitie,
 Nothing but deceive and lie.
 Balanc'd, altogether they
 Lighter than a vapour weigh.
 In oppression trust thou not,
 Nor in wealth by rapine got.
 If thy riches multiply,
 See thou prize them not too high.
 God said, once—twice have I heard—
 Power is His, by him conferr'd :
 His is mercy : He rewards,
 And, as we deserve, regards."

An original poem (*Deo. Opt. Max.*) follows the Psalms ; and is marked by such high merit as warrants a copious extract. After tracing the progress of created nature and the loveliness of Paradise before the fall of man, he thus proceeds :

————" But when he fell
 From his obedience, all at once rebell ;
 And in his ruin exercise their might :
 Concurring elements against him fight :
 Troups of unknowne diseases, Sorrow, Age,
 And Death assaile him with successive rage.
 Hell let forth all her furies : none so great
 As man to man—Ambition, Pride, Deceit :

Wrong arm'd with power—Lust, Rapine, Slaughter reign'd,
 And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
 Then hills beneath the swelling waters stood,
 And all the globe of earth was but one flood !
 Yet could not cleanse their guilt. The following race
 Worse than their fathers, and their sons more base,
 Their god-like beauty lost ; sin's wretched thrawl ;
 No spark of their divine originall
 Left unextinguisht. All enveloped
 With darkness ; in their bold transgressions dead :
 When Thou didst from the East a light display,
 Which rendred to the world a clearer day ;
 Whose precepts from hell's jawes our steps withdraw,
 And whose example was a living law :
 Who purg'd us with his blood : the way prepar'd
 To heaven, and those long-chain'd-up doors unbarr'd.
 How infinite thy mercy ! which exceeds
 The world thou mad'st, as well as our misdeeds :
 Which greater reverence than thy justice wins,
 And still augments thy honour by our sins.
 O ! who hath tasted of thy clemency
 In greater measure, or more oft, than I ?
 My gratefull verse thy goodness shall display ;
 O Thou, who went'st along in all my way,
 To where the Morning with perfumed wings
 From the high mountains of Panchæa springs ;
 To that new-found out world, where sober Night
 Takes from th' antipodes her silent flight ;
 To those darke seas where horrid Winter reigns,
 And binds the stubborn flouds in icie chaines ;
 To Libyan wastes, whose thirst no show'rs asswage,
 And where swolne Nilus cools the lion's rage.
 Thy wonders in the deepe have I beheld ;
 Yet all by those on Judah's hills excell'd :

There where the Virgin's Son his doctrine taught,
 His miracles and our redemption wrought ;
 Where I, by Thee inspir'd, his praises sung,
 And on his sepulchre my offering hung.
 Which way soe're I turn my face or feet,
 I see thy glory and thy mercy meet.—
 Thou savd'st me from the bloody massacres
 Of faithless Indians, from their treacherous wars,
 From raging fevers, from the sultry breath
 Of tainted air, which cloy'd the jaws of death ;
 Preserv'd from swallowing seas, when tow'ring waves
 Mixt with the clouds, and open'd their deep graves.
 From barbarous pirates ransom'd : by those taught,
 Successfully with Salian Moores we fought :
 Thou brought'st me home in safety—that this earth
 Might bury me, which fed me from my birth :
 Blest with a healthfull age, a quiet mind,
 Content with little ; to this worke design'd,
 Which I, at length, have finisht by Thy aid,
 And now my vowes have at Thy altar paid."

The remainder of this little volume is occupied by
 paraphrases in varied verse, on selected portions of the
 Old and New Testaments—particularly from Exodus,
 Deuteronomy, Judges, Samuel, Isaiah, Jonah, Habak-
 kuk, and the Gospel of St. Luke. I extract the
 shortest of these, which is the song of Simeon.

LUKE II.

" O Thou ! who art enthron'd on high,
 In peace now let thy servant die,
 Whose hope on Thee relies :
 For Thou, whose words and deeds are one,
 At length hast thy salvation showne
 To these my ravisht eyes.

By Thee, before thy hands displaid
 The heavens, and earth's foundations laid,
 Unto the world decreed
 A lampe, to give the Gentiles light,
 A glory— O how infinite !
 To Israel's faithful seed."

¶

*The Peace-Maker : Laying forth the right way of Peace
 in matter of Religion. By Jos. Hall, D. D. and
 B. N. London, printed by M. Flesher, for Nat.
 Butter, 1645.*

12^{mo}. pp. 262.



THIS is one of the minor productions of that highly distinguished character, Hall, Bishop of Norwich; who began his literary career as a moral satirist, and closed it with the brighter reputation of an apostolic divine.

This little work is inscribed to the pious Prelate's reverend brethren of the diocese of Norwich, and is divided into 26 sections. From the last of these I proceed to extract a page or two, which will attest the author's forcibleness of description, and spirituality of reflection. It is taken from *A motive to Peace from the miseries of Discord*.

" Now that all both private and publick agents may be stirred up to do their utmost endeavours to the making and preservation of peace, it shall be requisite for us to bend our eyes seriously upon the miseries of *spirituall* discord: which

indeed are so great and many, as no mortall pen is able to expresse; some image whereof we see and lament to see in the civill. Woe is me! what a sad spectacle it is, to see townes and cities flaming; to see the channels (kennels) running with blood, the fields strewed with carcasses of men and horses, mingled in blood: to see the hellish fury of a military storme, those clambering up to assaile, these tumbling down in assailing; to see the deadly grenadoes fly with fire in their mouthes, and to see and hear the horror of their alighting; to hear the infernall thunder of mines blowing up, the roaring of cannons, the rattling of drums, the hoarse noise of trumpets; to hear the shrieks of women and children, the groans of the dying, the killing noise of the murderers: shortly, to see and hear the astonishing confusion of every soul engaged either way in that violent destruction. Truly, as the story says of Gensericus and his Vandales in Africk, that they made more waste by fire of the houses of prayer, than of townes and cities; so may I say, in general, of all the instruments of spirituall violence, that they do more scathe to the Church of God, than the bodily agents in an outward and visible warre can do to the Commonwealth. This mischief is lesse sensible, but more pernicious. What is the body to the soul? What is this material fire (a mere ascension of air) to that of hell? What is the temporall death to an eternall? Surely, it is no marvel that (as our mythologists tell us of old) Discord took it ill that she was not called to the banquet of celestial powers, but shut out of the doors of heaven: certainly, she is fit company for none but the furies of hell. Indeed, it is she that makes them such; yea, she only it is that turnes earth into hell, and, as it were, reduces the world to the first chaos. Doubtless our main errand to the world is peace: and woe be to us, if we do it not. But in vain shall we pretend to carry that which we have not; to carry peace unto others, when we have none amongst ourselves; to make that abroad, which we want at home. It was the charge

of our Saviour to his disciples, but especially to the twelve, who had a little before quarrell'd for precedency—"Have peace one with another." Let every of God's ministers be ambitious of that praise which Gregory Nazianzen gives to Athanasius,—to be an adamant to them that strike him, and a loadstone to those that dissent from him: the one,—not to be moved with wrongs; the other, to draw those hearts which disagree. So the fruit of righteousness shall be sown in peace, of them that make peace."



God's ♦ Terrible Voice ♦ in the ♦ City: ♦ Wherein you have I. The sound of the voice, in the Narration of the two late dreadfull Judgments of Plague and Fire inflicted by the Lord upon the City of London, the former in the year 1665, the latter in the year 1666. II. The interpretation of the voice in a Discovery, 1. of the cause of these Judgments, where you have a catalogue of London's sins. 2. of the design of these Judgments, where you have an enumeration of the duties God calls for by this terrible voice. By T. V. Printed in the year 1667.

8vo. 262 pages.



THIS tract affords an instance of the religious terrorism produced by great national calamities. THOMAS VINCENT, the author, was a Minister of the Gospel, whose enthusiasm, or fanaticism, was so great, that he remained in London during the time of the plague in

1665, and was an eye-witness of the fire in the following year. He reasons on both these events puritanically; and no doubt his notions and feelings were those of a great number of people in those times. In venturing, however, to interpret the designs of Providence, he does not reflect that the purification of London by fire was a very efficient, though dearly purchased security against the recurrence of its former scourge, the plague, and might therefore be regarded as an eventual blessing. The greater part of the book is filled with declamation on "London's sins" and its duties: the historical details are principally contained in the following extracts, which are curious on account of the local particulars that occur in them.

SECT. V.

"The plague so great, so lately, should not be forgotten; yet lest the fire more lately, and proportionably more great, and the amazing fears which have since risen within us, should shuffle former thoughts out of our minds, and rase out the impressions, which by the plague we had, and should labour to retain to our dying hour, therefore I shall give a brief narration of this sad judgment, and some observations of mine own (who was here in the City from the beginning to the end of it) both to keep alive in myself and others the memory of the judgment, that we may be the better prepared for compliance with God's designe in sending the plague amongst us.

It was in the beginning of the year of our Lord, 1665, that the plague began in our City of London after we were warned by the great plague in Holland, in the year 1664, and the beginning of it in some remote parts of our land the same year; not to speak any thing whether there was any signification and influence in the *blazing star*, not long before that appeared in

the view of London, and struck some amazement upon the spirits of many : It was in the moneth of May that the plague was first taken notice of ; our bill of mortality did let us know but of three which died of the disease in the whole year before ; but in the beginning of May the bill tells us of nine which fell by the plague, just in the heart of the City, the other eight in the suburbs. This was the first arrow of warning that was shot from heaven amongst us, and fear quickly begins to creep upon people's hearts ; great thoughts and discourse there is in town about the plague, and they cast in their minds whether they should go if the plague should increase. Yet when the next week's bill signifieth to them the disease from 9 to 3, their minds are something appeased ; discourse of that subject cools ; fears are husht, and hopes take place that the black cloud did but threaten and give a few drops ; but the wind would drive it away. But when in the next bill the number of the dead by the plague is mounted from 3 to 14, and in the next to 17, and in the next to 43, and the disease begins so much to increase and disperse :

Now secure sinners begin to be startled, and those who would have slept at quiet still in their nests, are unwillingly awakened. Now a great consternation seizeth upon most persons, and fearful forebodings of a desolating judgment. Now guilty sinners begin to look about them, and think with themselves into what corner of the land they may fly to hide them. The great orbs begin first to move ; the lords and gentry retire into their countries ; their remote houses are prepared, goods removed, and London is quickly upon their backs : few ruffling gallants walk the streets ; few spotted ladies to be seen at windows : a great forsaking there was of the adjacent places, where the plague did first rage.

In June the number increaseth from 43 to 112, the next week to 168, the next to 267, the next to 470, most of which increase was in the remote parts ; few in this month within or

near the walls of the city ; and few that had any note for goodness or profession were visited at the first : God gave them warning to bethink and prepare themselves ; yet some few that were choice were visited pretty soon, that the best might not promise to themselves a supercedeas, or interpret any place of Scripture so literally as if the Lord had promised an absolute general immunity and defence of his own people from this disease of the plague.

Now the citizens of London are put to a stop in the carrier [career] of their trade ; they begin to fear whom they converse withall, and deal withall, lest they should have come out of infected places. Now roses and other sweet flowers wither in the gardens, are dis-regarded in the markets, and people dare not offer them to their noses, lest with their sweet savour, that which is infectious should be attracted : rue and wormwood is taken into the hand ; myrrhe and zedoary into the mouth ; and without some antidote few stir abroad in the morning. Now many houses are shut up where the plague comes, and the inhabitants shut in, lest coming abroad they should spread infection. It was very dismal to behold the red crosses, and read in great letters *Lord, have mercy upon us*, on the doors, and watchmen standing before them with halberts, and such a solitude about those places, and people passing by them so gingerly, and with such fearful looks, as if they had been lined with enemies in ambush, that waited to destroy them.

Now rich tradesmen provide themselves to depart ; if they have not country houses, they seek lodgings abroad for themselves and families, and the poorer tradesmen, that they may imitate the rich in their fear, stretch themselves to take a country journey, though they have scarce wherewithall to bring them back again. The ministers also many of them take occasion to go to their country places for the summer-time, leaving the greatest part of their flock without food or physick in the time of their greatest need.

In July the plague encreaseth and prevaileth exceedingly ; the number 470 which died in one week by the disease ariseth to 725 the next week, to 1089 the next, to 1643 the next, to 2010 the next. Now the plague compasseth the walls of the city like a flood, and poureth in upon it. Now most parishes are infected both without and within ; yea, there are not so many houses shut up by the plague as by the owners forsaking of them for fear of it ; and though the inhabitants be so exceedingly decreased by the departure of so many thousands, yet the number of dying persons doth increase fearfully. Now the countries keep guards lest infectious persons should from the city bring the disease unto them ; most of the rich are now gone, and the middle sort will not stay behind ; but the poor are forced through poverty to stay and abide the storm. Now most faces gather paleness, and what dismal apprehensions do then fill their minds ; what dreadful fears do then possess the spirits, especially of those whose consciences are full of guilt, and have not made their peace with God ? The old drunkards and swearers and unclean persons are brought into great straits ; they look on the right hand and on the left, and death is marching towards them from every part, and they know not whither to flie that they may escape it. Now the arrows begin to flie very thick about their ears, and they see many fellow-sinners fall before their faces, expecting every hour themselves to be smitten ; and the very sinking fears they have had of the plague hath brought the plague and death upon many : some by the sight of a coffin in the streets have fallen into a shivering, and immediately the disease hath assaulted them, and sergeant Death hath arrested them and clapt too the doors of their houses upon them, from whence they have come forth no more till they have been brought forth to their graves.

In August how dreadful is the increase ! From 2010 the number amounts up to 2817 in one week ; and thence to 3880 the next ; thence to 4237 the next ; thence to 6102 the next ; and all these of the plague, besides other diseases.

Now the cloud is very black, and the storm comes down upon us very sharp. Now Death rides triumphantly on his pale horse through our streets, and breaks into every house almost where any inhabitants are to be found. Now people fall as thick as leaves from the trees in Autumn when they are shaken by a mighty wind. Now there is a dismal solitude in London streets; every day looks with the face of a Sabbath-day, observed with greater solemnity than it used to be in the city. Now shops are shut in, people rare and very few that walk about, insomuch that the grass begins to spring up in some places, and a deep silence almost in every place, especially within the walls; no rattling coaches, no prancing horses, no calling in customers, nor offering wares; no London cries sounding in the ears; if any voice be heard, it is the groans of dying persons breathing forth their last, and the funeral knells of them that are ready to be carried to their graves. Now shutting up of visited houses (there being so many) is at an end, and most of the well are mingled among the sick, which otherwise would have got no help.

Now we could hardly go forth but we should meet many coffins, and see many with sores, and limping in the streets; amongst other sad spectacles methought two were very afflict-
ing: one of a woman coming alone, and weeping by the door where I lived (which was in the midst of the infection) with a little coffin under her arm, carrying it to the new church-yard; I did judge that it was the mother of the childe, and that all the family besides was dead, and she was forced to coffin up and bury with her own hands this her last dead childe. Another was of a man at the corner of the artillery wall, that as I judge through the dizziness of his head with the disease which seized upon him there, had dasht his face against the wall, and when I came by he lay hanging with his bloody face over the rails, and bleeding upon the ground; and as I came back he was removed under a tree in More-fields, and lay upon his back: I went and spake to him; he could make me no answer, but

ratled in the throat, and as I was informed, within half an hour died in that place.

Now the plague had broken in much amongst my acquaintance, and of about 16 or more whose faces I used to see every day in our house, within a little I could finde but 4 or 6 of them alive; scarcely a day past over my head for I think a month or more together, but I should hear of the death of some one or more that I knew. The first day that they were smitten, the next day some hopes of recovery, and the third day that they were dead.

The *September*, when we hoped for a decrease, because of the season, because of the number gone, and the number already dead; yet it was not come to its height; but from 6102 which died by the plague the last week of August, the number is augmented to 6988 the first week of *September*; and when we conceived some little hopes in the next week's abatement to 6544, our hopes were quite dashed again, when the next week it did rise to 7165, which was the highest bill, and a dreadful bill it was! And of the 130 parishes in and about the city there were but 4 parishes which were not infected; and in those few people remaining that were not gone into the country."

After describing the effects of the plague in the family in which he lived, the author commends the exertions of some unlicensed Ministers of the Gospel, who remained to exercise their spiritual functions after many of the licensed ones had fled; and then launches into some reflections deeply imbued with the spirit of modern methodism. He thus states the abatement of the disease.

"From 7155 which dyed of the plague in one week, there is a decrease to 5588 the next, which was at the latter end of *September*, the next week a farther decrease to 4929, the next

to 4327, the next to 2665, the next to 1421, the next to 1081; then there was an encrease the first week of November to 1414, but it fell the week after to 1050, and the week after to 652, and the week after to 333, and so lessened more and more to the end of the year; when we had a bill of 97,306, which dyed of all diseases, which was an encrease of 79,000 over what it was the year before: and the number of them which dyed by the plague was reckoned to be 68,596 this year; when there were but 6 which the bill speaks of who dyed the year before."

* * * * *

SECT. VI.

"I proceed now to give a narration of the judgement of the Fire, in which I shall be more brief, it being dispatcht in fewer daies then the Plague was in months.

It was the 2. of September, 1666, that the anger of the Lord was kindled against London, and the fire began: It began in a baker's house in *Pudding Lane* by *Fishstreet Hill*; and now the Lord is making *London like a fiery oven in the time of his anger*, and his wrath doth devour and swallow up our habitations. It was in the depth and dead of the night, when most doors and fences were lockt up in the city, that the fire doth break forth and appear abroad; and like a mighty gyant refresht with wine, doth awake and arm it self, quickly gathers strength when it had made havock of some houses; rusheth down the hill towards the Bridge, crosseth *Thames Street*, invadeth *Magnus Church* at the Bridge foot, and though that church were so great, yet it was not a sufficient barricado against this conqueror; but having scaled and taken this fort, it shooteth flames with so much the greater advantage into all places round about, and a great building of houses upon the Bridge is quickly thrown to the ground: Then the conqueror, being stayed in his course at the Bridge, marcheth back towards

the city again, and runs with great noise and violence through Thames Street westward, where having such combustible matter in its teeth, and such a fierce wind upon its back, it prevails with little resistance, unto the astonishment of the beholders.

My business is not to speak of the hand of man, which was made use of in the beginning and carrying on of this fire. The beginning of the fire at such a time, when there had been so much hot weather, which had dried the houses and made them the more fit for fuel; the beginning of it in such a place, where there were so many timber houses, and the shops filled with so much combustible matter; and the beginning of it just when the wind did blow so fiercely upon that corner towards the rest of the city, which then was like tinder to the sparks; this doth smell of a Popish design, hatcht in the same place where the gunpowder-plot was contrived, only that this was more successful. The world sufficiently knows how correspondent this is to Popish principles and practises; those who could intentionally blow up King and Parliament by gunpowder, might (without any scruple of their kinds of conscience) actually burn an heretical city (as they count it) into ashes: for besides the dispensations they can have from his Holiness, or rather his Wickedness the Pope, for the most horrid crimes of murder, incest, and the like: it is not unlikely but they count such an action as this meritorious (in their kind of merit) which in the issue they will finde to merit the flames of eternal fire, instead of a crown of glory, which I wonder that in their way they can have the least hopes of. I believe that the people will now take more heed of them and their waies; and instead of promoting their cause, I hope that a contrary effect is produced; and that the before indifferency of a generation more newly sprung up, who did not know them, is now turned into loathing and detestation of such a religion as can allow of such practises. My work is not to declare what hath been proved against the Papists before the Honourable Committee of Parliament to en-

quire into their insolencies; and the proofs which have been given in concerning the fire, and who have been accessory thereunto.

No, I would rather endeavour to turn people's eyes from men to God; for whoever were the instruments, God was the author of this evil which hath come upon us; there being no evil in the city (that is, evil of punishment) which the Lord, as a righteous, and the supream Judge, doth not inflict. And surely more of the extraordinary hand of God, than of any men, did appear in the burning of the city of London. God could have prevented men, by discovering their plots (as he did that of the gunpowder-treason) before they had taken effect. God could have directed and given a blessing unto means for the quenching of it when it was first kindled. God, who hath the winds in his fist, could have gathered in the wind, and laid it asleep, or so turned it the other way, that it should have been a defence to the city: or God, who hath the clouds at his command, and the bottles of heaven in his hand, could have gathered his thick clouds together, and squeez'd them, opened his bottles and poured rain in abundance upon the city, so that if the wind had blown as it did, it should have blown water upon the fire, which would quickly have put it out. But the heavens at that time were brass, no showring cloude to be seen: the fire begins, is quickly taken notice of, though in the midst of the night—*Fire, fire, fire*, doth resound in the streets; many citizens start out of their sleep; look out of their windows; some dress themselves and run to the place. The Lord Maior of the city comes with his officers; a confusion there is: councill is taken away; and London, so famous for wisdom and dexterity, can now find neither brains nor hands to prevent its ruine. The hand of God was in it: the decree was come forth: London must now fall; and who could prevent it? No wonder, when so many pillars are removed, if the building tumbles; the prayers, tears, and faith, which sometimes London hath had,

might have quenched the violence of the fire, might have opened heaven for rain, and driven back the wind ; but now ~~the~~ fire gets mastery and burns dreadfully ; and God with his great bellows blowes upon it, which makes it spread quickly, and go on with such force and rage, overturning all so furiously, that the whole city is brought into jeopardy of desolation. That night most of the Londoners had taken their last sleep in their houses ; they little thought it would be so when they went into their beds ; they did not in the least suspect, when the doors of their ears were unlockt, and the casements of their eyes were opened in the morning, to hear of such an enemy's invading the city, and that they should see him with such fury enter the doors of their houses, break into every room, and look out of their casements with such a threatening countenance.

That which made the ruin more dismal was, that it was begun on the Lord's-day morning : never was there the like Sabbath in London ; some churches were in flames that day ; and God seems to come down and to preach himself in them as he did in Mount Sinai, when the mount burned with fire ; such warm preaching those churches never had ; such lightning dreadful sermons never were before delivered in London. In other churches ministers were preaching their farewell sermons, and people were hearing with quaking and astonishment. Instead of a holy *rest*, which Christians have taken on this day, there is a tumultuous hurrying about the streets towards the place that burned, and more tumultuous hurrying upon the spirits of those that sat still, and had only the notice of the eare of the quick and strange spreading of the fire.

Now the train-bands are up in arms watching at every quarter for outlandish men, because of the general fears and jealousies and rumours that fire-balls were thrown into houses by several of them, to help on and provoke the too furious flames. Now goods are hastily removed from the lower parts of the city ; and the body of the people begin to retire. Yet

some hopes were entertained on the Lord's-day that the fire would be extinguished, especially by them who lived in the remote parts; they could scarcely imagine that the fire a mile off should be able to reach their houses.

But the evening draws on, and now the fire is more visible and dreadful; instead of the *black* curtains of the night which used to be spread over the city, now the curtains are *yellow*; the smoke that arose from the burning parts seemed like so much flame in the night, which being blown upon the other parts by the winde, the whole city at some distance seemed to be on fire. Now hopes begin to sink, and a general consternation seiseth upon the spirits of the people; little sleep is taken in London this night; the amazement which the eye and ear doth effect upon the spirits, doth either dry up or drive away the vapour which used to bind up the senses. Some are at work to quench the fire with water; others endeavour to stop its course by pulling down of houses, but all to no purpose.

On the Lord's-day night the fire had run as far as Garlick-hithe in Thames Street, and had crept up into Cannon Street, and levelled it with the ground; and still is making forward by the water-side, and upward to the brow of the hill on which the city was built.

On Munday Grace-church Street is all in flames, with Lum-bard Street on the left hand, and part of Fenchurch Street on the right; the fire working (though not so fast) against the winde that way: before it were pleasant and stately houses, behind it ruinous and desolate heaps. The burning then was in the fashion of a bow; a dreadful bow it was, such as mine eyes never before had seen; a bow which had God's arrow in it with a flaming point: it was a shining bow, not like that in the cloud which brings water with it, and withal signifieth God's covenant not to destroy the world any more with water, but it was a bow which had fire in it, which signified God's anger, and his intention to destroy London with fire.

Now the flames break in upon Cornhill, that large and spacious street, and quickly crosse the way by the train of wood that lay in the streets untaken away, which had been pulled down from houses to prevent its spreading: and so they lick the whole street as they go; they mount up to the top of the highest houses; they descend down to the bottom of the lowest vaults and cellars; and march along on both sides of the way with such a roaring noise as never was heard in the city of London: no stately building so great as to resist their fury; the Royal Exchange itself, the glory of the merchants, is now invaded with much violence; and when once the fire was entered, how quickly did it run round the galleries; filling them with flames; then came down staires, compasseth the walkes, giving forth flaming volleys, and filleth the courts with sheets of fire; by and by down fall all the *kings* upon their faces, and the greatest part of the stone building after them (the founder's statue only remaining) with such a noise as was dreadful and astonishing.

Then, then; the city did shake indeed; and the inhabitants did tremble, and flew away in great amazement from their houses, least the flames should devour them. *Rattle, rattle, rattle,* was the noise which the fire struck upon the eare round about, as if there had been a thousand iron chariots beating upon the stones; and if you opened your eye to the opening of the streets where the fire was come, you might see in some places whole streets at once in flames, that issued forth as if they had been so many great forges from the opposite windowes, which folding together were united into one great flame throughout the whole street; and then you might see the houses *tumble, tumble, tumble,* from one end of the street to the other with a great crash, leaving the foundations open to the view of the heavens.

Now fearfulness and terror doth surprise the citizens of London; confusion and astonishment doth fall upon them at

this unheard of, unthought of judgement. It would have grieved the heart of an unconcern'd person to see the rufull looks, the pale cheeks, the tears trickling down from the eyes, (where the greatness of sorrow and amazement could give leave for such a vent) the smiting of the breast, the wringing of the hands; to hear the sighs and groans, the dolefull and weeping speeches of the distressed citizens, when they were bringing forth their wives (some from their childbed) and their little ones, (some from their sick-bed) out of their houses, and sending them into the countreys, or somewhere into the fields with their goods. Now the hopes of London are gone, their heart is sunk; now there is a general remove in the city, and that in a greater hurry than before the plague, their goods being in greater danger by the fire than their persons were by the sickness. Scarcely are some returned but they must remove again, and not as before, now without any more hopes of ever returning, and living in those houses any more.

Now carts and draies and coaches and horses, as many as could have entrance into the city, were loaden, and any money is given for help: 5*l.* 10*l.* 20*l.* 30*l.* for a cart to bear forth into the fields some choice things which were ready to be consumed; and some of the countreys had the conscience to accept of the highest price, which the citizens did then offer in their extremity; I am mistaken if such money do not burn worse than the fire out of which it was rak'd. Now casks of wine and oyl and other commodities are tumbled along, and the owners shove as much of their goods as they can towards the gate: every one now becomes a porter to himself, and scarcely a back either of man or woman that hath strength but had a burden on it in the streets. It was very sad to see such throngs of poor citizens coming in and going forth from the unburnt parts, heavy loaden with some pieces of their goods, but more heavy loaden with weighty grief and sorrow of heart, so that it was wonderful they did not quite sink under these burdens.

Munday night was a dreadfull night, when the wings of the night had shadowed the light of the heavenly bodies, there was no darkness of night in London, for the fire shines now round about with a fearful blaze, which yielded such light in the streets, as it had been the sun at noon-day. Now the fire having wrought backward strangely against the winde to Billingsgate, &c. along Thames Street eastward, runs up the hill to Tower Street, and having marched on from Gracechurch Street, maketh further progress in Fenchurch Street, and having spread its wing beyond Green-hithe in Thames Street westward, mounts up from the water-side through Dowgate and Old Fish Street into Watling Street; but the great fury of the fire was in the broader streets; in the midst of the night it was come down Cornhill, and laid it in the dust, and runs along by the Stocks, and there meets with another fire which came down Threadneedle Street; a little further with another which came up from Wall-brook; a little further with another which comes up from Bucklersbury; and all these four joyning together, break into one great flame at the corner of Cheapside, with such a dazzling light, and burning heat, and roaring noise by the fall of so many houses together, that was very amazing, and though it was something stopt in its swift course at Mercer's Chappel, yet with great force in a while it conquers the place and burns through it, and then with great rage proceedeth forward in Cheapside.

On Tuesday was the fire burning up the very bowels of London; Cheapside is all in a light fire in a few hours time; (many fires meeting there as in a center) from Soper Lane, Bow Lane, Bread Street, Friday Street, and Old Change, the fire comes up almost together, and breaks furiously into the broad street, and most of that side of the way was together in flames; a dreadful spectacle! And then partly by the fire which came down by Mercer's Chappel, partly by the fall of the houses cross the way, the other side is quickly kindled, and

doth not stand long after it. Now the fire gets into Black-fryers, and so continues its course by the water, and makes up towards Paul's Church on that side; and Cheapside fire besets the great building on this side, and the Church, though all of stone outward, though naked of houses about it, and though so high above all buildings in the city, yet within a while doth yield to the violent assaults of the conquering flames, and strangely takes fire at the top; now the lead melts and runs down as if it had been snow before the sun, and the great beames and massy stones with a great noise fall on the pavement, and break through into Faith Church underneath; now great flakes of stone scale and peel off strangely from the side of the walls; the conqueror having got this high fort, darts its flames round about, now Paternoster Rowe, Newgate Market, the Old Bailey, and Ludgate Hill have submitted themselves to the devouring fire, which with wonderfull speed rusheth down the hill into Fleet Street. Now Cheapside fire marcheth along Ironmonger Lane, Old Jury, Lawrence Lane, Mill Street, Wood Street, Gutter Lane, Foster Lane; now it runs along Lothbury, Cateaton Street, &c. From Newgate Market it assaults Christ Church, and conquers that great building; and burns through Martin's Lane towards Aldersgate, and all about so furiously, as if it would not leave a house standing upon the ground,

Now horrible flakes of fire mount up the sky, and the yellow smoke of London ascendeth up towards heaven like the smoak of a great furnace; a smoak so great as darkned the sun at noon-day, (if at any time the sun peeped forth it looked red like blood) the cloud of smoak was so great that travellers did ride at noon-day some miles in the shadow thereof, though there were no other cloud beside to be seen in the sky.

And if Munday night was dreadfull, Tuesday night was more dreadfull, when far the greatest part of the city was consumed: many thousands who on Saturday had houses conveyed

nient in the city, both for themselves and to entertain others, now have not where to lay their head; and the fields are the only receptacle which they can find for themselves and their goods; most of the late inhabitants of London lye all night in the open ayr, with no other canopy over them but that of the heavens. The fire is still making towards them, and threatneth the suburbs; it was amazing to see how it had spread itself several miles in compass; and amongst other things that night the sight of *Guildhall* was a fearfull spectacle, which stood the whole body of it together for several hours together, after the fire had taken it, without flames, (I suppose because the timber was such solid oake) in a bright shining coale, as if it had been a pallace of golde, or a great building of burnished brass.

On Wednesday morning, when people expected that the suburbs would be burnt as well as the city, and with speed were preparing their flight as well as they could, with their luggage into the countreys and neighbouring villages, then the Lord had pitty on poor London; his bowels begin to relent; his heart is turned within him, and *he stays his rough wind in the day of the east wind*; his fury begins to be allayed; he hath a remnant of people in London, and there shall a remnant of houses escape; the wind now is husht; the commission of the fire is withdrawing, and it burns so gently even where it meets no opposition, that it was not hard to be quenched in many places with a few hands; now the citizens begin to gather a little heart and encouragement in their endeavours to quench the fire. A check it had at Leaden-hall by that great building; a stop it had in Bishopsgate Street, Fenchurch Street, Lime Street, Mark Lane, and towards the Tower; one means under God was the blowing up of houses with gunpowder. Now it is stayed in Lothbury, Broad Street, Coleman Street; towards the gates it burnt, but not with any great violence; at the Temple also it is stayed, and in Holbourn, where it had got no great footing; and when once the fire was got under, it was kept under, and on Thursday the flames were extinguished.

But on Wednesday night, when the people late of London, now of the fields, hoped to get a little rest on the ground where they had spread their beds, a more dreadful fear falls upon them than they had before, through a rumour that the French were coming armed against them to cut their throats, and spoil them of what they had saved out of the fire; they were now naked and weak, and in ill condition to defend themselves, and the hearts especially of the females do quake and tremble, and are ready to die within them; yet many citizens having lost their houses, and almost all that they had, are fired with rage and fury; and they begin to stir up themselves like lions, or like bears bereaved of their whelps, and now *Arm, arm, arm*, doth resound the fields and suburbs with a dreadful voice. We may guess at the distress and perplexity of the people this night, which was something alleviated when the falseness of the alarm was perceived.

Thus fell great London, that ancient city! that populous city!" &c.

R.

The Coming of God, in Mercy, in Vengeance; beginning with Fire, to convert, or consume, at this so sinful City London: Oh! London, London.

Amos the iii. verses 6, 7, 8.

Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? Surely the Lord will do nothing, but he revealeth his secrets to his servants the Prophets. The lion hath roared, who will not be afraid? The Lord hath spoken, who can but prophesie? (This to you I must or perish.)

Printed for the Author, Walter Gostelo, dwelling in Broad Street, London, 1658

8vo. pp. 73.

THE medical term, *hallucination*, as defined by Dr. Ferriar in his scientific and rational Theory of Apparitions, may be well applied to describe the state of the author's mind when he wrote this singular book. He partook largely of that spirit of divination which possessed *Arise Evans*, a contemporary prophet, concerning whom some curious details are quoted from Dr. Warburton, in the treatise above mentioned. Like him, Gostelo *guessed at*, and foretold the Restoration of Charles the Second; but his predictions, as here set forth, are perhaps in a higher strain of what Shakspeare calls "prophetic fury;" his visions are more circumstantially related, and though he is less methodical in his madness, he interprets them with more ingenious ambiguity.

The book is dedicated "to Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector; to this city London; and to the people of these three nations and Christian world." In this dedication, as well as in the work itself, the Seer confidently predicts the restoration of the king, inveighs vehemently against the presbytery, and speaks of the Protector as one whom God will ever direct and bless. He refers to other predictions which he had sent in writing to that personage, and in several places alludes to personal conferences which he had with Charles and his brothers in Flanders during their exile. In a postscript on the last page of the volume he states that it was "finished upon Good Friday, 1658;" and as Oliver died on the 3d of September following, the prediction proved as well-timed as it was bold. On the appearance of this publication, the Protector, who had boasted that his overnment could not be harmed by paper bullets, was

probably too much annoyed by the weightier metal of Colonel Titus, to notice the spiritual missiles of Walter Gostelo, who thus deprecates his hostility in the commencement of the dedication.

“ It [this book] doth not crave but command protection ; and though I may not dedicate it to any other then to whom God Almighty hath directed the matter of it ; primarily to you of this so sinful city London ; subsequently to all the people of the three nations and Christian world, yet is it good manners fairly to intreat of you, Oliver Cromwell, Protector, that it suffer not by any prohibition of yours in sale or otherwise.

“ Indeed I do not doubt of that from your Lordship which I beseech from all, its good acceptance. Especially if you did know, or do remember these two so considerable passages, both which not long since fell out at White-hall.

“ A person, well known to your Lordship, E. C. gives to one near you, (but purposely for your perusal,) a *paper*, of which you were to take cognizance. That paper he or they burnt : now let you or them see clearly God’s dislike of that wicked act ; his fire of displeasure not long after flamed out of the chimney ; ’twas near you ; its rage frightened some, it was visible to very many ; in vision was it said to the party that gave the paper, they have burnt thy paper, but go forth, and thou shalt see their chimney on fire ; the party did so, and saw it so on fire.”

Two other instances of the particular interference of Providence are adduced ; one in which Whaley, Mayor of Northampton, and Ball, Minister of that town, are concerned.

“ On Good Friday [1656] I finished what I intended to print against them : the Tuesday following God takes the business into his own hand, *Whaley* sinks down and dyes suddenly

in his clothes. Indeed I was unalterably resolved not to enduce them or any to belye, endeavour to suppress, or oppose the proceedings of my God, and his prophecy, (for so this is) if I could help it; and because I could not, God did it for me."

* * * * *

"To conclude, why should I in a preface tell thee what I have therefore made so very short in the book, on purpose, that it should be read, be believed, and practised by all? All are infinitely concerned to do so; certainly happiness will be had thereby.

Reader, distrust me not, there is a storm and change at hand; a greater or any like it since our Savior's time I firmly and warrantly believe there hath not been on earth: after which will ensue golden times and dayes. A church more conspicuously glorious then ever: for the defence and protection of which God will afford his nursing kings and queens, as promised of old, but in his wisdom reserved for the fittest time.

In good earnest I do pray for all men, duty binds me to it; yet can I not but fear a very general confusion of the most. This is what I must faithfully let you all know, and stand to when I have done. So help me, O God, as I ever own in all times and places thy prophecy I formerly printed, and this book I now publish to the world, being both of thee; witnessed and sealed unto by me, *Walter Gostelo*, dwelling in Broad Street, London: at which church officiated as our pastor the so deservedly beloved Doctor Oldsworth. Men and brethren, divines learned, good, and of holy life like him, ever taught their auditors to be peaceable sons of the true church, so is faithfully to serve you of this city and his country.

WALTER GOSTELO."

"City London, the Protector, whom God will ever direct and bless, hath now put the militia into your own hands purposely, that if you will ruine your judgement, shall be of yourselves. I will likewise now send or put into your Mayor,

Sheriffes, Aldermen, every of your Ministers and Common-council men's hands one of these books, for I do tell you truly God's menace and decree to be gone forth against London for its destruction; continue your rebellions but a little longer against God and your King, who are both coming to you, and if you perish not, cut off my head as you have done your chief Magistrate and Ministers: God give you repentance and life.

W. G."

The book is divided into five sections, preceded by an introduction, to which is prefixed the following extraordinary inscription:—

"The unquestionable Restore of our King Charles, St. is revealed and assured by God Almighty. [Here is a wood cut representing the crown of England.] C. R. His restore is of God. He hath revealed it; he hath assured it from between the cherubims; he did it where he is known to dwell. God save the King, and Oliver Cromwell, Protector."

The Introduction.

"Sober men know very well that amongst us most sort of villanies have been committed by a law, God coming as he now doth, to give deliverance to his people, commanding them to lift up their heads, for their redemption draweth nigh; it remains what will become of such wicked lawmakers as ours have been in that day, whose sad fate being shewed me, and very short also, like their continuance. — Read that first, I beseech you, for so I received it, and the rather read it, for as much as I am to let you see and know clearly that the sign by which myself and you are given to understand, when the deliverance and redemption doth draw nigh, is their sudden dissipation and trouble, yea, perpetual rejection, as to law-makers or rulers, and that it is now come to pass in this place where it was shewed me."

In this city London near two years since, particularly upon the eighth of March, 1655, God shewed me with others this vision, which I presently wrote to the Protector; he that believes it not may see my manuscript, left near two years since in the University Library of Oxford, assuring it, there left, because I could not get it printed. As for the vision itself thus it was:—I first saw the wicked governours and misrulers of these people met as in a convocation or parliament-house: that wicked council was no sooner set, but some of them hastily rose up and bearded their fellow-members, telling, them you were for Presbytery: others upbraid them with lying, cheating, and wicked practises. They go on to wrangle and discontents, agree not at all, nothing but animosities amongst them. Indeed they there behaved themselves just as our glorified King prophesied it should come to pass: you that agreed in nothing more then to make me and this kingdom miserable, shall agree in nothing less then to make yourselves happy; so his Majesty prophesied, and so God will certainly now fulfill.

“ In this wicked assembly of *black saints* and justiciaries, (for I heard not a man amongst them condemn himself,) though guilty, and stunk at stake (their looks discovered as much,) yet see, I beseech you, even to admiration, how God brought truth from their own mouthes, (they then charged themselves, to be most culpable) not the people: *Oh, the wayes of God are past finding out!* God will one day set the saddle upon the right jade. When this disorder was at the highest, ~~in~~ comes a person very hastily, as sent of God; Oliver Cromwell is this person sent of God, and looking boldly upon them, ~~speak~~ thus, *Our Lord Jesus Christ is at hand*: presently these ~~glaudees~~ startled, and looking pale as death, like cowards and ~~villains~~ fastened their gastly eyes and looks upon that messenger; the messenger reiterates the words, *Our Lord Jesus Christ is at hand*: he after added, He is at the very doore, I saw him, he comes with flagons. When this was spoken and heard, those dirty

fellows, and misgovernours of the people hastily and confusedly broke up house, stayed not at all, disappeared immediately; whether they hasted to their own home, or their last home swallowed them quick, I cannot tell, but this I am most sure of, they were all made invisible in an instant. Oh wickedness, wickedness in governors cannot stand in the day of God's coming, though it be acted by a law of their own; of which vile nature these men's wickedness was, and doubtless more should have been, had not God so scattered them by his sent messenger, Oliver Cromwell. I told you it was but short, God having done with them because they were dirt. I have done with them also.

For a further confirmation of this thing, time, and persons, as I am alive I shall declare truth unto you. Upon the first day of January last, being on a Friday, and new-year's day, my unworthy self then in retirement, (after I had passed my most infirm devotions of prayer and meditation that day by the side of the river Meade in Kent) I was thus wonderfully dealt with:

“The Lord carried me in vision to this city London, set me down in the inner chambers and places where the people of this city performed their devotion or sacrifices; and being there I was shewed the close hypocrisies, most irreverent and damnable irreligious practises of the ungodly people of this city and nation, committed in those very places where they pretended to worship God; for which their great impiety and fornications I then saw some of them carryed away and thrown into a bed, but it was a bed of destruction, for in it was a pit; out of which they never rose nor appeared more, yet was it like a bed. This terrible sight made me make haste from amongst them. Going into other chambers I saw more, but nothing that pleased me; earthen vessels goodly to look on, painted boxes; but nothing in any of them; at which I being much troubled, some of them persecuted me from place to place, out they drove me into the street; looking behind me to see if the

persecutors still followed me, I then saw them no more ; but I did see a man making great haste, coming after me with a mete-wand, rod, or rule in his hand ; it was about the length of six foot ; by his side came only a harmless little boy, very beautiful, and in appearance very innocent. Being then in the streets of this city, I suddenly saw the people all of them wonderfully affrighted, and being so afraid, they run every man of them : astonished at the suddenness of it, I asked what frightened the people, and why they run so to the left hand ? I was forthwith answered by the man with the measuring mete-wand in his hand, or rule—Their sacrifices are dirt ; or thus, they offer dirt for sacrifices.

In good earnest when I had heard the words, I looked up to heaven, and I there saw such a cloud of blackness and dirt as could not possibly arise from any place but hell ; it was a cloud made up of nothing but devilish dirt and thick stinking darkness ; which cloud almost totally obscured a very great light that was in the heavens above it, so that there appeared no more of that great light but as a quarter moon. So soon as the Lord had shewed it me perfectly, he scattered that dirty cloud with a vengeance ; 'twas done immediately, and the place of it no more seen."

After a good deal more mystification, the author thus proceeds :—

" Truly I had been blind and most unfaithful to you, if I had not thus proceeded for an introduction : I now see clearly the reason why I could not get this book printed as I intended before Christmas ; I penned it early, as once I did the like, for the good of the world, and a Parliament then ready to meet and sit, intitled it *Charles St. and Oliver Cromwell united*, so I have already printed, which I will ever stand to, and so will God certainly fulfill, let things seem to the world never so con-

trary, for it is of God. But I never could get that book forth, until those, as these, were turned out of doors, because good for nothing. Indeed the work of the Lord as his secrets is chiefly for those that fear him, and such the Lord will certainly now in mercy give us for rulers, for law-makers: we have no reason at all to doubt it. You may well wonder and stand amazed to read what the Lord shewed me as to this last parliament sitting; on purpose he did it, that I might know the approach of my signes fulfill: the first of January it is shewed me, the 20 they sit, also who the Lord would so dissipate and over-turne them, because their sacrifices were dirt.

I must give you a short review of the whole, and then I get out of this dirty subject, in which dirt I am to stick, until I make you as clearly sensible as myself that God hath fulfilled to a little the signe given me for assurances, when deliverance to his Church, King, and People, (the Israel of God) was to be afforded, also when commanded to lift up their heads, redemption and deliverance being come upon them.

On March the 8, 1655, this very signe and signal watch-word is given me. That I then declared it to the Protector you have read; and he that doubts it may read what I left almost two years ago in the University Library of Oxford.

January the first, 1657, on earth and in heaven, it is first shewed, then said to me, their sacrifices are dirt, that very new moon, year and day, points out their new moons and dirty sacrifices, both which God abhors.

January the 20, this dirty house meets and falls to wrangling immediately; so in the vision, so in the fulfill.

Within 15 dayes after God sweeps away this dirty house by his sent messenger, Oliver Cromwell, coming to them in haste; so in the vision, so in the fulfill.

If all these visions prove not themselves to be real visions of God, and that we have warrant and good occasion also now to lift up our heads, as the next section will fully shew you, then

cut off my head, and reckon me a liar for ever; I beg not your favour but your repentance. These things I have wrote to the Protector, presently after they were shewed me: you have them more exactly in print, make therefore the best use of it.

The second section is intituled "the coming of God in vengeance to evil doers," concerning which the author relates the following vision.

"At Bridges [Bruges] in Flanders, December, 1656, the day gloomy and darkish, the people surprised with fear, stood gazing and looking up into the heavens; hastily they called to me, saying, Sir, come hither, and behold what we do of wonder in the heavens. Being placed at more advantage to well observe, but still in that city Bridges, I then looked up and plainly saw, (at good distance) coming from the north or north-west, very many small bodies of horse, having on them the best appointed riders. Those horse and riders came towards the south and south-east; as they came nearer to me they seemed to increase, so that very much of the hemisphere was suddenly overspread with them; that part of the heavens they moved in was all over of a perfect fire-colour; since I came into the world I never beheld such horse and riders for strength, courage, and resolution: they came fiercely trotting on, stamping also with their feet; their hooves and shoes which I perfectly saw, lookt like flint, or something harder then the nether mill-stone; they were shod for the Lord knows what service and execution, I do not. Horse and riders had unparalleled strength in every part. Their heads all lift up, not a man or horse of them that had any defect or apprehension of danger; what speak I of danger? There was nothing could stand before them; so sure as the Lord lives, they were an host that shall not fail to effect whatsoever the Lord of hosts shall commission them for, that is, to execute his vengeance on evil-doers.

Whilst with astonishment I looked upon all this, I prayed; and praying besought the Lord that he would be pleased to let me know what all that force signified; forthwith I heard a very strong voice, coming directly down from heaven, before the horse came up to me, which strong voice spake these words only, *It is the coming of God, it is the coming of God.* I neither saw more, nor heard more, but I shall tell you what I read more, and it is the word of God, which suites in all things very well with this vision of God's."

He then quotes some passages from the prophets Joel and Jeremiah, and afterwards calls upon the citizens of London to repent or burn.

The third section bears also a wood cut of the crown of England, with the inscription:—

"C. R.

God's fire sent out on the eight of April shall convert or confound the enemies of God and our King Carolus Rex.

"Arrived in Flanders, December, 1656, I there finde the forces his Majesty was raising, full as glad that action was at hand, as those already sent by his enemies to keep him from the coast and port-town: I parted last with Norfolk and Yarmouth. To be enriched by violence is that too many on both sides wait for; such fire-brands and delighters in war God there shews me in a vision; wherein they deride any man that doth but speak to them of peace; they having made themselves ready for war, would have war; being impatient and intraged they began to scuffle, would not be parted. Whilst this was so, and no perswasions of mine could prevail with them for quiet, a woman suddenly appears and steps in between them; at which instant of time I heard these onely words, *Unite until the eight of April.* These words spoken, the souldiers presently

desisted, strove no more; the saying I kept myself, knew not what it might import.

Christmas ended, I humbly took leave of his Majesty and most heroic brothers, with full resolution to go to the court of France, to those four persons of majesty and royal birth so highly concerned in this prophecy of God's; but with this full resolution I parted, that I would be back again by the eighth of April, firmly believing that vision, and those words (*waite until the eighth of April*) was shewed and spoken to me for his Majesty's interest. To Flushing I came; the wind serves not; after long stay some shipping goes off, but by contrary winds are made to return; several times they did so, myself never went off with them; God so over-ruled me, my portmantell, in which were my papers, once did, at which I was wonderfully troubled, but suddenly I was quieted, believing in a day or little more I should be repossessed of my papers again: the very next morning I met the master of the vessel returned. After all these vicissitudes and changes March came on, and truly then I considered with myself should I now go for France, I could not return by the eighth of April, at which day I durst not be absent from my king: back I went, I could have no quiet until I did so; when come to court I most humbly besought his Majesty and princely brother, the Duke of York, that in private I might speak with them, and with them onely; being in private, I imparted to them much of God's so miraculous proceeding with me at Flushing, as to the King's interest: wonder upon wonder, you will read them in my last section; at last, this came to me, the chief occasion of my return was to attend the eighth of Aprill, which until then I concealed; of this his Majesty and heroic Brother took full notice; but what would fall out upon that eighth of April God onley knew, I did not; so I told them wait I must until then, I durst not depart until the eighth of April was past.

At Bridges, in the morning of the eighth of Aprill, *stylo*

novo, about day I clearly saw our Sovereign Lord the King sitting in counsel with some six more, the Duke of York one of the counsel, and whilst they so sate in counsel, there came down from above into the midst of them a very lively and wonderful bright fire of coles; clear it was as the best charcole fire when all of a glow; no smoke about it, no ashes under it; this fire was no more in compass then what might well be contained upon such a censer, or plate of the altar, as his Majesty and heroick Brothers offered their alms upon the Sabbath day before, being Easter-day, on which they all received the most blessed communion of our Lord's body and blood, by them received with that due reverence, holy fear, and apparent contrition for sin, that upon my very conscience I may most warrantably say, their prayers and almes reached heaven: and to witness acceptance, their God sends down the very next Sabbath, that his fire in their behalf, to do what you shall presently read it commissioned for.

This fire, so fallen in the midst of them, first moved round discernible to all; next it comes to a stand at the feet of our Sovereign Lord the King, pointing him out to us to be the servant and for ever beloved of God Almighty: after it had stood some short time there I heard these words commissioning it to go forth, *Begin at London, and go throw all his dominions.* Fear, all that read it, and you that hear it, I say fear and tremble, for they are the words of the Lord Almighty, and his also is this sent-out fire. So soon as these words were spoken, *Begin at London, and go thorow all his dominions*; the fire immediately removed from between the King's feet to a distance some three yards from him, and there stood, but still kept in a right line before him; there and then that fire suddenly became dilated, and forthwith was big as the sun in appearance; when so dilated it had then ashes all under it, which ashes were of the thickness of a pocket Bible; fire, ashes, and Bible are made up of the word and power of God, whoso contemns his word,

his fire makes ashes of them ; contemn God and the King, and you perish together.

Certainly on purpose is it thus shewed me with ashes under it, that I may let you all see and know its readiness to execute God's command, first upon you of London, Begin at London, then his three kingdoms and Christian world. Men and brethren, either suffer your corruptions and rebellions of all sorts, of which you are horridly guilty against God and his King, Charles Stuart, (your sacrifices are dirt, your hypocrisies are the greatest, your rebellions have no compare) suffer all these things, and whatever more, to be burnt up and consumed in you by his sent-out fire of mercy ; which if you shall madly neglect to do, deceive not yourselves, it shall suddenly do its other work commissioned, for to make ashes of you and all those mountains of opposition that men or devils have, can, or dare raise up, to obstruct the way and rule of God's vice-gerent, Charles Stuart, your only lawful King and Sovereign."

The author then addresses Oliver Cromwell, and asks him whether, two years ago, the wife of Thomas Chalener, a freeholder, dwelling on the edge of Sussex, did not by divine commission propose to him there tests for deciding the right of Charles Stuart to the realm ? Her first offer, he says, was to cast lots, and by lot he should see how the Lord would resolve it : her second offer, that he should fight personally with Charles Stuart, and so decide it ; but Gostelo instantly concludes that no such damnable thought could enter into his head : and her third offer was, that persons should be deputed on both sides to fight for the right of inheritance. This proposal, as well as the two former, the Protector it seems declined answering, and he is told that he will fare the better for it. The woman

however is importunate, and tells Oliver she must not quit him without an answer to this last offer. "In fine," says Gostelo, still addressing himself to the Protector, "after some short demurre, these very words, or words to this purpose come from you: If fighting could not be avoided, and it must be so, then be it upon Munday come twelve moneth; other answer until then she might not expect nor stay for, but be gone. To all which, as herself hath since told me, she then replied, God certainly would fight or appear in the behalf of his and our King Charles Stuart before that time; so sure as the Lord is in heaven, there was prophecy in these her last words, and she knew it not."

He then takes credit to himself for having foretold many events of the time, calling the King and his two princely brothers to witness the priority of his revelations, and thus endeavours to add weight to his character as a prophet. At the conclusion of the third section he thus apostrophizes London, which he elsewhere calls a "brothell city, of all sin and rebellion."

"London, go on still in thy presumptuous wickednesses, put the evil day from thee, and repent not; do so, London, but if fire make not ashes of thy city and thy bones also, conclude me a lyar for ever: stand out, London, against God and thy King but a little longer, and then it will be high time for me to have done with that rebellious city and people, whose sins of all sorts unrepented of, have made them cease to be a city or a people."

R.

Varieties, or a Surveigh of rare and excellent Matters necessary and delectable for all sorts of Persons. By David Person of Loghlands in Scotland, Gentleman. London, 1635.

THIS work has been already noticed in the *British Bibliographer*. Perhaps a few short extracts from the chapter entitled “Salamandra,” concerning the *Philosopher’s Stone*, may not be unacceptable. In the course of this chapter the author has, apparently much to his own satisfaction, explained the whole process for acquiring this inexhaustible treasure. “In this my discourse,” he observes, “there shall be nothing obscure, but that which a *filius artis* may easily understand.” In another passage, “The true making of that stone is neither expensive nor long, nor wearisome to those who have the dexterity of it.” Should it be inquired how the author’s desires remained so moderate after the acquisition of such power, he is also provided with a satisfactory reply. “It is true many chymical philosophers, so soon as they attained this precious stone, the very knowledge of it delighted them more than worldly gaine; and they made more use of it in physic than in projection. They lacked not—they had contentment—they delighted more in theory than in practice: they disdained to be goldmakers to those that were greedy, or those who were through idleness needy, and were afraid to be made a prey and captivate slaves to avaricious and cruel tyrants.”

As it is probable some readers may require the "definition" of this celebrated object of research, I shall transcribe the following.

"So far as I can learn, I find that the philosophical stone (by the Arabs called *elixir*) is the very true and just seed that engendereth and begetteth gold: for gold is not procreated (as I may say) either of brimstone or of mercurie, nor of any such thing, as some fraudulently suppose and give forth; but it is to be searcht and found out of gold itself, and that most purified; for there is nothing in nature which hath not of it, or rather of the seed of its own kind, whereby it may be multiplied; but yet hardly by art may it be drawn out, by reason that the greatest and most vigorous strength of that seed consisteth in a certain oylie substance, or rather adhereth to it; which, whensoever by fire we go about to draw out, or segregate from the substance itselfe, it consumeth away; which not being so in gold, because by the violence of no fire it can be so burnt away, but that it may abide the whole strength and force of art; therefore out of it only can that seed or *elixir* be extracted, whereto it seemeth, the poet alludeth when he saith—

Uni quoniam nil deperit auro
Igne, velut solum consumit nulla vetustas,
Ac neque rubigo, aut erugo conficit ulla
Cuncta adeo firmis illic compagibus hærent."

Probably the historical parts of this rare volume may be more worthy of notice, and longer extracts may be offered for another number.

R. P. G.

May 4, 1815.



Divine Songs and Meditations. Composea by An Collins. London, printed by R. Bishop, anno Dom. 1633.

Small 8vo. 48 leaves.



THIS very rare little volume is to be regarded as the production of a female. For *An* we should therefore read *Anne* in the title-page, as the following passage seems to authorise.

——“ though to them the author be unknown ;
Yet seeing here the image of *her* mind,
They may conjecture how *she* was inclin'd.”

The authoress thus speaks of herself in an address to the Christian reader.

“ I inform you, that by divine Providence I have been restrained from bodily employment, suting with my disposicion, which enforced me to a retired course of life ; wherein it pleased God to give me such enlargednesse of mind and activity of spirit, so that this seeming desolate condicion, proved to me most delightfull. I became affected to poetry, insomuch that I proceeded to practise the same : and though the helps I had therein were small, yet the thing itself appeared unto me so amiable, as that it inflamed my faculties to put forth themselves in a practise so pleasing.”

Her poetic turn and moral sentiment are both deserving of praise, as the following extract may testify.

The spelling, which is in some instances uncouth, I have presumed to modernize.

“ There is a kind of counterfeit content,
 Wherewith some are deceiv'd, 'tis to be fear'd ;
 Who think they need not sorrow or lament,
 Being to sensual pleasures so endear'd ;
 Whose minds are stupid, and their conscience sear'd :
 Else might they see all earthly delectation
 To be but vanity, and heart's vexation.*
 To lightning carnal mirth we may compare,
 For as a flash it hastes, and soon is gone ;
 Foretelling of a thunder-clap of care :
 It also blasts the heart it lighteth on ;
 Makes it to goodness senseless as a stone ;
 Disabling every part and faculty,
 Of soul and body, unto piety.
 But sacred joy is like the sun's clear light,
 Which may with clouds be sometimes overcast ;
 Yet breaks it forth anon, and shines more bright,
 Whose lively force continually doth last,
 And shews most orient, when a storm is past :
 So true delight may be eclips'd, we see,
 But guilt extinguish'd can it never be.”

The Songs and Meditations are written in very varied metre. I extract one from the former, which is rather peculiar in its structure, and is intended to excite a spirituality of content.

“ The Winter being over,
 In order comes the Spring,
 Which doth green herbs discover,
 And cause the birds to sing.

The night also expired,
 Then comes the morning bright,
 Which is so much desired
 By all that love the light.
 This may learn
 Them that mourn,
 To put their grief to flight :
 The Spring succeedeth Winter,
 And day must follow night.

He therefore that sustaineth
 Affliction or distress,
 Which every member paineth,
 And findeth no release :
 Let such therefore despair not,
 But on firm hope depend,
 Whose griefs immortal are not,
 And therefore must have end.
 They that faint
 With complaint
 Therefore are to blame :
 They add to their afflictions,
 And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
 Awhile possess the mind,
 By inward consolations
 They might, refreshing find,
 To sweeten all their crosses,
 That little time they 'dure :
 So might they gain by losses,
 And sharp would sweet procure.
 But if the mind
 Be inclin'd
 To unquietness,

That only may be called
The worst of all distress.

He that is melancholy,
Detesting all delight,
His wits by sottish folly
Are ruined quite.
Sad discontent and murmurs
To him are incident :
Were he possest of honours,
He could not be content.
Sparks of joy
Fly away,
Floods of care arise ;
And all delightful motions
In the conception dies.

But those that are contented,
However things do fall,
Much anguish is prevented,
And they soon freed from all.
They finish all their labours
With much felicity ;
Their joy in trouble savours
Of perfect piety.
Cheerfulness
Doth express
A settled pious mind ;
Which is not prone to grudging,
From murmuring refin'd."

Some of the pieces in this supposed *unique* may
invite to future selection. For the present, I conclude
with a few lines from the fifth Meditation.

" Such is the force of each created thing,
 That it no solid happiness can bring,
 Which to our minds may give contentment sound ;
 For like as Noah's dove no succour found,
 Till she return'd to him that sent her out,
 Just so, the soul in vain may seek about
 For rest or satisfaction any where,
 Save in His presence who hath sent her here.
 Yea, though all earthly glories should unite
 Their pomp and splendour, to give such delight ;
 Yet could they no more sound contentment bring.
 Than star-light can make grass or flowers spring."

¶

*Vicissitudo Rerum. An elegiacall Poeme, of the inter-
 changeable courses and varietie of things in this world.
 The first part.*

Omnia tempora producuntur, mutantur, et consumuntur.

*Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling on
 Adling hill, neere Carter lane. 1600.*

4to. 23 leaves.



THIS poem had a new title in 1601, when it was
 called "*The Storehouse of Varieties.*" JOHN NORDEN,
 its author, is described by Wood* to have become a
 Commoner of Hart-hall in the year 1564, where he

* V, *Athen. Oxon.* i. 450.

took his degrees in Arts, and completed that of Master in 1573. But though he conjectured him to have been the author of various publications in the time of Elizabeth and James, yet he did not find that he entitled himself either a Master of Arts, or a Minister. His studies were patronized by the celebrated Lord Burleigh, and his son the Earl of Salisbury. But the present production is thus inscribed :—

“ To the right honorable Sir William Howard, Knight, the Lord Howard of Effingham, sonne and heyre apparent to the right honorable Earle of Nottingham, lord high admirall of England.

*“ Minerva, fained goddesse of best skill,
Seem'd friendles to my sad and feeble Muse ;
The Sisters nine barr'd me Parnassus hill,
Mount Helicon,—where praised poets use.
Therefore (my Lord) my pen deserves no praise,
But pardon. Honor pardons weake essayes.*

*The Change of Things in slender verse I sing ;
A weighty subject, common yet to all ;
From lowest creature to the loftiest thing,
Nature her workes doth tosse like tennis-ball :
Now rayz'd by force, then down again by poyze,
Rising, ne falling, she shoves not by noyze.*

*But when sterne Time eche thing created sees,
She fawnes awhile, and tenters it on pride ;
And soone she frownes, and then forthwith decrees
To pull it downe, and lay that thing aside :
Yet, as a mother, she againe doth beare
Some new : and that awhile she doth upreare.*

Thus Time, by turnes, turnes all things out of date,
 And will prevaile, till she herselfe have end :
 For sure things' changes prove time terminate,
 And time's exchanges doth her time portend.
 This time, once gone, a timelesse time shall bee ;
 Till then, in things a changing state we see.

This mooves my Muse, erst silent, now to sing,
 Though slenderly, the swift exchange of things :
 And this to you (my Lord) I fearfull bring,
 Wishing that time, that plants and pulls down kings,
 Would daigne long time to her,* that still is one,
 By whome we here enjoy true Helicon.

At your Honor's command,
 Jo. NORDEN."

A metrical preface concludes with the following lines.—

" As by this *first part* these† are partly seene ;
 The *second* shoves the alterations,
 That in the world by course of time have beene
 In men and cities, kings and nations."

No appearance of the *second* part, here mentioned, occurs in the copy before me, which extends to 157 stanzas : many of these are geological, and more are geographical. I subjoin a short specimen, that bears an historical allusion to England and Ireland.

" The Scithians did will and use to ride ;
 They grew so excellent, they gained fame ;

* Probably Q. Elizabeth.

† Meaning the varieties of Time and Things.

Their horses and good horsemanship their pride ;
 By bowes the Parths and Medes gat greatest name ;
 And English archers, famous for the same.
 But now, of late, by course they leave the thing
 That got them fame, and glorie to their king.

The Irishmen, strong and robustious,
 Use for offensive weapons armed darts :
 Their armes are active, bodies valerous,
 Casting by force, assisted by their arts,
 No people equalize them in these parts.
 Their natures and their educations one,
 Makes them most famous in these arts alone."

Wood has given a copious list of Norden's productions, but does not specify the present fully, under either of its denominations. He conceives him to have been one of the surveyors of the King's lands, in 1614, and the same person who put forth a chorographical description of Middlesex and of Hertfordshire. Sylvester has a copy of verses, addressed in the way of an " Epistle to his friend, Master John Norden," in the folio edition of his works.



THE following is a list of extant tracts, which seem to fall under the class of antiquated *Merriments*.

The Sack-full of Newes. 1673. London, printed by Andrew Clark, and are to be sold by Tho. Passinger, upon London Bridge.

b. l. (a book of tales.)

See Langham's letter, 1575, reprinted in *Queen Elizabeth's Progresses*.

This had long been a desideratum with the antiquary Ritson, in his research after oddities.

The mad Pranks of Tom Tram, Mother Winter's Son-in-law.

tit. car.

Witty William of Wilt-shire, &c. his birth, life, and education, and strange adventures, &c. with merry songs and sonnets. Printed for C. Passinger, next door to the Spur Inn, Southwark, 1674.

The Witch of the Woodlands, or the Cobler's new Translation. Written by L. P. Printed for W. T. and are to be sold by C. Passinger (as before).

“ Here Robin the Cobler, for his former evils,
Was punisht worse than Faustus with his devils.”

The merry Dutch Miller, and new invented Windmill. London, printed by E. Crouch, 1672.

“ The miller and the mill, you see,
How throng'd with customers they be;
Then bring your wives unto the mill,
And young for old you shall have still.”

Hey for Horn Fair: the general Market of England: or Room for Cuckolds, &c. with the Marriage of Jockie and Jenny. Printed for E. Coles, 1674.

The arraigning and indicting of Sir John Barley-corn, &c. Thomas Robins the Author. Printed for T. Passinger, 1675.

The History of Mistris Jane Shore, &c. Concubine to K. Edward the fourth, who was wife to one Matthew Shore, a goldsmith in London.

Date, &c. cut off.

No Jest like a true Jest: being a compendious record of the merry life and mad exploits of Capt. James Hind, the great rober of England. Together with the close of all at Worcester, where he was hang'd, drawn, and quartered for high-treason against the common-wealth, Septemb. 24, 1652.

London, printed by A. P. for T. Vere, and to be sold at his shop, at the sign of the Angel without Newgate, 1674.

¶

FOWLER'S TARANTULA OF LOVE.



Mr. Editor,

A SHORT time before the learned Dr. Leyden departed for India, in the spring of 1803, he put forth an interesting volume, entitled, "Scottish Descriptive Poems, with some Illustrations of Scottish Literary

Antiquities." At the close of that volume were inserted extracts from two MS. volumes in the library of Edinburgh College, comprising translations of the "*Triumphs of Petrarke*" and "*Triumph of Love*," with Sonnets, entitled "*The Tarantula of Love*," by WILLIAM FOWLER; one of the poets who frequented the court of James VI. before his accession to the throne of England; and who appears, after his accession, to have been made Secretary and Master of the Requests to Queen Anne; and to have had the presumption (as Mr. Lodge infers from some passages in the Talbot papers*) to become an inferior pretender to that persecuted state-sufferer, the Lady Arabella Stewart. Mr. Lodge has printed a sonnet of his, addressed to that "most verteous and treulye honorable Ladye," and another, "uppon a horologe of the clock." Mr. George Ellis, (a name which will never be mentioned without a throb of tender regard, and a sigh of deep regret, by those who were honoured with his friendship) in his *Specimens of the early English Poets*, has inserted a sonnet from a transcript of part of the *Tarantula of Love*, politely communicated to him by the late Lord Woodhouselee. With that transcript Mr. Ellis amiably favoured your correspondent. It contains eighteen sonnets, one of which only has been printed by Mr. Ellis, and another by Dr. Leyden: the remaining sixteen it may be in consonance with the plan of *RESTITUTA* to introduce. Lord Woodhouselee observes that they were copied with little regard to critical selection, and merely with the view of ascertaining

* See *Illustr. of Brit. Hist.* iii. 169.

Fowler's general merits as a poet. His Lordship adds, that Fowler is very remarkable for the harmony of his numbers; that all his sonnets shew an intimate acquaintance with Petrarch, and a refinement on his defects—his quaintness and *concetti*.

I.

“ O you, who heare the accents of my smart
 Diffus'd in rhyme, and sad disorder'd verse;
 Gif ever flames of love have caught your heart,
 I trust with sobbs and teares the same to pierce:
 Yea, e'en in these rude rigours I rehearse,
 Which I depaint with bloodie bloodless wounds,
 I think despaired soules their plaints sal sterse,
 And mak the baggard rocks resound sad sounds.
 Yet, whereas ye the causes reids, and grounds
 Off her immortal beautie and my paine,
 Through which great greiffs and gente, in bothe abounds:
 With humble speache speake this to her agayne—
 ‘ O iff his haples thought he stil sould sing,
 ‘ Breid him not, Deathe! that glorie to thee does bring.’

II.

The fyres, the cordes, the girnes, the snaws, and dart,
 Quherewith blind Love has me inflam'd and wound,
 The maist fair face and the maist cruell hart
 I werying wryte, and sighing dois resound:
 And therewith all the beauties that rebound
 From her, qha is of dames maist chaste and fair;
 Qha is the object, subject, and the ground
 Of my loth'd love, and undeserv'd despaire.
 The sweit sour jarres, the joys, the toils, and caire,
 My perjur'd othes, and my denied vowes;

Her eyes, her hands, her hyde, her hewe, and haire,
 Her lippes, her cheikes, her hals, and her brent browes,
 And things yet hidd, and to the world unseene,
 To write with teares, and paint with plaintes I mean.

III.

Sen spreits, thoughts, hart, you have from me beire taine,
 Then these lamentyng and complayning lynes
 May justlie to your mereits appertayne,
 And dois belong to yow, in dewe propynes :
 Bot sen my style and Muse, not weill defynes,
 Bot rather darke your prayse, than right descryve ;
 Your just disdaynes of reason more enclynes
 To cast my songs aside, and them to ryve,
 Which now, half dead, I have return'd alyve.
 And as the laymed birthe of my blunt brayne,
 Whils your despyte dois them of spreits depryve ;
 I send them to your plesant hands agayne,
 To die by them, to perish in your yre,
 To burne by flames, as they were born by fyre.

IV.

Pride of my thought, and glorye of my eyes,
 Lamp of my lyfe, and onlye hartes delyte,
 Hope of my paynes, sweet causer of my cryes,
 Chiefe work of heaven, and natures mould perfyte ;
 Glass of all bountye, and of beautye qhyte,
 Deare saint on earthe, and heir of heavenly grace ;
 Blest bright suborner of these theames I wryte,
 Clere shyning sun, which darknes does displace ;
 Strong centryeis, and wyde storehouss of all grace,
 Scharpe quick reviver of my slow ingyne,
 Wha bothe my wills and witts reuls by thy face,
 Receive this verse, which humblie I propyne :
 And in them reid that which thy beautie bred,
 Whose wonders hath me in my follye fed.

V.

If great desyre thee move to see my harte
 Mak in my breist a passage with the blode,
 And there you sal your beautyes al adverte,
 To have them maistres of my fredome made ;
 There sal you see how faintinglye I faide,
 And how my lyght, lyke bellows full of wynd,
 Dois blow furthe deadlye sighes, for laike of aide,
 And draw deep grones out of a mournfull mynde.
 Bot, dear Bellisa, cruell and unkynde,
 Desist—for death dois such efforts efface.
 Behold my verse, and in them ye sal fynd
 My hart, my love, your favours, and your face ;
 My plaintes, my paynes, my langours, and unrest,
 Your high disdaynes, to my disgrace exprest.

VI.

O most unhappie and accursed wight !
 To praise her most, qho dois me most disgrace ;
 Or her extoll, that, by her pryde and slight,
 Dois circumvene me by a snaring face.
 And yet, in all my grieffs and careful race,
 Plung'd in the poole of payne and whirl of woe,
 By loving and by lothed verse, I presse
 To eternise her prayse, who paynes me soc.
 The object makes me objects all forgoe,
 Which may displace, or yet resent disdaynes ;
 The subject subject met, as wylde as roe,
 Or any hynde that in the woodes remaynes ;
 Doeth mak me of myself with shame rehearse,
 That I am first in love, as last in verse."

T. P.

Robert Holland's holy History of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ's Nativity, &c. 1594.



To the prose extracts from this publication in vol. ii. p. 153, the following specimen may be added of its metrical character; being a versification of the Lord's Prayer.*

“ Pray thus, when ye do pray, therefore—

Our Father, which in heaven art,
Thy name be hallow'd evermore;
Thy kingdom we desire in hart;
Thy will in earth make us to do,
As it in heav'n is, even so.

Give us this day our dayly bread,
Our debts forgive us, we thee pray,
As we our debtors do: and lead
Us not, O Lord! by any way
Into temptation; but see
From evill we deliv' red be.

For thine, good Lord, the kingdom sure,
The power and the glorie is,
For evermore for to endure,
Which livest in eternall bliss.

Let this be done, oh Lord! we pray
In heart:—whereto Amen we say.”

¶

* S. Matt. and Luc.



*An Armor of Proofoe, brought from the Tower of David,
to fight against the Spannyardes, and all enimies of
the Trueth, By R. C.*

*The name of the Lord is a strong Tower : the righteous run unto it,
and are exalted. Pro. xviii. 10.*

Imprinted at London by G. Simson and W. White, 1596.

4to.



ROGER COTTON, the author of this scarce publication, inscribed it to Gilbert Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,* and thus speaks of himself in the epistle dedicatory :—

“ I am no scholler, but a draper :† therefore, not able to contrive my speaches in such sort, as willingly I would. My trust is, your Honor will the rather pardon me, and accept the affection of my hart, and not weigh the rudenesse of my pen. I was borne in Whitchurch ; which, as I thinke, is one of your Honor’s principall lordships : where my ancestors have of long time beene poore well-willers unto your noble progenitors, as at this time present, my eldest brother there, and we the rest of his bretheren, here in London, are to your honorable selfe.”

This is all that seems to be imparted, which relates

* Of whom see a portrait, and much interesting matter relating to him, in Lodge’s valuable *Illustrations of British History, Biography, and Manners*.

† i. e. one of the Draper’s Company ; or as he describes himself, in the dedication to his “*Spirituell Song*,” “ a poore brother of the worshypfull societie of Drapers.”

personally to the author: unless the following notice refers to him, in an enumeration of contemporary writers, prefixed to Churchyard's poem touching the journey of Sir Humphrey Gilbert.

“ Goe, comely COTTON too,
And marche amidde the ranke.”

In an address to the Christian reader, he states that these “ fewe rude verses of his poore meditation” were put forth, “ partly to incourage the weake and feeble in faith towards God, and partly to call the rashe hardy to learne better the cause thereof.” He farther adds, that as “ full often and many wayes God striketh, when seldome the strucken consider whose hand it is, or for what cause it is. Therefore my small worke tendeth to shew unto such, who it is that striketh, and the cause why so many and sundry wayes we are strucken.”

His poem opens with an allusion to the apprehensions which were excited by the formidable, though not invincible, Spanish Armada, in 1588: the design of which was more counteracted by the intervention of Providence, than by all the repulsive operations of the army and navy of England.

“ When God of hosts in eighty-eight had brought
An host of men, our countrey to annoy ;
In that distress the Lord by us was sought,
Whereby our woes were turned then to joy :
But yet full true to us, may this be said—
In your distresse you only seek my ayde,

For then, indeede, and only then we seeke,
When troubles great, and greevous plagues aryse ;

But those once past, no promise made, we keepe,
 Nor yet by them can learne to be more wyse :
 But as the sow in fylth agayne doth wallow,
 So we our sinnes of former tymes do swallow.

For great and small, no sinnes of olde forbear,
 No rich, no poore, can say in hart I joy
 For garment whyte, which I now dayly weare,
 But steede thereof, we faigne, and frame each toy—
 Each toy—yea, toyes and tayles, such to behold;
 With wyre and heare, that monsters be we would.

Yet few there be whose hartes consider well
 What sinnes are wrought each day by men of might ;
 No one there is that thinkes how God doth tell—
 His owne misdeedes he worketh day and nyght :
 Yet doth the Lord the least of them regarde,
 And will in time give each his full rewarde."

For a national as well as individual safeguard, he earnestly exhorts all to study the sacred Scriptures.

" For whereas we should spend our lyves and time
 In God's owne Booke, his will to see therein,
 Great store there be, that never sought one line,
 To write in hart, that so they might know him :
 And so God's will of us not being knowne,
 He casts us off, to follow wayes our owne.

O Englande ! then consider well thy state,
 Oft read God's worde, and let it beare chiefe sway
 Within thy hart, or els thou canst not scape
 The wrath of God : for He will surely pay.
 Yea, divers rods the Lord of hosts doth use,
 To chasten such as do his worde refuse.

His swordes thou knowest he threatend sore to draw
 In eighty-eight : but then he did thee spare.
 Yet, since that time, in thee great sinnes he saw,
 Wherefore, for thee great plagues he did prepare :
 The pestilence throughout thy coastes hath bin,
 And now, with sword, to threat he doth begin."

¶

*A spirituall Song : containing an historicall Discourse
 from the Infancy of the World untill this present time,
 &c. Drawen out of the Holy Scriptures. By Roger
 Cotton.*

Psal. xxxvii.

*The wicked practiseth against the just, and gnasheth his teeth against
 him.*

Psal. xxxvii.

*But the Lord shall laugh him to scorn : for he seeth that his day is
 coming.*

Psal. xxxvii.

*The wicked have drawne their sword, and have bent their bowes, to
 cast downe the poure and needy, and to slay such as be of upright
 conversation.*

Psal. xxxvii.

*But their swordes shall enter into their own heart, and their bowes
 shall be broken.*

At London, printed by G. Simson and W. White, 1595.

4to. pp. 26.



THIS rare production, by the same author, is dedicated "To the right worshypfull Sir Francis Drake, knight," to whom he wisheth continuance of health, and with prosperous estate and felicity. This distinguished naval hero had, it seems, been lately incorporated into the society of Drapers, whence Cotton (as one of that fraternity) seems to have sought his patronage, and invited his attention to the present work, as a stimulus to excite him to future undertakings. "This (he says) if your worshyp shal accept, being the first frutes of my small paynes, not regarding the barbarousnes of my phrase and verse, (being no scholler) but the zealous affection of my hart to the love of your godly care, for the upholding of God's religion. I shall, having so skilfull a pilot to stirre my sterne, and so worthy a captaine to encounter the enimie, be imbouldned hereafter to wade into deeper discourses, (as God shall blesse and time permit) to gratify your worthinesse withall."

If any "deeper discourses" were produced by this writer, they have not been met with: though the following partial testimonies in behalf of his "Spirituell Song" might have been calculated to give an impetus to his overt intentions.

P. R. in commendation of this Worke.

" If poets' pen deserved prayse,
 Whose paynes deserved well;
 Much more the mindes, the pens, the men,
 Indued with heavenly skill.

Of love, of warre, of plants, of birds,
 Of sheepe, and shepheard's toyes;

Have poets writ, who lie in dust,
Bereft of heavenly joyes.

Yet these, we see, thro' worlde their prayse
With eccho doth resound ;
Much more is prayse to *Cotton* due,
Who makes God's worde his ground."

G. W. in prayse of this Booke.*

" Will men be taught in whom to put their trust,
In time of troubles, stir'd by tyrant's pride ?
Or will they learne to whom the godly must
Sing thankfull himnes, when happie dayes betide ?
Lo, heere a lantarne that may give them light,
Both to relie and to rejoyce aright."

A. W.† in commendations of this Discourse.

" Let worldly wisdom stande apart,
Let policie give place
To simple ones, to little babes,
Whose hartes are filde with grace :
Whose tongues declare His prayse
To whom all prayse belongs,
With joyfulness, with singing cheere,
In psalmes and spirituall songs.
And you that hitherto have hid
Your talents in the ground,
Come, learne of him, that hath but one,
God's mercies to resound."

R. I. in commendation of this Works.

" You idle drones, that fleece and cannot feede,
You speechles ones, that cannot barke nor bay ;

* These initials may belong to George Whetstone.

† Andrew Willet and Arthur Warren were writers of poetry, about this period.

Your slowwoorme's mates, that make so evil speede
 To spie the foxe, and drive the wolfe away ;
 This booke shall be your judge an other day.
 Which sweetely doth recorde
 The mercies of our Lord :
 And lively paints the whoredome of that beast,
 Whose marke God's saints do faythfully detest."

The author's introductory stanza may serve as a specimen of his poem.

" Now may we all of England say, of truth,
 As we have heard, so have we seene perform'd
 In these our dayes, most worthy to be learn'd,
 How that the Lord doth stil his Church defend
 From cruell foes, whom his to hurt pretend."

In this stanza and style, the well-intending writer proceeds through six parts, or sections : and annexes thereunto " A description of olde Rome, or mistical Babylon." In the opening of part VI. a corroboration occurs in favour of the assertion of Mr. Geo. Chalmers, in his "*Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare-papers*," that Queen Elizabeth was addressed by her adulators, both as a princess and a prince.

——" our Queene, most worthy *Prince* of fame,
 Hath foil'd his [God's] foes, to their rebuke and shame.
 Yea, God hath put into *her* noble hart," &c.

See also an "*Aunswere to the Rebel's Proclamation*," 1569, proposed to be noticed hereafter.



Upon the General Sciolists or Poetasters of Britany.

A Satyre.

BY RICHARD BRATHWAYTE.

From his Poems entitled *Strappado for the Divell*,
1615. 12^{mo}.



“ COME, Arethusa, come, for ne’er had we
At any time a greater need of thee :
No Laurel now, but Nettle’s best to grace
Our laureat Poet : see his uncouth face,
Unapt for poesy : his strange disguise,
Only address’d in verse to temporize :
Now parasites prove poets, and express
Their oily works : for what is more or less
Dilated on, is consecrate to men,
That are the greatest : O what need is then,
To thee, dear Arethusa, that didst frame
A poet to the nature of his name ?
No time-observing, smooth-fac’d sycophant ;
No strange conceited ass, whose element
Is to insinuate under the shade
Of a great monsieur’s elbow, thou’rt prov’d Jade
To thy profession ; not a saffron band,
But like a roaring boy can make the stand,
And yield observance to him : silly fcol,
That artless idiots should bring to school,
The best of Muses, thou that once wast born,
Not as our great Acteons, to the horn
Of their dishonour, (being of joy bereft)
Leaving to others what themselves have left.

(Worse by degrees than was that Phœbus' car,
 Which Phaeton by rash attempts did mar :
 And clear dissolves) 'las see thy trophies torn,
 Thy statues razed, and that mount forlorn
 Which first possess the Muses : now no wreath
 Can be hung up to memorize the death
 Of any great man, why for virtues due,
 Bids every poet, in his verse, speak true
 Of such as are deceas'd : its true, who then
 Speaking no more than truth, can praise such men,
 As rather were than liv'd ? being, but not
 In real essence, 'las what fame is got
 By such as write of these, whose only good
 Is to aver they were of noble blood.
 But so much disproportion'd to their name,
 As what they seem'd, they seldom were the same.
 The same ; O no : their garish ornament,
 Their wanton guise, their love-sick compliment,
 Their strange distractions, their deformed state,
 Transform'd from English to Italianate,
 Express small comfort to a poet's pen,
 Which only should delight in shewing them
 Unto the world's eye, whose fame succeeds,
 And makes them noble by heroick deeds,
 Drawn from the line of honour : but how far
 Seem poets in these latter times to err ?
 Who write not for respect, or due esteem,
 Had to their own profession, but to gain
 The favour of a great one, this it is
 Gives privilege to men that do amiss :
 Such be our rank of poets now-a-days,
 As they adorn th' immerited with praise
 Above desert. Hence is it that we bring
 The Art of Poetry to Ballading.

Hence is it, that the courtier may intend
 A strange pretended project for no end,
 Save to augment 's expence ; a suit's begun
 Which makes a silly farmer quite undone,
 Without all hope of composition : 'las,
 That such transgressions should so freely pass,
 Without controulment. Many we have here,
 That can compose their verse, but in a sphere
 So different to the time, as they decry
 Their want of brains to each judicious eye.
 Yea, some I know are poets in this time,
 Who write of swains, might write as well of swine ;
 For th' profit of their labours is so small,
 As 'twere far better not to write at all,
 Than to consume such precious time in vain,
 About a fruitless and desertless strain :
 Better indeed, when in their Maker's sight,
 They must accountants be of what they write,
 Whose eyes be purer, and extension bear
 Above th' dimension of a common sphere.
 Yet rank I not, as some men do suppose,
 These worthless swains amongst the lays of those
 Time-honour'd shepherds, for they still shall be,
 As well they merit, honoured of me,
 Who bear a part, like honest faithful swains,
 On witty *Wither* never-with'ring plaines ;
 For these, though seeming shepherds, have deserv'd
 To have their names in lasting marble cary'd :
 Yea this I know I may be bold to say,
Thames ne'er had swans that sang more sweet than they.
 It's true I may avow't, that ne'er was song
 Chaunted in any age by swains so young,
 With more delight than was perform'd by them,
 Prettily shadow'd in a borrow'd name.

And long may England's Thespian springs be known
By lovely Wither and by bonny Brown ;
 Whilst solid *Seldon*, and their *Cuddy* too
 Sing what our swains of old could never do ;
 Yea, I do hope, sith they so well can write
 Of shepherds' sport, and of the field's delight,
 That when they come to take a view of th' court,
 As some have done, and have been mew'd up for't,
 They'll tell her freely, as full well they may,
 That in their judgments, after due survey
 Of th' court and th' cottage, they may well maintain
 Vices in th' court, but virtues in the swain ;
 And happy be those authors which do give
 Virtue and vice their titles ; they shall live
 In spite of Envy, when such men as teach
 That such be only virtuous as be rich,
 Shall lie interr'd where fame shall never find them,
 For such do seldom leave a name behind them.
 'Las they must die and perish, so must we,
 Nor can we gain ought of eternity,
 Save that we live : O then how blest are they
 That spend their life in weighing of their days.
 But of professants, which compose their song
 To a strange descant, this I'll say, they wroug
 Flow'ry Parnassus, where such us'd to be,
 As in themselves made one set company.
 These sung not what they knew not, but in verse,
 What time had taught them they use to rehearse,
 And to reduce it to one perfect form,
 Striving by proper figures to adorn
 Each work, each composition : but 'las now,
 How fares that alteration ? where we know,
 Lest that we write, adding to our estate,
 Begg'd merely by a great man's dedicate.

Here is no substance, but a simple piece
 Of gaudy rhetorick ; which, if it please,
 Yields th' author dear contentment : thus we strain
 The Muse's text for a peculiar gain
 Unto ourselves : hence is it Vice abides,
 And lording-like in silken foot cloath rides :
 Hence is it landlords make their tenants slaves :
 Hence is it waste-goods ope their fathers' graves :
 Hence is it Mammonists adore their gold :
 Hence is't the impious to perdition sold :
 Hence sacrilege a privilege obtains :
 Hence the' sneaking lawyer by his client gains :
 Hence the' politician, whatsoe'er befall,
 Will to his trade, and shew a Machiavel :
 Hence imposts rise extortion's violence,
 Graced by men that have most eminence :
 Hence sergeants walk unfronted, tho' they know it,
No friend is worse than sergent to a poet :
 Hence painted faces, like ill wine in cask,
 Shroud their deform'd complexions under mask :
 Hence curious courtiers, gorgeously array'd,
 Wear more upon their back than e'er was paid :
 Hence the' bawdy pandor, servile to his whore ;
 And hence the bawd that keeps the trader's door :
 Hence base informers take their borrow'd light,
 Living like owls that use to fly by night :
 Hence wanton prodigals, that spend their state,
 And 'gin repentance when it is too late :
 Hence young and old, hence each in their degree,
 Challenge to them a due monopoly.
 O how Minerva's temple's now disgrac'd
 By th' scum of poetry ! She that was plac'd
 Once like th' Ephesian queen, in a pure shrine
 Of honour and delight, now's forc'd to pine.

And languish in her beauty, being depress'd
 By such men most whom she suspecteth least.
 Unpinion'd Muses, such as ne'er could fly
 Further than unplum'd birds, now press as high
 As eagles ; which by the colour you may know,
 As eminent and clear as Flaccus' crow.
 These steal selected flowers from others' wit,
 And yet protest their nature brooks not it ;
 They are, for both, so invented by their art,
 Making their pen the displayer of their heart.
 They brook no brokage, yet have works in press,
 Which they are guiltless of : but this were less
 Worthy reproof, if, in their gleaned lines,
 Like our age critics, they would curb these times
 For petulancy : but so vain be they,
 As they run still in that high beaten way
 Of error, by directing men amiss,
 Penning whole volumes of licentiousness ;
 Descanting on my lady's rosy lip,
 Her Cynthian eye, her bending front, her trip,
 Her body's motion, notion of her time,
 All which they weave up in a bawdy rhyme,
 For since there's no observance, accent neither,
 (Sith sense and accent seldom go together)
 O what aspersions do these lay on her,
 Who bears the only native character
 Of her dear issue's merit : she, I mean,
 Without whose nourishment we had not been ;
 She without whose embrace the solid earth
 Had quite interr'd the honour of our birth ;
 She without whom we have no biding place,
 No mansion, no repose ; she by whose grace
 We are inhabitants, planted in rest,
 Sucking pure milk out of her tender breast ;

She, whose our guardian, governing our state,
 Shoring our weakness, arming us 'gainst fate,
 Guiding our pathless passage, breathing life
 Into our dulness ; meditating strife,
 Because a peaceful mother, cheering us
 With solace, when depress'd ; tricking our Muse
 With seemly subjects, that whilst shepherds sing
 Of rural pastimes, midst their sonneting,
 The graver rank might compositions make,
 Not for themselves, but for their country's sake :
 Alas, poor country ! where is all that store
 Of divine wits, that thou hast bred before ?
 Where is that quintessence of poesy,
 That in foretimes was wont to breathe on thee,
 Like a cool Zephyrus ? Hybla's pure mount,
 Renown'd in former ages, and that fount
 Of sacred Castaly, lie desolate ;
 For they with theirs have lost their former state
 Of greatness : no proportion, nor no flower
 Decks, with a daisy border, that sweet bower,
 Where Cynthia us'd to revell : but as the' port
 Of house-keeping is now transport'd to court,
 " Leaving their country-houses, which men look
 And gaze at long ere they can see them smoke : "
 So fruitful Hesperus, which us'd to be
 The rendezvous for sacred poesy,
 Loving to be herself, shuts up her door.
 Hence is the bankrupt poet become poor ;
 Hence is't he's forc'd to write, not for the ease
 Of his own mind, but as his patrons please :
 Hence is't that errors must be virtues deem'd,
 Because, poor poet, it's by fate ordain'd
 That if he will not humour, he must starve,
For great men love not hear what they deserve.

How jealous be our times of their deserts,
 When they suppress the eminence of arts ?
 Making them speechless ; whereas we do see,
 If persons were dispos'd as they should be,
 Their sincere conscience, like a brazen wall,
 Might bear them up, whatever should befall.
 Then might our satire mix his ink with gall,
 But with his mixture do not hurt at all.
 Then might our sceptic give his judgment free,
 Yet do small harm to men's integrity.
 Then might the lawyer plead without offence,
 Not sear his conscience with a fair pretence
 Of doing good, when his corrupted will,
 Under pretence of good, acts what is ill.
 Then might the devil's factors live like men
 That have a God ; nor for the hundred ten ;
 Receiving with advantage need'd they pay
 A great sum at that same latter day,
 When due accounts are had : O usury,
 That art the city's scourge, how much have we
 Occasion to proscribe thee from our land,
 Since by thy means have we felt heaven's hand
 More heavy and revenging than before,
 Whose wrath has phials ever laid in store
 To punish impious men : it's thou, foul sin,
 Which hast haul'd down the infection we have seen
 Rage in this famous isle : it's thou, whose height
 Hath turn'd our day of comfort to a night
 Of great affliction : for who more can be
 Afflicted in himself, than inwardly
 Feeling the worm of conscience gnawing him,
 Torment consorting with that birth of sin,
 Wherein he's nurtured. Alas, poor isle !
 That thou shouldst foster such as do defile

Thy once renowned borders with the hate
 Of a supernal power, making thy state
 Prey to oppression, vassalling thy fame,
 Which once was glorious, to thy odious name
 Of misery. Great Albion now is grown
 Poor in herself, because what is her own
 She cannot use but in depraved wise,
 Makes herself subject to all foreign eyes
 As vice's spectacle : O that the bliss
 Which we enjoy by mind's *synderysis*,
 Th' refined part of man, should soiled be
 By the worst of ills, the stain of usury !
 And who'll inveigh against it ? few or none ;
 For miser, Nature hardly leaves us one
 That can securely speak against this ill,
 So general is the poison of our will.
 For dear Parnassus now is so opprest,
 It dare not speak, for fear that interest
 Should be demanded by the usurer,
 To whom it stands engag'd : this is the fate
 That poets have, to leave more wit than state
 To their posterity. O impious time !
 When worst of fortune follows wits divine !
 When noble actions motive in their spirit,
 Can leave nought to their issue to inherit,
 Save their poor father's papers, monuments
 Scarce worth respect. How weak's the element
 Which poets are compos'd of, when one frown
 Sent from a great man's visage can keep down
 Their best invention ? Silly poesy,
 That, tho' free born, art forc'd to slavery,
 And undeserv'd subjection : pity it is,
 That best of merit should shut up her wish,
 And due expectance in no other book,
 Save in a screw'd face, or a writhed look,

Unfit to entertain an art divine,
 Which is exprest in that poor Muse of thine.
 Come, come, great regent of that sacred quire,
 Come in thyself, and so our souls inspire
 With art's elixir, and with spirit too,
 That we may do with boldness what we do.
 Erect our aged fortunes, make them shine,
 Not like the fool in 's foot cloth, but like time ;
 Adorn'd with true experiments, which may
 Convert our odious night to glorious day.
 Let not Ambition, mounted in her state,
 Pass uncontroll'd : care not for getting hate ;
 " For honest minds are best approved still,
 By gaining hate in curbing what is ill."
 *Let not these painted blocks of Juvenal,
 Which for their clothes are most admir'd of all,
 Stand unrepov'd : let not their dangling plume
 So daunt thee, as thou dare not well presume
 To blazon their defects, speak what thou seest,
 And care not who be pleas'd, or who displeas'd.
 Let not moth-eaten Avarice appear
 In this dear isle, without her character.
 Lash me the Symonist, who tho' precise
 In shew, can geld his parson's benefice.
 Gall me, our grain engrossers, moulds of th' earth,
 That in their plenty laugh at others dearth.
 Rouse me the Atheist, let 's security
 Hear the' judgment of supernal Majesty
 Thund'ring against him. Let the' lascivious
 Know their bed-broking sin, how odious
 Their sensual meetings are to his pure eyes,
 Who e'en the secrets of our hearts espies,
 Discussing each intention, and all parts

That have a working faculty : e'en he,
 That well approves of moral poesy,
 He that confirms the motions of our mind,
 And breathes upon them if to good inclin'd.
 Let not sin-tempting wanton mermaids rest
 Without due censure, who with naked breast,
 Attractive eye, and garish compliment,
 Ensnare our fond unwary innocent.
 These are those public Babel prostitutes,
 Lures to damnation ; Roman catamites ;
 Inventresses of pleasures ; pensive still
 To do what's good, but frolick to do ill.
 O, London, how thy vanity abounds,
 Glorifying in that which thy renown confounds.
 Traduced fashions from the Dutch to French,
 From French to Spanish, and not longer since
 Than yesterday ; blush at thy sin for shame,
 That Albion, by thy means, should lose her name
 And habit too. See, see, how far thou'rt gone
 Beyond thyself, that there's no fashion known
 In foreign courts, deform'd howsoe'er it be,
 But by transportance it doth come to thee.
 'Las, how immodest art thou to express
 Thyself so much by others' fashions less ?
 How strangely metamorphos'd to partake,
 For angel's form, the most deformed shape
 That countries can bring out : O, pity 'tis
 That Albion's much admir'd metropolis
 Should make those which admir'd her now to hate
 Her vain condition, introduc'd by state
 Too plentiful. Here, you Hesperian wits,
 May you have subject more than well befits
 A modest pen ; for ne'er was any time
 More prone to ill : no region, country, clime,

Province, isle, regiment, so truly blest
 With all earth's bounties, yet hath less exprest
 Of gratitude. Here satirists resort,
 And make an ample comment on the court,
 Where thou shalt write, some's wanton, others vain,
 Ambitious some; others do covet gain
 By servile means; some beggars, yet who dare
 Write in these days that any such there are.
 Then, my sharp-toothed satire, frame thy ditty
 In the same form, unrip the crimes of the' city
 With a stern brow: tell the purple magistrate
 How he has rais'd himself to great estate
 By other's ruin. Such as mercers are,
 Tell them dark shops have got away ill ware.
 Such as be goldsmiths, and are dangerous,
 Call them the silversmith of Ephesus.
 Long live Diana, but no longer than
 By their Diana they do reap a gain.
 Such as be brokers, tell them their profession
 Is not to be a knave o' th' first edition;
 But as those garments which are brought to them,
 Use to be worn before by other men,
 E'en so they broke their vices and receive
 Some crimes wrapt up i' th' garments which they have.
 Tell them of *Wapping*, bid them thankful be,
 That there is justice had for piracy:
 For if that were not, it may well be said,
 Many their shops would be unfurnished;
 But in the country now my Muse shall be,
 For brook she'll not a broker's company.
 Here shalt thou see th' picture of Avarice,
 Thin-cheek'd, raw-bon'd, faint breath, and hollow eyes,
 Nose dropping, rheum-distilling, drivelling mouth,
 Hand shaking, hair down falling, th' miser's cough,

Legs gouty, knees unwieldy, hand on crutch,
 Eyes in his bosom, gazing on his pouch,
 His labour torment, rest he cannot take ;
 When all are sleeping, he is forc'd to wake ;
 His eyes are ever ope, for riches keep
 His eyes unclos'd. The miser cannot sleep—
 He's his own anguish ; such an impious elf,
 That's ill to all, but worst unto himself.
 He has not books whereon to meditate,
 Only a debt book and an almanack :
 The one's for forfeitures, where he will pore,
 And day by day traverse them o'er and o'er :
 Tho' here's his interlude that yields him mirth,
 Seeing predictions of the next year's dearth ;
 Hope of a dearer summer than last was,
 Unseason'd harvest : O these hopes surpass
 All others. Here the Miser sets his eye,
 And when he does these strange prenotions spy,
 He kisses th' book, swears the profession's rare,
 And wishes all he reads such subjects were.
 This cormorant engrosseth all his grain,
 Makes his barns greater by a secret train :
 Brings o'er his neighbour's son to set his hand
 Unto a sale, and so joins land to land.
 This wicked ulcer, that corrupts the state,
 Ne'er thinks of death, till that it be too late.
 His gold's his god, yet use it cannot be,
 But in expression of his misery ;
 Which puts the poor miser to a double pain,
 By telling it, and putting't up again.
 But now, my nimble Satire, for to thee
 Tends this impolish'd piece of poesy,
 How wilt thou tax, or where wilt thou begin
 With thy tart phrase, to sting and nettle him ?

Thou must be bitter, for in greatest griefs
 And fester'd wounds we use no lenitives
 To mollify, but corrosives to gall ;
 And of all griefs this is th' greatest of all.
 By it we are degenerate, and live
 As such as can receive, but cannot give
 To nature confidence. Come, my dear mate,
 I'll tell thee how to cure their desperate state ;
 Which in few words lest that my memory fail,
 I'll speak my mind unto thee in a tale.—

“ It chanc'd upon a time (and well might be,
 For such like chances fall on misery)
 A pinch-gut Miser fell extremely sick,
 So as at last his conscience 'gan to prick,
 And tell him of 's oppression ; wheresoe'er
 He turn'd his eyes, he saw damnation there.
 Sleep could he not, his sickness was too great,
 Nor hope for ought, his conscience did so threat
 And terrify his soul : thus lay this wretch,
 Poor in his spirit, though to the world rich ;
 Fain would he oft desire himself confest,
 But 'cause he was fall'n out with parish priest
 About a tithe-pig, he deferr'd the time,
 And would in no case suffer this divine
 To minister due comfort to his state,
 All woe begone : so great was the' Miser's hate ;
 For tho' he were afflicted, yet would he
 Upbraid the parson full irreverently ;
 Calling him hedge-priest, belly-god, nay more,
 That like a thief, he came not in at door,
 But in at window, to his benefice ;
 And that he knew the practice and device
 Of him and 's patron. Who, that th' law might be
 Dispensed with in case of symony,

Sold him a horse, that whatsoe'er should fall,
 The price might pay for th' benefice and all.
 This would he say, concluding merrily,
 Sir priest, you come more for my pig than me."
 Silent the parson was, for well he knew
 The Miser spoke no more than what was true :
 Only he wish'd such neighbours as he had
 Present to pray for him, for he was mad ;
 And that by all appearance it was like
 That his disease had made him lunatic.
 Thus every day his sickness did increase,
 Bereft of comfort, conscience' sweetest peace,
 Without all hope of health or here or there,
 For th' worm of conscience follows every where.
 There's no evasion left ; where'er we go,
 She will attend us in our weal and woe.
 You heard confest he would, but as 'tis true
 A Miser loves not him that craves his due,
 So to such men this censure stands for just,
 They love their conscience' rest less than their rust.
 What should he do ? the parson now is gone,
 And he unto himself is left alone
 T' expostulate with death : his sins did grieve him,
 But now the most when all his friends do leave him.
 Torment below, judgment he sees above
 Witness within him, that will duly prove
 What he has done on earth, thus all in one
 Make up a concert in his dying moan :
 Yet as a ship o'erburden'd with her freight
 Sinking before, sails bravely, being made light ;
 Or as the Ocean beats from shelf to shelf,
 Sea-sick, God-wot, till she hath purg'd herself ;
 So this surcharged soul rolls here and there,
 And yet to comfort is no whit the near,

Till that same lastage of corruption be
 Exempted quite : then sleeps she quietly.
 Confess he must, but to no priest, that's vain,
 But unto one clear of another strain :
 Shall I tell Satire ? Yes ; thou needs must know it,
 And this he was : a thread-bare neighbouring poet ;
 Who after due confession made to him
 Of every act, and each peculiar sin—
 Extortion, violence, and injury,
 Pressing of orphans, biting usury,
 Forfeitures taken, forged bills, at last
 He makes confession how a poet past
 His pikes, who once was of a fair estate,
 But after had no prospect but a grate.
 O, quoth the Poet, that was ill in you :
 O, quoth the Miser, I do know it's true ;
 But with remorse I now lament his fall,
 Which 'mongst the rest afflicts me most of all.
 Wherefore, good Sir, pour out your prayers for me,
 That in distaste of my impiety,
 Languishing sore, I may be cheer'd in state,
 Dying in hope, that now lies desperate.
 The fair-condition'd Poet, though he had heard
 How ill his own profession got reward,
 By this hard-hearted Miser ; yet did he
 Scorn his revenge should affliction be.
 Straight he retires himself a pretty space,
 Chusing for 's orisons a private place ;
 Which being done, to cheer the drooping man,
 With hands heav'd up, his prayers he thus began.

Powerful Jehovah, King of Heaven and Earth,
 That giv'st to all things living life and birth ;
 Thou that protect'st each thing which thou hast made,
 And so preserv'st it as it cannot fade

Before the time ~~prefix'd~~ : thou that wilt have
 Mercy on such as thou dost mean to save,
 Look on this wretch, that lies all woe begone,
 If so thou think he's worthy looking on :
 Great is ~~thy~~ mercy, so it needs must be,
 If thou wilt save such miscreants as he.
 But what thou mean'st to do he fain would know,
 Whether he must ascend or fall below ;
 That he provision may according make,
 And fit himself for th' voyage he must take.
 For if to heaven, he needs the less prepare,
 Because he knows all needful things be there.
 But much he fear'd, and so fear other some,
 'Mongst which myself, that there he ne'er shall come.
 But if to hell (the likelier place o' th' two)
 He does desire that thou wouldst this allow,
 He may have so much respite as prepare,
 The bonds of all such prodigals be there :
 That what he could not cancel here so well
 On earth, may there be cancelled in hell.
 The cause is this, (as it to me appears)
 Lest that those spendthrifts fall about his ears,
 When they shall see him, which that he may stay,
 He'll cancel the bonds, though 't be long after 'day ;
 Or this's the cause, as he was impious here,
 He means to prove an honest devil there.

That time to time's successors may bring forth,
 Hell made him better than he was on earth.
 Much more he pray'd, but I do rather chuse,
 Satyr, to make of all his prayers an use,
 That when the use shall well expressed be,
 Thou mayst apply the benefit to thee.
 Sir, quoth the Poet, I my prayers have made.
 Have you ? replied he, as one dismay'd :

Yes, Sir, and by them so my zeal enforc'd,
 As I prevail'd, though it was long time first ;
 For know, an apparition came to me
 With a shrill voice, which bad me say to thee,—
 If thou wilt first a restitution make,
 And render up what thou by fraud didst take
 From any man, but chiefly what thou took
 From th' Poet : next, deliver up thy book
 Of all accounts, great'st cause of thy despair,
 To thy confessor, and make him thy heir ;
 Thou shalt have health for this ; it bade me tell,
 But if thou wilt not, thou art mark'd for hell.
 For hell, no marry I : take keys and state,
 I will not buy wealth at so dear a rate.
 If thou, my pretty Satyr, couldst reclaim
 A Miser thus, I'd thank thee for the same.
 But all too long I have enforc'd thee stay,
 Vice calleth thee, and Time draws me away."

To the Editor.

" DEAR SIR,

IN looking over the *RESTITUTA*, N^o
 XIV. p. 498, I observe that Bp. Hall's lines, beginning
 ' I dare confess,' &c. appear as if extracted from the
Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, whereas they are prefixed as
 commendatory verses to Sylvester, " Of his *Bartas*
Metaphrased." The query at the foot of p. 499 is
 solved, and the rhyme preserved in vulgar pronuncia-
 tion, by reading 'eyne' for 'eyes' in the text.

I transcribe for your insertion some Latin iambics,
 from the *L. L.* by the same episcopal pen.

*“ In Pontificium exprobrantem nobis sextum Novembris.**

O invidorum quisquis es, ROMULI nepos,
 Qui fata nobis exprobras *Novembrium*,
 Crudelis audi : nunquid autumas scelus
 Illud nefandum, sulphureum, igneum, malo
 Oblitterari posse succedaneo ?
 Ocellus orbis HENRICUS* quoquo die
 Novo beârit spiritu cœli domos,
 Infame vestri nomen ausi perpetim
 Ad execrantes transvolabit posteros ;
 Tantoque deinceps atriore calculo
 Signabitur, quantò *ultimum HENRICI diem*
 Attingit usque propiùs. Unius docet
 Jactura (quamvis numinis dempti manu)
 Quantum luisset orbis, uno vulnere
 Si tota magni stirps JACOBI regia
 Tulisset unum funus à vestro DITE.

Indignabundus effutii,

JOS. HALL.”

At N° XV. p. 44, l. 20, for ‘Crude’ read ‘Crux.’

At p. 51. J. G. Cooper wrote more than the life of Socrates. I have seen somewhere a pamphlet or two by that author.

At 53. Waring wrote not only an Algebra, but Fluxions, a volume of great depth and acuteness ; beside two or three scarce tracts (in my possession) upon his election to the Professorship of Mathematics at

* Prince Henry died, Nov. 6. 1612 ; and the Papists affected to regard this event, and the proximity of its date to the anniversary of the gunpowder-plot, as avenging the slanders of the Protestants, who, according to their statement, had fabricated the whole story of that conspiracy.

Cambridge, in controversy with Dr. Powell, the learned Master of St. John's College, and an unpublished and very rare volume, entitled '*An Essay on the Principles of Human Knowledge.*' Cambridge, 1794.

F. W."

David's { *Hainous Sinne,
Heartie Repentance,
Heavie Punishment,*

Exodus xxxv. 23.

And every man with whom was found goate's haire, and red skins of rammes, and badgers' skins, brought them [to the building of the tabernacle.]

Ad Zoilum.

*Thy laies thou utt'rest not, yet carpest mine :
Carpe mine no longer, or else utter thine.*

By Thomas Fuller, Master of Arts, of Sidnye Colledge in Cambridge.

London, printed by Tho. Cotes, for John Bellamie, dwelling at the three golden Lyons in Cornehill, 1631.

Small 8vo. 40 leaves.



THIS title is followed by a metrical dedication

"To the honorable Mr. Edward, Mr. Willicm, and Mr. Christopher Montagu, sonnes to the right honorable Edward Lord Montagu of Boughton.

*Faire branches of a stock as faire,
Each a sonne, and each an heire :*

Two, Joseph-like, from sire to sage,
 Sprung in autumnne of his age ;
 But a Benjamin the other,
 Gain'd with losing of his mother.
 This fruit of some spare hours, I spent,
 To your Honours I present.

A king I for my subject have,
 And noble patrons well may crave :
 Things tripartite are fit for three,
 With youth things youthful best agree :
 Take then therefore, in good part,
 Of him that ever prayeth in heart,
 That as in height ye waxe apace,
 Your soules may higher grow in grace.

Whilst you, father, (like the greene
 Eagle in his scutcheon seene,
 Which with bill his age doth cast,)
 May longer still and longer last,
 To see your virtues o're increase
 Your years, ere he departs in peace.
 Thus I, my booke, to make an end,
 To you ; and you to God commend.

Your Honours in all service,

THO. FULLER."

The poem is divided into three parts, according to its leading title: the first contains 47, the second 26, and the third 71 stanzas. I cite the exordium.

" How Zion's psalmist grievously offended,
 How Israel's harper did most foulely slide ;
 Yet how that psalmist penitent amended,
 And how that harper patient did abide

Deserved chastisement ; (so fitly stil'd)
Which wrath inflicted not, but love most mild,
Not for to hurt, but heale a wanton child.

How one by her owne brother was defiled ;
And how that brother by a brother slaine ;
And how a father by his sonne exiled,
And by a subject, how a soveraigne :
How peace procured after battels fierce ;
As Sol at length doth sullen cloudes dispierce,
My Muse intends the subject of her verse.

Great God of might ! whose power most soveraigne,
Depends of none, yet all of thee depend,
Time cannot measure, neither place containe,
Nor wit of man thy Being comprehend :
For whilst I thinke on Three, I am confin'd
To One, and when I One conceive in minde,
I am recal'd to Three, in One combin'd.

Thy helpe I crave, thy furtherance I aske,
My head, my heart, my hand, direct and guide,
That, whilst I undertake this weighty taske,
I from thy written lore start not aside :
Alas ! 'tis nothing, Lord, with thee to breake
The strong, 'tis nothing to support the weake,
To make men dumb, to make an infant speake."

¶



Poems by Hugh Crompton; the son of Bacchus and god-son of Apollo. Being a Fardle of Fancies, or a Medley of Musick, stewed in four Ounces of the Oyl of Epigrams.

Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ.

London, printed by E. C. for Tho. Alsop, at the two sugar-loaves, over against St. Antholin's Church, at the lower end of Watling-street, 1657.

Small 8vo.



THIS very scarce little volume is inscribed to the author's "well-affected, and no lesse respected friend and kinsman, Colonel Tho. Crompton."

It is divided into two parts: the first contains sixty-seven poems of an amatory complexion; the second consists of twenty-one epigrams. I subtract a specimen of each.

The Retreat.

" Tell me, Tyresias, was it thou
 Bewitch'd me into Cupid's bow?
 Why should I hold this deer in chace?
 Or wrack my fancy on her face?
 What hope is there to win the prize,
 That still refuses and denies?

With weary labours, night and day,
 Early and late, through clods and clay,
 In health and sicknesse, blisse and bale,
 I woo'd her—but 'twould not prevail.
 My time, my coyn, and spirits too,
 I spent; but yet all would not do.

I manacled each struggling thought,
 And my aspiring soul I brought
 Into subjection ; and did spill
 Full seas of tears to gain her will :
 All this I did and more ; but yet
 Her marble heart would not submit.

Therefore, I will decline the suit,
 And pluck up fancy by the root.
 I'll bid my straggling heart go home,
 And leave thee to the next that come.
 But may I perish for my pain,
 If ere I cringe to thee again.

Humility.

I' th' petty fourm this lady sits,
 Learns innocency more than wits ;
 Reads duty-lectures to her sons ;
 Bids her but go, and straight she runs.
 Poor, she at all times, and all places,
 Waits, servant-like, upon the Graces.
 She owns herself most vile and base ;
 Yet her descent's the royall race."

See an allusion to this miscellany, and part of the title cited in *Restituta*, vol. i. p. 281 ; where several extracts are given from the same author's "*Pierides, or Muses' Mount.*" 1658.



The Passionate Poet. With a Description of the Thracian Ismarus. By T. P.

Pallas habet plures spurios quàm genuinos pueros.

London, printed by Valentine Simmes, dwelling on Adling hill, at the signe of the white Swanne, 1601.

4to. 26 leaves.



THE author of this extremely rare, if not unique production, appears to be unrecorded in the annals of our poetic history. His name, which does not appear in the title of his work, is revealed in his dedicatory verses, which are thus inscribed.

" To the right honorable and my most vertuous Ladie, the Ladie Frauncis, Countesse of Kildare, T. P. wisheth all perseverance, with soule's happynes.

Thrice did we read what passion wrought at once ;

It pleas'd, displeas'd us, and it pleas'd againe.

Front-fallow'd Athens ministred in frownes,

Which Ismarus to comick did reclaime.

May she propugne those wronges, and onely those ;

But Thracian refuge do not we propose.

They weare not Athens' furrowes that offended,

And be she powerfull in her reprehension,

But want of worthiness to thee intended,

To thee, great Ladie ! life of my invention :

'Tis from thy favour, or severer sence,

We smyle, or take acquaintance with offence.

Vouchsafe, thou fairest of Elisae's trayne !

From beautie's element one gracious dymple,

Th' immensiveness whereof shall entertayne

And countenance the error of the symple.

If thou be pleas'd, then all are satisfide,

Or, be thou pleas'd, so frowne the world beside.

Your Ladyship's in all dutifull office,

THO. POWELL."

There is a laboured constraint in these lines which involves the writer's meaning in occasional obscurity; and this defect will be found to pervade his publication. It thus infuses itself in his prefatory address to the reader, as a portion of it will sufficiently display.

" It may be, some *rhetoricus prelector* holdes it enquirable for the title, as professing too much of affectation thereunto. Nor do I blame him, when conferring the importance thereof with our impotence, he deprehend not a reason in the very front, or first face of my booke. It shall suffice, for thy better satisfaction, I was most inward with mine owne defects; which I studied to preserve from severer exposition, as thus:—If any challenge me for dismembring a good history, which might better have been continued from the beginning; it was not I, but passion. If that my introduction be somewhat too prolix, in respect of the maine subject proposed: all this was of passion, that once enlargde, is hardly called in and restrained. If that in many of these plants, I observe no strict methode or time; I aunswer still, it was of passion."

The Ismarus (as many readers will not require to be told) was a mountain of Thrace, near the river Hebrus; and the Plants, which are above alluded to, and which the writer poetically introduces, as growing upon

it, are the vine, olive, myrtle, rose, tamarix, oak, bay, cypress, yew, pine, fig-tree, palm, poplar, and lotus. I extract that division, entitled "*The Bay*," as it contains allusions to some English names of celebrity.

“ Lawrel’s sinewes withered,
Sleeping Fame with worthies dead.

Was this that Ismarus, or this that tree
To whom the Lyrick tuned his minstrelsie?
Was this the price of vertue, and the breath
Which it suspir’d, amidst a sea of death,
The poet’s grace, Apolloe’s sometimes mynion?
To see the errour of this foole Opinion!
And shall the vilest spirit choose his seat,
Where to repose, for moysture and for heat:
The whil’st our generall soule shall animate
A saples trunck, and be incorporate
To abstract earth?—Such is erotick love,
Whose dotage still Opinion must approve.
Thou soule, which animat’st empiricie,
And mak’st her outside seeme sinceritie:
That with thy ignorance and strong conceipt
Maintain’st his life, and daily dost beget
More bastard-lawreats than the world implores;
Might all the world consist of theators.
Out on thee, foole! blind of thy impotence;
Thou dost admire but in a popular sense,
Esteeming more a *Pasquil*’s harsher lines,
Then *Iliad*’s worth, which *Chapman*’s hand refines.
What might perswade Opinion, but for thee,
The lyrick sung to such an outside tree;
Or poets glorie in their lawracie,
When lawrels have their veines shrunk up and drie?

And yet, perhaps, the seasons are inverted,
 Ours differs from the lawrels first inserted.
 This season yeelds more bayes then did the first,
 But all things near the end, grow near the worst.
 Witnes the withered bay that wants her juice :
 Be more of witnes they that are obtuse
 To penetrate, and call from monument
 The sleeping worth of such whose soules were spent,
 In honorable termes to terminate,
 And yeeld their memory with life to fate :
 Y* dutie rob'd, and bodyes yet impurg'd.
 O how accomodate might this be urg'd ;
 Once was there such, a *Sydney* ! It sufficeth
 That from the grave his onely name reviveth.
 So had this age a *Burrowes*. O, but he
 Sleepes with his fame in lasting lethargie !
Norris and *Morgan* sleepe, and still the while
 Our better lawreats studie to compile
 Something prospective, and observe the time :
 Heroes yet neglected in their shrine.
 And since it was denid me to assoile
 The times : I therefore studied to report
 Of what was past, unable ought to wage
 With the invention of this nymble age.
 May others make the eares evaporate,
 When they unmask the time's and world's estate :
 I will admire, yet never will insect :
 I am not prone but onely to reflect.
 I'll write unto the dead amongst the living,
 Take some peculiar theam, without corriving.
 Enable me, ye gods, as I pretend,
 When ye acquite, and give this passion end."

The following flowing lines close this scarce volume.

Baccharis Coronaria.

“ The toyled lims, and senses earst opprest,
 Do now advise securely where to rest.
 Under Baccharis go shade thee,
 Where no serpent shall invade thee ;
 Where the viper cannot live,
 Nothing envious may corrive.
 Strowe the carpet all about,
 With her flowers to keepe them out.
 Bind thy temples with the wreathes,
 Pleated in chiroticke leaves.
 Browes and eye-lids faine of rest,
 With the juice may they be sperst.
 Here repose ; for here, assure thee,
 Thou shalt sleepe, and sleepe securelie.
 Stand hope of mine confirm'd, and let me rest
 In castell guarded with a lionesse.”

A commendatory copy of verses, by J. P. to the author, precede the poem ; and eight Latin lines, by G. O. “ *Lectori de et poesi et poeta ogdoasticon.*” The former of these are by a relation of the poet, as the first stanza explains.

“ One is the streame that flowes in both our vaynes,
 Our name, our fortunes, blind of disproportion,
 And shall a kinsman's interest restraine ?
 Thy due forbids suspect such darke extortion.
 I'll straine myselfe to praise, and not exceed
 Th' abounded boundes of thy deserving meed.”



*I would and would not. London, printed by Tho. C.
for Tho. Bushell, 1614.*

4to. 22 leaves.



THIS brief title is followed by an address to the reader, signed B. N. the inverted initials probably of Nicholas Breton, to whom this poetical tract appears to have been attributed by Mr. Steevens, of Shakspearian fame. It is composed of a string of vacillating wishes and desires, to be every thing and to be nothing: there being such an equipoise of reasons for and against all extremes that the author's fancy suggested, as to leave him a pyrrhonist; until he arbitrates with himself to steer a middle course, and seek the golden mean. I proceed to select several stanzas, out of 174, which will afford no unfavourable specimen of a production, that is not unworthy the ingenuity, fertility, fluency, metrical ease, and moral force of Breton's commendable pen.

“ I would I were a man of greatest power,
That swaies a scepter on this world's great masse;
That I might sit on toppe of pleasure's tower,
And make my will my way, where ere I passe;
That Law might have her being from my breath,
My smile might be a life, my frowne a death.

And yet I would not; for then doe I feare
Envy or malice would betray my trust;

And some vile spirit, though against the haire,
 Would seeke to lay mine honor in the dust :
 Treason or murther would beset me so,
 I should not knowe who were my friend or foe.

No ; I doe rather wish the lowe estate,
 And be an honest man of meane degree ;
 Be lov'd for good, and give no cause of hate,
 And clime no higher than a hawthorne tree ;
 Pay every man his owne, give reason right,
 And worke all day, and take my rest at night.

For sure in courtes are worlds of costly cares,
 That comber reason, in his course of rest :
 Let me but learne how thrift both spends and spares,
 And make enough as good as any feast ;
 And fast and pray—my daies may have good end,
 And welcome all, that pleaseth God to send !

I would I were a player, and could act
 As many parts as came upon a stage ;
 And in my braine could make a full compact
 Of all that passeth betwixt youth and age ;
 That I might have five shares in every play,
 And let them laugh, that bear the bell away.

And yet I would not ; for then doe I feare,
 If I should gall some goos-cappe with my speech,
 That he would fret and fume, and chafe and sweare,
 As if some flea had bit him by the breech ;
 And in some passion, or strange agonie,
 Disturbe both mee, and all the companie.

I would I were a poet, and could write
 The passage of this paltry world in rime ;
 And talke of warres, and many a valiant fight,
 And how the captaines did to honour clime ;

Of wise and faire, of gracious, vertuous, kinde,
And of the bounty of a noble minde.

But speake but little of the life of love,
Because it is a thing so harde to finde :
And touch but little at the turtle-dove,
Seeing there are but fewe byrdes of that kinde :
And libell against lewde and wicked harts,
That on the earth do play the devill's parts.

And yet I would not ; for then would my braines
Be with a world of toyes intoxicate ;
And I should fall upon a thousand vaines
Of this and that, and well I know not what :
When some would say, that saw my frantick fittes,
Surely the poet is beside his wittes.

I would I were a man of warlike might,
And had the title of a general ;
To point the captaines every one their fight,
Where should the vanguard and the rereward fall :
Who should be leaders of the forlorne hope,
And who the entrance to the army ope.

And yet I would not ; for then I might see
How discontent might cause a mutinie,
Whereby the army might in danger be,
To be surprized by the enemy ;
Or by the loss of men, for honor's gaine,
To wound my conscience with a bloody paine.

No ; I had rather praise the course of peace,
And study how to helpe to holde the same ;
And how soone quarrels ill begun may cease,
And how to keepe accord in quiet frame :

That old and young may live contented so,
That to their graves may all in quiet goe.

I would I were an excellent Divine,
That had the Bible at my fingers' ends :
The world might heare out of this mouth of mine,
How God did make his enemies his friends :
I were so follow'de, as if none but I
Could plainely speake of true divinity.

And yet I would not ; for then, ten to one,
I should be call'd but a precisian,
Or formalist ; and might go preach alone
Unto my holy brother puritan,
And so be flouted for my zealous love,
In taking pains for other men's behove.

No ; I had rather read and understand
The rules of grace, that have the learned led
To know the power of the Almighty hand,
And with what foode the blessed flocke are fed ;
Rather than with a thund'ring and long praier
To leade into presumption or despaire.

To tell you truely what I wish to be,
And never would be other, if I could,
But in the comfort of the heaven's decree,
In soule and bodie that I ever should—
Though in the world, not to the world to live,
But to my God my service wholly give.

This would I be, and would none other be
But a religious servant 'of my God ;
And know there is none other God but He ;
And willingly to suffer mercy's rod ;

Joy in his grace, and live but in his love,
And seeke my blisse but in the heaven above.

And I would frame a kind of faithfull praier
For all estates within the state of grace ;
That carefull love might never know despaire,
No servile feare might faithfull love deface :
And this would I both day and night devise,
To make my humble spirit's exercise.

And I would read the rules of sacred life ;
Perswade the troubled soule to patience,
The husband care, and comfort to the wife,
To childe and servant due obedience,
Faith to the friend, and to the neighbour peace,
That love might live, and quarrels all may cease.

Pray for the health of all that are diseased,
Confession unto all that are convicted,
And patience unto all that are displeased,
And comfort unto all that are afflicted,
And mercy unto all that have offended,
And grace to all, that all may be amended.

Flatter not folly with an idle faith,
Nor let earth stand upon her owne desart ;
But shewe what wisdome in the Scripture saith,
The fruitfull hand doth shew the faithfull heart :
Believe the word, and thereto bend thy will,
And teach obedience for a blessed skill.

Chide sinners, as the father doth his childe,
And keepe them in the awe of loving feare ;
Make sin most hatefull, but in words be milde,
That humble patience may the better heare ;

And wounded conscience may receive reliefe,
When true repentance pleads the sinner's griefe.

Yet flatter not the foul delight of sinne,
But make it loathsome in the eie of love,
And seeke the heart with holy thoughts to winne
Unto the best way, to the soul's behove:
So teach, so live, that both in word and deede
The world may joy thy heavenly rules to reade.

Heale the infect of sinne with oile of Grace,
And wash the soule with true Contrition's teares;
And when Confession shews her heavy case,
Deliver Faith from all infernal feares,
That when high Justice threatens sin with death,
Mercy again may give Repentance breath.

Thus would I spend, in service of my God,
The ling'ring howres of these few daies of mine,
To shew how sin and death are overtrod,
But by the vertue of the power divine;
Our thoughts but vaine, our substance slime and dust,
And only Christ for our eternal trust!

This would I be; and say 'would not' no more,
But only—not be otherwise than this:
All in effect, but as I said before,
The life in that life's kingdome's love of His,
My glorious God, whose grace all comfort gives,
Than be on earth the greatest man that lives."

¶



*Divine Songs and Meditations. Composed by Anna
Collins, 1653.*

(Continued from p. 127.)



THE following stanzas are taken from a poem of considerable length, entitled "*The Discourse.*" It comprises an epitome of the author's religious creed : and then proceeds to state the grounds of her Christian faith.

" By faith in Christ much profit do we gain,
For thereby only are we justified ;
At peace with God, free from eternal pain ;
And thereby only are we sanctified :
Where faith is, by those fruits it may be tried :
True faith, being by fruits discovered,
A barren faith must needs be false and dead.

Now to be justified, is to be freed
From guilt, and punishment of sin likewise ;
To be accepted as for just indeed
With God, whose grace it is that justifies,
And not our works, as vainly some surmise.

* * * * *

The true believer's benefits are great,
Which they, by being justified, possess ;
For such shall stand before God's judgment-seat,
As worthy of eternal happiness,
E'en by the merits of Christ's righteousness ;
For of themselves they cannot merit ought,
Who are not able to think one good thought.

Then far from doing any work, whereby
 They might deserve salvation on their part ;
 For God, whose only perfect purity
 Will finde in our best works no true desert,
 But rather, matter of an endless smart :
 And in Christ's blood the saints which are most dear
 Must wash their robes, before they can be clear.

Like as a child new-born, without defect,
 A perfect man he may be said to be ;
 Because his body's perfect, in respect
 Of parts, though not in stature or degree
 Of growth, until of perfect age he be :
 So have the faithful, imperfections some,
 Till to a perfect age in Christ they come.

But there are divers measures or degrees
 Of saving faith—the least whereof is this—
 When he that hath a humble spirit, sees
 He cannot feel (his faith so little is)
 As yet the full assurance, inward bliss,
 Of the forgiveness of his sins so free ;
 Yet pardonable findeth them to be,

And therefore pray'th they may be pardoned ;
 And with his heart the same of God requires ;
 Recalls himself, as formerly misled,
 Giving no rest unto his large desires ;
 His soul it faints not, nor his spirit tires ;
 Although he be delay'd, yet still he prays,
 On God he waits, and for an answer stays.

That such a man hath faith it doth appear,
 For these desires do plainly testify
 He hath the Spirit of his Saviour dear ;
 For 'tis his special work, or property,
 To stir up longings after purity.

Now where his Spirit is, there Christ resides,
And where Christ dwells, true faith (though weak) abides."

One of her spiritual songs is written in this very novel and pleasing lyric strain.

" Having restrained discontent,
The only foe to health and wit ;
I sought by all means to prevent
The causes, which did nourish it :
Knowing, that they who are judicious,
Have always held it most pernicious.

Looking to outward things, I found
Not that which sorrow might abate ;
But rather cause them to abound,
Than any grief to mitigate :
Which made me seek, by supplication,
Internal peace and consolation.

Calling to mind their wretchedness
That seem to be in happy case,
Having external happiness,
But therewithal no inward grace :
Nor are their minds with knowledge polish'd,
In such all virtues are abolish'd.

For where the mind's obscure and dark,
There is no virtue resident ;
Of goodness there remains no spark ;
Distrustfulness doth there frequent :
For ignorance, the cause of error,
May also be the cause of terror.

As do the sun-beams beautify
The sky, which else doth dim appear ;

So knowledge doth exquisitely
 The mind adorn, delight, and clear ;
 Which otherwise is most obscure,
 Full of enormities impure.

So that their souls polluted are,
 Who live in blockish ignorance ;
 Which doth their miseries declare,
 And argues plainly, that their wants
 More hurtful are than outward crosses,
 Infirmities, reproach, or losses.

Where saving knowledge doth abide,
 There peace of conscience also dwells,
 And many virtues more beside,
 Which all absurdities expels ;
 And fills the soul with joy celestial,
 That she regards not things terrestrial.

Sith then the graces of the mind
 Exceed all outward happiness,
 What sweet contentment do they find,
 Who are admitted to possess
 Such matchless pearls, so we may call ;
 For precious is the least of all."

The following instance occurs of a metre so singular, that it has the semblance of being composed to some known tune. It is taken from a song, "shewing the mercies of God to his people, by interlacing cordial comforts with fatherly chastisements."

"As in the time of winter
 The earth doth fruitless and barren lie,
 Till the sun his course doth run
 Through Aries, Taurus, Gemini :

Then he repairs what cold did decay,
 Drawing superfluous moistures away ;
 And by his lustre, together with showers,
 The earth becomes fruitful, and pleasant with flowers,
 That what in winter seemed dead,
 There by the sun is life discovered.

So though that in the winter
 Of sharpe afflictions, fruits seem to die ;
 And for that space, the life of grace
 Remaineth in the root only :
 Yet when the Sun of Righteousness clear
 Shall make summer with us, our spirits to cheer,
 Warming our hearts with the sense of his favour,
 Then must our flowers of piety savour :
 And then the fruits of righteousness
 We to the glory of God must express."

I close my extracts from this extremely rare volume with a stanza, which affords an edifying declaration, that a Christian can find true love only where true grace is.

" No knot of friendship long can hold,
 Save that which grace hath tied ;
 For other causes prove but cold,
 When their effects are tried.
 For God, who loveth unity,
 Doth cause the only union
 Which makes them of one family,
 Of one mind and communion."



***Poetical Fragments: Heart-Employment with God and
Itself: the concordant Discord of a broken-healed
Heart; sorrowing-rejoicing, fearing-hoping, dying-
living. Written partly for Himself, and partly for
near Friends, in Sickness and other deep Affliction.***

By Richard Baxter.

***Ephes. v. 19. Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and
spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your hearts to the
Lord.***

***2 Corinth. v. 4. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being
burdened.***

Lata ferè latus cecini :. cano tristia tristis.

Published for the use of the Afflicted.

***London, printed by T. Snowden for B. Simmons, at the
three golden cocks at the west end of St. Paul's, 1681.***

Small 8vo. pp. 150.



**THE much distinguished author of this pious pro-
duction (whom Wood, in despite of his intolerant
prejudices, styles "a most learned and eminent non-
conformist,") thus introduces it in an epistle to the
reader:**

**"These poetical fragments (except three heretofore printed)
were so far from being intended for the press, that they were
not allowed the sight of many private friends, nor thought
worthy of it. Only had I had time and heart to have finished**

the first; which itself, according to the matter and designed method, would have made a volume far bigger than all this; (being intended as a thankful, historical commemoration of all the notable passages of my life,) I should have published it as the most self-pleasing part of my writings. But as they were mostly written in various passions, so passion hath now thrust them out into the world. God having taken away the dear Companion of the last nineteen years of my life; as her sorrows and sufferings long ago gave being to some of these poems, for reasons which the world is not concerned to know; so my grief for her removal, and the revived sense of former things, have prevailed with me to be passionate in the open sight of all."

After two paragraphs on the utility of awakening the sleepiness of Reason by the exciting impulse of Passion, he thus proceeds to state his own modest pretensions to poetical reputation.

"I will do my wise friends (whose counsel I have much followed) that right, as to acquit them from all the guilt of the publication of these Fragments. Some of them say—that such work is below me: and those that I think speak wiselier, say—I am below such work. These I unfeignedly believe. I have long thought that a painter, a musician, and a poet, are contemptible, if they be not excellent: and that I am not excellent, I am satisfied. But I am more patient of contempt than many are. Common painters serve for poor men's work: and a fidler may serve at a country-wedding. Such cannot aspire to the attainments of the higher sort; and the vulgar are the greater number."

The following extract from this prefatory address comprises an interesting notice of several contemporary writers.

“ These times have produced many excellent poets : among whom for strength of wit, Dr. [Mr.] *Abraham Cooley* [Cowley] justly bears the bell. I much value Mr. *Woodford's* paraphrase on the Psalms ; though his genius, or somewhat else, expounds some psalms so, as the next age will confute. A woman's poems, the lady *Katherine Philips*, are far above contempt : but that is best to me, which is most holy.

I have known good men, that were skilled in musick, and much delighted in it ; and yet had a conceit that it was unlawful in a psalm, or holy exercise. I so much differed from them, that I scarce cared for it any where else : and if it might not be holily used, it should never have been used by me.

Honest *George Withers*, though a rustick poet, hath been very acceptable ; as to some for his prophecies, so to others for his plain country-honesty. The vulgar were the more pleased with him for being so little courtly as to say—

‘ If I might have been hung, I knew not how
To teach my body how to cringe and bow,
And to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
As if I meant to steal away his garters.
When any bow'd to me, with congees trim,
All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.
Bless me ! thought I, what will this coxcomb do ?
When I perceiv'd one reaching at my shoe.’

Quarles yet out-went him : mixing competent wit with piety : especially in his poem against ‘ Rest on earth.’

Silvester, on *Du Bartas*, seems to me to out-go them both.

Sir Fulk Grevil, *Lord Brook*, a man of great note in his age, hath a poem lately* printed for subject's liberty, which I greatly wonder this age would bear. There are no books that have been printed these twenty years, that I more wonder at that ever they were endured, than *Richard Hooker's* eight books of Ecclesiastical Polity, dedicated by bishop Gauden to our

* In 1670.

present King, and vindicated by him, and these poems of Sir Fulk Grevill, Lord Brook.

Davies' Nosce Teipsum is an excellent poem, in opening the nature, faculties, and certain immortality of man's soul.

But I must confess, after all, that next the scripture poems, there are none so savoury to me, as Mr. *George Herbert's* and Mr. *George Sandys's*. I know that *Gowley* and others far excel *Herbert* in wit and accurate composure; but as Seneca takes with me above all his contemporaries, because he speaketh things by words, feelingly and seriously, like a man that is past jest; so *Herbert* speaks to God like one that really believeth a God, and whose business in the world is most with God. Heart-work and heaven-work make up his books: and *Du Bartas* is seriously divine: and *George Sandys*

Omne tulit punctum, dum miscuit utile dulci.

His scripture poems are an elegant and excellent paraphrase; but especially his *Job*, whom he hath restored to the original glory. O that he had turned the Psalms into metre fitted to the usual tunes! It did me good, when Mrs. Wyat invited me to see Bexley-abbey in Kent, to see upon the old stone wall in the garden a summer-house with this inscription in great golden letters, that 'In *that* place Mr. G. Sandys, after his travels over the world, retired himself for his poetry and contemplations.' And none are fitter to retire to God than such as are tired with seeing all the vanities on earth.

Sure there is somewhat of heaven in holy poetry! It charmeth souls into loving harmony and concord. We have two brothers in this city, of whom one hath written a book, called 'A friendly Debate:' to make those seem odious, or contemptible, who were against his way. It had too much success: and so far destroyed love and concord, as will not easily be recovered in this age. His brother (Mr. Patricke of the Charter-house) hath with pious skill and seriousness turned

into a new metre many of David's Psalms : and the advantage for holy affections and harmony hath so far reconciled the non-conformists, that divers of them use his psalms in their congregations, though they have the old ones, Rouse's, Bishop King's, Mr. White's, the New England's, Davison's, the Scots (agreed on by two nations) in competition with it. But I digress too far."

The principal poem bears for its title—

Love breathing thanks and praise. An initial fragment of an intended thanksgiving of the Author, for all the miseries of his Life, historically repeated; but broken off at the war, 1642; of his age 27.

This metrical memoir is less biographical than intellectual and spiritual in its retrospect; though it partakes of all in some degree, as the following extracts may contribute to show.

“ My parents here thy skilful hand did plant,
Free from the snares of riches and of want.
Their tender care was us'd for me alone,
Because thy Providence gave them but one.
Their early precepts so possess my heart,
That, taking root, they did not thence depart.
Thy wisdom so contriv'd my education,
As might expose me to the least temptation.
Much of that guilt thy mercy did prevent,
In which my spring-time I should else have spent.

Yet sin sprung up, and early did appear
In love of play, and lyes produc'd by fear :
An appetite pleas'd with forbidden fruit ;
A proud delight in literate repute ;
Excess of pleasure in vain tales, romances ;
Time spent in feigned histories and fancies,

In idle talk, conform to company ;
 Childhood and youth had too much vanity.
 Conscience was oft resisted, when it checkt ;
 And holy duty I did much neglect.

Yet patience bore ; thy Spirit still did strive :
 Restless convictions still were kept alive.
 Thou wouldst not give me over, till thy grace
 Reviv'd the image which sin did deface.
 Thou strangely put'st such books into my hand,
 As caused me my case to understand ;
 As toucht my conscience, wakened my heart,
 And laid it under careful fears and smart :
 And made me question with a deeper sense,
 Whither my soul must go, when it goes hence ?

Yet after this, how oft did I transgress
 By light discourse, and wanton playfulness :
 Eating to fulness : yea, e'en cards and dice
 Began my mind with pleasure to entice.
 Sin most ensnar'd by pleading lawfulness,
 Though conscience often did the sin confess :
 That wounded deepest, which, by seeming small,
 Drew me to venture and resist thy call.

Let all, that would not be undone by sin,
 Fly the occasions where it doth begin.
 At first it's safe and pleasant to resist,
 But O how doleful is it to persist !
 Flattering the sense, it seems, to be a friend ;
 But it proves pain and poison in the end.

Few to maturity of knowledge grow,
 Who think they know, before indeed they know.
 Thou didst improve the thirsty love of truth
 Which thou hadst given me even in my youth :
 My labours thou mad'st easie by delight ;
 Each day's success did to the next invite.

But O the happy method of thy grace,
 Which gave my own salvation the first place !
 What gain or pleasure would my knowledge be,
 If I the face of God must never see ?
 Or what, if I could fool away my time
 In smooth and well-composed idle rhyme ?
 Or, dreaming, lover's fancies could rehearse
 In the most lofty and adorned verse ?
 While my unholy soul, in fleshly thrall,
 Should be lamenting its own funeral ?

O that my time had all been better spent !
 And that my early thoughts had all been bent
 In preparation for the life to come ;
 That I might now have gone as to my home,
 And taken up my dwelling with the blest ;
 And past to everlasting joy and rest !"

This well written fragment is divided into three parts, and concludes with the following ingenuous memorandum :

Cætera desunt, præsent, adsunt.

" I purposed to have recited the most notable mercies of my life, in continuing this hymn of thanksgiving to my gracious God : but the quality of the subject, and the age's impatience stopt me here, and I could go no further ; and my painful and spiritless age is now unfit for poetry : and the matter is so large, as would have made the volume big."

I subjoin one specimen from the volume, which has considerable ingenuity and value, as a religious allegory.

The Return.

“ Who was it that I left behind,
 When I went last from home ?
 That now I all disorder'd find,
 When to myself I come.

I thought I had the door fast lockt
 When I went last away :
 And long might strangers there have knockt,
 If none had found my key.

When I was here, the fire did burn,
 That now is almost out :
 Half dead with cold, I sit and mourn,
 Perplext with many a doubt.

I left it light, but now all's dark,
 And I am fain to grope ;
 Were it not for one little spark,
 I should be out of hope.

The rooms I carefully did sweep,
 But now I find all foul :
 Serpents do crawl, and vermine creep
 In my polluted soul.

My Gospel-book I open left,
 Where I the promise saw :
 But now I doubt it's lost by theft,
 I find none but the Law.

And when my soul I had undrest,
 And thought some ease to find ;
 found distress instead of rest,
 Through anguish of my mind.

For thorns were put into my bed,
 Where I was wont to sleep :
 Grief is the pillow for my head,
 On which I lie and weep.

And if I slumber, up I start,
 My dreams awake my fears :
 The thorns have pierced head and heart,
 And drawn forth more than tears.

The stormy rain an entrance hath
 Through the uncover'd top :
 How should I rest, when showers of wrath
 Upon my conscience drop ?

My goods I fear are gone to waste,
 The best I cannot find ;
 The rest are in disorder cast,
 Which yet are left behind.

I lock'd my jewel in my chest ;
 I'll search lest that be gone :
 If this one guest had quit my breast,
 I had been quite undone.

I know it's sin that did all this ;
 For nothing else could do it :
 I'll charge upon it all I miss,
 And with the law pursue it.

My treacherous flesh hath play'd its part,
 And open'd sin the door :
 And they have spoil'd and rob'd my heart,
 And left it sad and poor.

How shall I see my landlord's face ?
 How shall I pay his rent ?

When I have thus abus'd his grace,
And have his treasure spent ?

Yet have I *one* great trusty friend
That will procure my peace ;
And all this loss and ruin mend,
And purchase my release.

When I the prodigal had play'd,
And all my portion spent ;
He told me he my debts had paid,
And bade me but *repent*.

Yea, *this* by his supply was done,
Whose covenant bade me do it ;
Because I had not, of my own,
So much as would serve to it.

And after this, when my false heart
Forgot my dearest Lord ;
He did perform a Saviour's part,
And still my soul restor'd.

I fear'd, lest as but once he dy'd,
He would but once forgive :
But still, when in distress I try'd,
He did my soul relieve.

Still when he took me by the hand,
My Father on me smil'd :
Oft have I broken his command,
And yet he call'd me child.

I know his power ; and for his love,
It spoke by pains and blood :
Largely doth he his kindness prove,
And make his promise good.

Therefore, I'll never more despair,
 Nor take myself for lost :
 For he will all my loss repair,
 Though at the dearest cost.

Yea more, I have his hand to show,
 That when my lease is out,
 A kingdom he'll on me bestow :
 He chides me, if I doubt.

Once more I mean to sweep all clean,
 And cast out filthy sin ;
 And Christ again I'll entertain,
 And wait on him within.

I'll mend the roof ; I'll watch the door,
 And better keep the key :
 I'll trust my treacherous flesh no more,
 But force it to obey.

I'll make a cov'nant with my eyes ;
 My tongue shall know its law :
 I'll all the baits of sin despise,
 And keep my heart in awe.

What have I said—that I'll do this,
 That am so false and weak :
 And have so often done amiss,
 And did my cov'nants break ?

I mean, Lord, all this shall be done,
 If Thou my heart wilt raise !
 And as the work must be thine own,
 So also shall the praise."



Remains after Death: including by way of introduction divers memorable obseruances, occasioned upon discourse of Epitaphs and Epycedes; their distinction and definition seconded by approved authors.

Annexed there be divers select Epitaphs, and Hearce-attending Epods, worthy our obseruation: The one decribing what they were which now are not: The other comparing such as now are with those that were.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.

By Richard Brathwayte, Gent.

Imprinted at London by John Beale, 1618.

sm. 8vo.



“ To the Reader.

“ IT may be objected, Reader, that small is the concurrence, less the coherence in the titles of these two subjects, pleasantly concluding that it were pity Death should so soon seize on a good wife by the course of nature, as she is had here in pursuit by Death's remainder. But this objection may be answered by a twofold solution: First, the printer's importunacy, whose desire was in regard of the brevity of the former part, to have it by the annexion of some other proper subject enlarged; to whose reasonable demand I equally condescended: Secondly, the subject's propriety; which, howsoever by the judgment of the critic censurer traduced, (the pitch of whose knowledge aims rather at taxing than teaching) concurs as well with the precedent title, as man with mortality, time with mutability, life with death. And as the more virtuous the

nearer oft-times their dissolution, which no doubt proceeds from God's mercy, that they might have of him a fuller contemplation ; so we commonly see the best wives limited to the shortest times, approved by that maxim :

“ For this each day's experience seems to show,
Ill wives live longer far than good ones do.”

Let this suffice : if not, let the subject itself slight his censure, whose singularity makes of each thing an error.

MUSOPHILUS.



EXTRACT.

A Description of Death.

Death is a raw-bon'd shrimp, nor low nor high,
Yet has he power to make the highest low ;
The summon master of mortality,
The poor man's wished friend, the rich man's foe,
The last remains of time's anatomy,
A thief in pace, in pace more sure than slow ;
A sleep, a dream, whence we are said to have
In sleep a death, and in our bed a grave.

One who, howe'er we seem to have the power
To leave our states, wherein we oft-times err,
To such an one as sole executor ;
Spite of our nose plays executioner ;
And as the lean kine did the fat devour,
So does this meagre slave the mightier ;
Nor can we, if we should be choaked for't,
Remove Death's action to another court.

Arts tho' he know, yet he professeth none,
 For little has he, and as little needs ;
 Yet has he tricks to catch the oldest one,
 That on this earthly globe or centre treads ;
 Nor will he leave him till his breath be gone :
 Cheering the worms that on his body feeds :
 Thus fierceless he, as he has ever been,
 Makes his stroke to be felt not to be seen.

His sign's in Sagitary, and the butt
 He shoots at is man's heart. He ever fits
 The shafts he shoots to th' quiver they are put.
 Won is he not to be by threats, intreats,
 Price, power, or prayer : at whate'er he shoot,
 Or aims to hit, he never fails but hits ; &c. &c.

[The Editor omits the following stanza, because he cannot understand it in the copy sent him ; and therefore supposes some mistake in the transcript, the original being not at hand to compare it with. It seems to contain a ridiculous comparison between the figure and habit of Death, and that of an Irishman.]

Death is worms-caterer, who, when he comes,
 Will have provision, tho' he market starve.
 He will be serv'd before the mighty ones,
 And knows before where he intends to carve.
 It's he awakes the sin belulled drones,
 And cuts them short, as rightly they deserve :
 It's he that all things to subjection brings,
 And plays at foot-ball with the crowns of kings.

Two empty lodges has he in his head,
 Which had two lights, but now his eyes be gone ;

Cheeks had he once, but they be hollowed ;
 Beauty he had, but now appears there none ;
 For all those moving parts be vanished :
 Presenting horror if but look'd upon.
 His colour sable, and his visage grim,
 With ghastly looks that still attend on him.

Fleshy he was, but it is pick'd away,
 Belike, for that he has so much to do ;
 If cloth'd with flesh, he should be forc'd to stay,
 And shew, perchance, too much of mercy to
 To some young wench, who on the holy day
 Might force him love, if she could tell him how ;
 Which to prevent, and better to restrain him,
 He goes so ugly none should entertain him.

Yet entertain'd he will ; for though he be
 Contemn'd by th' perfum'd courtesan, whose form
 Seems coy to give him hospitality ;
 Yet when he come, he'll not one hour adjourn
 To give her summons of mortality ;
 Converting that same beauty, did adorne
 Her composition, to corrupted earth,
 Whence she deriv'd both period and birth.

Snail-like he comes on us, with creeping pace,
 And takes us napping when we least think on him :
 In's hand an hour-glass, which infers our race
 Is near an end ; and tho' we strive to shun him,
 He moves when we move ; and that very place
 Whereto we fly, and think we have out-run him,
 There he appears, and tells us it's not good
 To strive 'gainst that which cannot be withstood.

If we shed tears, they're bootless, for his eyes
 Instead of sight are moulded up with clay:

If we essay to pierce his ears with cries,
 Vain is our labour, fruitless our essay ;
 For his remorseless ear all motions flies ;
 Nor will he give the prince a longer day.
 His payment must be present, and his doom,
 “ Return to earth, thy cradle and thy tomb.”

Nor is his summons only when we're old ;
 For age and youth he equally attends :
 Nor can we say that we have firmer hold
 In youth than age, or further from our ends
 Save that we are by nature's verdict told,
 With length of years our hope of life extends.
 Thus young or old, if Death approach and say,
 “ Earth unto earth,” he must perforce obey.

A breath-bereaving breath, a fading shade,
 Ever in motion, so as it appears
 He comes to tell us whereto we were made,
 And like a friend to rid us of our fears ;
 So as if his approach were rightly weigh'd,
 He should be welcom'd more with joys than tears ;
 Joy to dissolve to earth from whence we came,
 That after death joy might receive the same.

Naked his scalp ; thrill-open is his nose ;
 His mouth from ear to ear ; his earthy breath
 Corrupt and noisome, which makes me suppose
 Some mouldy cell's the maner house of death :
 His shapeless legs bend backward when he goes ;
 His rake-lean body shrinking underneath ;
 Feeble he seems, 'reft both of heart and power,
 Yet dare he beard the mightiest emperor.

None he consorteth with save worms, and men
 Prepar'd for worms' meat, tho' he make resort

To country, city, village, now and then :
 Yea, where he's seldom welcome, to the court ;
 There will he enter, and will summon them ;
 And go they must, tho' they be sorry for't.
 Thus country, city, village, court, and all,
 Must their appearance make when Death doth call.

Chop-fal'n, crest-sunk, dry-bon'd anatomy,
 Earth-turn'd, mole-ey'd, flesh-hook, that pulls us hence ;
 Night-crow, fate's-doom, that tells us we must die ;
 Pilgrim-remover, that deprives us sense ;
 Life's-date, soul's-gate, that leads from misery ;
 Man's sharp'st assault, admitting no defence ;
 Time's exit, or our intrat to that clime,
 Where there's no time, nor period of time.

Nor stands he much upon our dangerous year ;
 All are alike to him ; yea, oft we see,
 When we are most secure, then he's most near,
 Where th' year climacteric is his Jubilee :
 For as he can transpose him every where,
 East, west, north, south, with all facility,
 So can he come, so cunning is his stealth,
 And take us hence when we are best in health.

Since Death is thus describ'd (for this he is)
 Be still prepar'd, lest unprepar'd he come,
 And hale you hence for spending time amiss ;
 (For death is sin's reward, transgression's doom)
 So when thou diest, thou shalt be sure of this,
 To have access unto the marriage room ;
 And for thy tomb, instead of ivory,
 Marble, or brass, shall virtue cover thee.

*Epitaphs upon sudden and premature deaths: occasioned upon
some occurrents lately and unhappily arising.*

Who walks this way? What, Charity, is't thou?
I need not fear thy doom: for thou'lt allow
This axiom for undoubted: once we must
Return unto our mother earth; and dust,
Our first creation, challengeth the same;
Being the mould from whence our bodies came.
If Envy pass this way, and judge amiss,
I rest secure, whate'er her censure is.
Faith is my anchor, comfort is my shield,
How should I doubt then but to win the field!
For this is true, as I have oft-times heard,
No death is sudden to a mind prepar'd.
My hope being thus erected, Envy, cease
To wrong his soul that has assured peace.



Another Epitaph upon the same subject.

Thou look'st upon my tomb, and wagg'st thy head,
And with remorseful tears weep'st o'er me dead,
As if past hope: thou seem'st to be my friend,
In that thou griev'st at my untimely end.
Untimely dost thou call it? True: report
Brutes my repentance was but very short,
Because cut off. I grant it; for the space
It was but short, yet was the course of grace
Abundant; which confirms my pilgrim's wish,
“Where man's prepar'd, there no death sudden is.



An Epitaph of the same.

Hopeless thou weep'st, and com'st unto my tomb,
Descanting on my death, with, oh, too soon

Died this poor wretch. I pray thee, cease to weep,
 I am not dead, but only fall'n asleep :
 A blessed sleep, secure from Envy's sting ;
 Flying from earth to heaven with airy wing.
 Should'st thou then doubt my end ? O do not doubt ;
 My virgin-lamp is in, 't shall ne'er go out.
 Thou say'st I died too soon ; thou say'st amiss :
 Can any die too soon to live in bliss ?
 Wipe then thy tears, I know thou wish me well.
 Heaven is my mansion, earth I took for hell ;
 And that was 'cause I went so soon from thence,
 To plant in heaven my eternal residence :
 For men (how short their end) are never tried,
 " But how they learn'd to die before they died."

EXTRACT FROM BRATHWAYTE'S STRAPPADO FOR
 THE DEVIL, p. 68.

An Epigram upon the Anagram dedicated to the Mirror of true excellency, his much admired (though unacquainted) friend, Don Moriano Dell Castello, to whom the Author wishes many cheerful days, delightful nights with his late espoused Mistress, whose unparaell'd Virtues he hath presumed to illustrate in these his unpolished, yet affectionate, Poems.

" *Morios Augustus*, thou great man of sense,
 That art enstil'd with best of excellence.
 To thee I write : yet do I not know how
 T' express thy worth, or with apparent show
 Of thy demerits, blaze thee as thou should.
 Yet know, brave northern spirit, that I would
 Do full as much as any, if my art
 Were but of equal value with my heart.
 For thou art he, amongst all other men,
 That gives a subject to the freest pen,

And canst define true honour by degree,
 Drawn from the best, yet instanced in thee.
 Mount thee, resolved Hero, that thy fame,
 May be a wreath to *Moriano's* name :
 Shine bright, like *Eos*, with his beamy face,
 Whose precious mantle, fring'd with some gold lace,
 Made all the passengers admire his worth,
 Descending from heaven's court, to lighten earth.
 I know thou canst do this, for I have seen,
 E'en in a place where many more have been,
 And have observ'd thee, galloping thy round,
 Making low congees, till thou kiss the ground
 With lip of thy humility, and then
 Putting thy foot in stirrup once again,
 Mounted thy barbed steed, then with thy hand
 Stroking thy horse's crest to make him stand.
 Who, proud of 's burden, frolick'd in his stay,
 And with a neighing stomach trac'd the way.
 Fair fall thee, formal Gallant, that hast force
 To tame the courage of the head-strong horse ;
 Displaying resolution in thy eye,
 Courtship in cloaths, in speech propriety :
 In gesture admiration, in thy look
 An orb of fashions, or a table book
 Of new-invented features in thy form,
 Such exquisite perfections as adorn
 Nature's best mirror. O, but that I doubt,
 By speaking of thy worth, I shall be out.
 I could epitomize each special thing,
 Thy birth, thy worth, thy wooing, sonneting.
 Yet for thy love-sake, whatsoe'er befall,
 I will speak something, tho' I speak not all.
 'Mongst which my Muse records that am'rous sonnet,
 Which, who will not admire, that looks upon it ?

Writ to that fair *Alicia*, now behight,
 The chaste-vow'd wife unto an honor'd Knight :
 Where with love's passions, thou so well didst shew it,
 That none could think thee lesser than a poet.
 Apt in thy words, in thy dimensions rare,
 Thy figures proper, and thy motions fair ;
 Art could not shew, or ever yet bring forth
 So far-fetch'd strains invented so far north.
 Now of her beauty wouldst thou comment make,
 And vow to take strange labours for her sake :
 Then to induce her love, by means most fit,
 Thou wouldst commend the promptness of her wit ;
 Protesting by the airy power above,
 (As who e'er lov'd, would not protest they love ?)
 No speech e'er Pallas spake merits more praise
 Than what thy Mistress, dear *Alicia*, says.
 Then wouldst thou descant of her ruby lip,
 Tho' thou hadst never luck to taste of it.
 Then of her pure complexion, which did praise
 Itself, not as complexions now-a-days.
 Then of her lovely qualities, which might be
 Stiled the echoes of heaven's harmony.
 Then of her virtues so divine, so rare,
 As they surpass'd the rest above compare.
 All this thou didst to shew her eminence,
 More grac'd by thee being stil'd *his Excellence* ;
 And fair thy love had ended as begun,
 If that a web had not thy love's web spun.
 Great Northern Atlas, what can I say more,
 Than of thy merits hath been said before,
 At least observ'd ? For many men do see,
 And know it well, I write but truth of thee.
 O that time's records should be so pourtray'd
 In leaves of brass, that was done or said

In ancient ages, should so well display
 Their full events, as done but 'tother day !
 Whilst thy renown, great Mirror of the North !
 Shown in our time, wants one to set it forth :
 Whereas, it's no less' glory to a crown
 To have authors, than have actors of renown.
 Yet shall not virtue so obscured be,
 Nor those accomplish'd parts appear in thee,
 Lie rak'd in ashes : No ; great *Morio's* heir,
 Thou shalt not live as tho' there nothing were
 Worthy posterity. It's I will write,
 Tho' far unfitting for so great a light :
 My best of thee, that art the best of man,
He does not ill that does the best he can.
 Accept it, needs thou must, howe'er 't be done,
 Being thy father's god-son, thou his son.
 But of all virtues that attend on thee,
 There's none that equals thy humility :
 Yet so as thou art generous with all,
 A stile that does adorn thee most of all.
 Unto thy humble spirit annex'd there is
 Another sovereign virtue, patience,
 Or the enduring of an injury ;
 Which of all others is observ'd in thee.
 Thou wilt not snuff if one correct thee ; no,
 Nor hardly ask him why he wrong'd thee so.
 Thou wilt not answer to thine own disgrace,
 Nor tax the man that *terdefies* thy face.
 Thou wilt not grieve for every light offence,
Fear is thy guide, thy shield is patience.
 Thou like a Christian walk'st, God-wot, in fear,
 And being box'd, wilt turn the other ear.
 Thou art God's man, and whatsoe'er men say,
 He is the best man at the latter day.

Thou art no blust'ring boy that walk'st the street,
 And binds a quarrel with whosoe'er he meet.
 Thou art no haxter, that by nature's given
 'To rage on earth, but ne'er to reign in heaven.
 In brief, thou art the man that God will chuse,
 Wearing a blade for fashion more than use :
 Nor do I flatter thee, for ne'er was I
 Servile to any man : but if my eye,
 Impartial in her knowledge, seem to show,
 What by observance other men do know,
 And have admir'd, pardon I need not crave,
 Since I express but what thy merits have
 Deserv'd : enough. Thy virtues are with best,
 And little need they to be more exprest,
 Than as they are. Go on, my honour'd friend,
 And as thou hast begun, so fairly end.
 Be fame thy herald, to blaze forth thy worth ;
 Make the *Morios* none such upon earth.
 Be as thou art, and more thou canst not be,
 Since best of being is included in thee.
 Be thou as he, to whom all may resort,
 Muses I mean, and coming than the fort.
 Be thou as Cæsar in the Capital,
 So thou of *Morio's* castle, centinel.
 Be, as thou art reported, great in wit,
 And so discreet as thou mayst manage it.
 Be, as thou art, founder of jollity,
 Graven in the gold-cup of our Langanbie.
 Be as thou wouldst be, and I wish no more,
 So time shall second what I write before.
 But 'las, poor Muse, hast thou no more to speak
 Of such a subject ? Pray thee, dear, awake,
 And memorise his name in every page
 From this time forth unto a following age.

No ! what is my wit drawn dry ? Or am I ta'en
 With some amazement at a great man's name ?
 Why thou hast writ of men as great before,
 And hast express'd their actions o'er and o'er.
 Turn'd o'er their best of glory, and i' th' end
 So won their hearts, as thou becam'st their friend.
 And art thou now grown silent ? Cannot he,
 That merits best, receive like praise of thee ?
 No, no, he cannot ; so obscur'd he lives,
 That tho' I write but truth, yet who believes
 A true relation, when we seem to show
 A man to men whom they do hardly know ?
 O then, redoubted Sir, let me now end
 This home-bred sonnet, as a loving friend
 That would persuade, if you persuad' would be,
 To shew yourself something more openly
 Unto the world. O see how men repine
 That you, so long conceal'd, should gull the time,
 Having such parts, as much adorn your birth,
 Yet have no willing mind to set them forth.
 What is a jewel worth, if ever hid ?
 Or what's a cased instrument instead ?
 The lustre of the former is not seen,
 Nor can we know by th' latter what 't does mean :
 For gems and instruments are known by touch,
 And such as shew them men, we know them such.
 With like good-will do I present thee these,
 As Mopsus, that poor shepherd, sent a cheese
 Unto his Phillis : and it came to me
 Once in my mind, to send the like to thee ;
 But for I fear'd, and I have cause to fear,
 That you had better cheese than any here,
 Instead of bride-cakes, cheese-cakes, I was tied
 In love to send this present to your bride.

All hail to Hymen, and this marriage day !
 Strew rushes, maids, and quickly come away.
 Bring in your flowers, and give of each of them
 To such as lov'd, and are forsaken men :
 For well I know, so loving is the Bride,
 So courteous, and so liberal beside
 Of her discreet affection, I dare say
 None must depart unsatisfied away.
 Strew rushes, maids, and ever, as you strew,
 Think one day, maids, like will be done for you :
 Strew you, I'll sing ; or if you like not choice,
 Sing you, I'll strew ; you have the better voice.

Crowned be thou, Queen of Love,
 By those glorious powers above :
 Love and Beauty joyn'd together,
 May they call and kiss each other,
 And in midst of their delight,
 Shew the pleasure in the night ;
 For when acts of love resort,
 Longest nights seem too too short.
 May thou sleeping dream of that,
 Which thou waking dost partake ;
 That both sleep and watching may
 Make the darkest night seem day :
 As a fort besieged rest,
 Yielding most, when seeming lest :
 Or in pleasures may thy smile
 Burnish like the camomile,
 Which in verdure is increast
 Most, when it is most deprest.
 Virtues, as they do attend thee,
 So may sovereign thoughts defend thee.
 Acting in thy love with him,
 Wedlock's actions are no sin.

Who in Hymen's bands is join'd,
 And in sacred love combin'd,
 To remain for ever thine.
 He thy picture, thou his shrine,
 Thou the metal, he the mint,
 Thou the wax, he the print,
 He the lantern, thou the lamp,
 Thou the bullion, he the stamp,
 Thou the figure, he the feature,
 He thy former, thou his creature,
 He the image, leg and limb,
 Thou the mould to cast him in,
 He the plummet, thou the centre,
 Thou to shelter, he to enter;
 Thou the park or shady vale,
 He the dog that freths the pale,
 Hammer he to strike alone,
 Anvil thou to beat upon :
 More I could, but more I will not,
 Since to speak more much it skills not ;
 Only I will here extend,
 Th' period of my speech, as friend ;
 And express what, I protest,
 Comes from the centre of my breast,
 That my protestations may
 Bear record another day.

To Hymen crown the night
 Of these nuptials with delight.

No more, no more ; much honour ay betide
 The lofty bridegroom, and the lovely bride ;
 That their succeeding days and years may say,
 Each day appears like to a marriage day.

But now retire, dark shades have lodg'd the sun,
 Put up thy pipes, for now thy lays are done.

Finis Epithalamii."

Biographiana.

Collectanea for Athenæ Cantabrigienses.

71. *John Hall of St. John's Coll.*



O. HALL, Dunelmensis, annos natus octodecim, filius Michaelis Hall, Generosi, literis Grammat. institutus in schola Dunelmensi, admissus Pensionarius Coll. Johan. Cantab. sub M^{ro} Pauson, Feb. 26, 1645." *Regr. Coll. Joh. Cantab.* He was afterwards Fellow Commoner. *Baker.*

A reprint of his scarce volume of Poems is nearly ready for publication, 1815. *Editor.*

72. *Anthony Hammond of St. John's.*

"Afterwards of Somersham, co. Hunt. and Member of Parliament for the University in parliaments in the reign of K. William. See an account of him in Nichols's *Collect. of Poems*, Lond. 1780, 8vo. vol. ii. p. 204, &c. He was father of James Hammond, the elegiac poet."

73. *David Hughes, Vice President of Queen's College, March 6, 1773.*

"He is a very worthy good man, but strongly tinctured with the fanaticism of his College, in petitioning with the whole Society for an alteration of the Liturgy and Thirty-nine articles, and

taking away all subscription at matriculation, degrees, and orders; by which means all fences would be broken down which guard a regular establishment. . However the Parliament, within these ten days, have given a second refusal to this foolish, if not wicked project. When Wilkes was at Cambridge, about 1770, he was neglected by every one in the University.

Wilkes shewed his judgment in nothing more, than in sending for the provincial newspaper printers wherever he came. Accordingly, Fletcher and Hodson were sent to the Rose tavern, and cajoled by him for their puffs in their paper, a most offensive one against the Government, King, and Establishment, religious and civil, of the country: by whose means all the blacksmiths and low farmers all over the country are poisoned with this malevolence. Mr. Hughes is a sensible, quiet, easy man, of a most retired turn; and perhaps as punctual and regular in all his motions as the college clock. I was informed he might have been Master on Mr. Sedgewicke's death, had he been so disposed.

“ Poor Mr. Hughes died of a cold and decay, lying ill about 10 days, and never kept his bed till the last day, this morning, Friday, July 11, 1777. He had sent me a letter about a fortnight before, about the Abbey of Longford, in Shropshire, of which I knew nothing. About three days ago, hearing he was ill, I sent my servant to College to inquire after his health; when he sent word that he was much out of order. I suppose he will be the first person to hansom the new vault under their chapel, made about four years ago. The Master told me at Wimpole, July 21, 1777, that he buried him therein. That he left the butler of the College Executor; and desired that the Master would particularly burn all his letters and papers, which were immense, as he never destroyed any: among the rest he burnt one which Mr. Hughes had laid aside for me, being a list of all the Fellows since his admission, a term of above 50 years, with a short account of them. This the Master thought had been a duplicate, as he knew that Mr. Hughes had drawn it out for me, and thought he had sent it. He left his bed-maker comfortably, and other legacies, and the residue to the College, about 2000*l*. He did business till two days before his death, and died easily, at about the age of 76 years. His bound-up pamphlets, ten years ago, were near about 200 volumes.

“ V. Bentham's *Ely*. p. 111 of Preface. .

“ His father's name was Hugh Richard: so his christian name being David, he called himself David Ap Hugh, or David Hughes, being more English.

“ V. my vol. xlviii. p. 284, 285, being Dr. Plumptre's account of him in the MS. *History of Queen's*.

“ See his Epitaph in my vol. v. p. 199.” *

74. *Henry Hubbard, Fell. of Em.*

“ Dr. King of St. Mary Hall, in his ingenious pamphlet, stiled *A Key to the Fragment*, published in 1751, when the new regulations about discipline at Cambridge made a great bustle, thus at p. 31 describes him, chap. vi. of *Boy Harry*.

‘ He is recorded in the 26th page of the *Fragment*. The author designs by this name Mr. Henry Hubbard, who has a small copyhold of about 50 *l.* per annum, in the manor of Bridgetown: he was a man of good repute, and well esteemed in the country, that many people thought him a cavalier in his heart; till such time as he was seduced by Sharp [Dr. Keen, v. Chanc.] the steward. Sharp took an opportunity of inviting him to dinner; and at that very instant, when he had loaded poor Hal's plate with fat venison, or, as others affirm, with excellent plum pie, obtained a promise of his vote in favour of the new laws, which were to be proposed at the next general court. Sharp had been informed by the great negociator, his brother, [Chapman] that there are certain junctures, and certain means, by which a very good man may be prevailed upon to act a very bad part, and sometimes against the dictates of his reason and his conscience. We have all heard of him, who sold his birth-right for a mess of porridge, when perhaps no other consideration would have tempted him to so foolish a bargain. And our *Hal*, who, I verily believe, would

• * In Mich. Term, three years after David Hughes's death, the present Editor became a member of Queen's College, and had next year the Declamation Prize decreed to him, of Hughes's foundation; and the first, (if he recollects,) given from that bequest.

have rejected a bribe of 500*l.* sold himself for *sixpennyworth* of *plumb pie*. I have a song by me, which is called *Edmund Sharp's Letter to the Copyholder of Bridgetown*, in which I find four lines addressed to our Hal.

For our honour, O Hal, for the good of three nations,
Come to court, and assent to our new regulations :
So shalt thou, while I give the old beggar's benison,
Never want a plumb pie, or pie of fat venison !'

“ Mr. Hubbard is now living, June 14, 1768, senior Fellow, and has long expected a vacancy to be Master ; and though both are infirm, and one very old, yet it is thought the ill state of health of the other may wear him out before the Master, who was always temperate and thin ; whereas the other always loved his bottle, but not to excess, and more than that, good eating, which he still practises, as I am told. He has saved a good deal of money from being long Tutor, and is also Registrar to the University : his brother was Master of St. Catherine's Hall, and a sister was the third wife of Mr. Thurlbourne the bookseller. He is a very corpulent and fat man, and was always in a state of perspiration : reckoned a good tempered, cheerful man, and merry companion, and always a severe disciplinarian ; and was used to put in more *non placets* in the senate house, while I was in the University, than any person besides ; so that it is likely he will go out of the world with a *non placet* in his mouth, as is natural to all men : but on Monday, July 1, Mr. Horne of Brentford coming to Cambridge for his Master's degree, having not long before given, in a letter to Mr. Wilkes, a very indecent expression, reflecting on the episcopal character, it was thought by many that he would be stopped in his degree ; and accordingly Mr. Hubbard was brought in a sedan-chair from his College, and put in his *non placet* to his Grace, upon which he was hissed as he passed along to his place. Particularly he took notice of one who hissed him, Mr. Blackall, a fellow of his College, to whom he immediately said, ‘ That he did not understand such behaviour in that place, and more especially from a person to whom he had conferred more obligations

than he could ever return by a different behaviour.' This was in July, 1771. Born at Ipswich. Cath. Hall. Fellow of Eman. there B. D."

75. Hugh Holland, Fellow of Trinity College.

"Has a copy of Latin verses before Dr. Alexander's *Roxana*, 1632.

"*Ecclesia sancti Pauli illustrata. The monumental Inscriptions, Epitaphs of Kings, Nobles, Bishops, and others, buried in the Cathedral Church of St. Paul, London, &c. By Hugh Holland. Lond. 4to. 1633.*" He published in 1613, nineteen years before, a former edition. Again, 1616 and 1618.

"See Dart's *Westminster*, ii. 141, Dod's *Church History*, iii. 67, and Wood's *Ath.* i. 583."

76. Gabriel Harvey of Pembroke Hall and Trinity Hall.

"Gabriel Harvey, Aulæ Pembr. Socius prius, electus, Nov. 3, 1570; dein Socius Aulæ Trin. electus, Dec. 18, 1578; spe et opinione Magister futurus; sed magnâ de spe excidit." *T. B.*

"I have seen an Elegy on Dr. Harvey, of Saffron-Walden, composed by W. Pearson, dated A°. 1630, whereby it appears he died that year. By that it should seem he practised physic, and was a pretender to astrology; and so was his brother, R. H." *T. B.*

He was Junior Proctor in 1582, 24 Eliz.

"*Gabrielis Harveii Gratulationum Valdinensium Libri Quatuor. ad illustriss. augustissimamque Principem, Elizabetham, Angliæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæque Reginam, longe serenissimam atque optatissimam. Lond. 4to. 1578.*"

"This is a Collection of Epigrams in Latin and Greek, made on the Queen, by himself, English, and foreigners. At p. 11 is a

long Latin Epigram, which he says he made at Cambridge in Nov. 1577. The 2nd book is composed of Epigrams on the Earl of Leicester; the third on Lord Burghley; and the fourth on the Earl of Oxon. and Sir Christopher Hatton. At the end is an Epigram by Richard Harvèy, in Latin, on his brother Gabriel."

"*Gabrielis Harveii Rhetor, vel duorum dierum oratio, de Naturâ, arte, et exercitatione Rhetorica. Ad suos auditores. Lond. 4to. 1577.*"

"Dedicated to Barth. Clerck, LL.D. than whom he could find, among his friends at Cambridge and Oxford, no one so proper to dedicate such a treatise to. Dated from Pembroke Hall, 1577. Barth. Clerck has a Latin epistle to him before it; and tells him, 'Multæ sunt in tuis orationibus, quæ mihi magnopere arrident, nempe verborum volubilitas, sententiarum concinnitas, styli suavitas fluens, et prope incredibilis. In hoc extremo Rhetor tuus, Ciceroniano tuo par, aut forsitan superior evasit, except his judgment, or love did deceive him.'

"*Gabrielis Harveii Ciceronianus, vel Oratio post reditum, habita Cantabrigiæ ad suos auditores. Lond. 4to. 1577.*"

"Dedicated to Wm. Levins, LL. D. Dated from Pembroke Hall, 1577. This was printed before the *Rhetor*. Wm. Levins has an epistle to the printer, in which he much praises the work, even before Osorio and Moreto, and also Cardinal Bembo.

"*Gabrielis Harveii Valdinatoris SMITHUS, vel Musarum Lachrymæ pro obitu honoratissimi Viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clarissimi, Thomæ Smithi, Equitis Britannici, Magistratusque Regiæ Secretarii. Lond. 4to. 1578. Inscribed to Sir Walter Mildmay.*"

Qu. if Edmund Spenser, under the disguise of E. K. did not dedicate his *Shepherd's Kalendar* to him, dated from Lond. April 10, 1579?

"See Farmer's *Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare*, 2nd edit. Cambr. 8vo. 1767, p. 86, note. Farmer's *Biblioth.* 382.

Wood's *Fast*: Ox. i. 128, 129. See also Tom Nash's *Pierce Pen-
nilesse*, his *Have with you to Saffron-Walden*, Lond. 1596, 4to.
and sparsim in all Nash's books." See also Oldys's *Brit. Libra-
rian*, p. 89, and Warton's *Hist. E. Poetry*, iii. 488.

77. Wm. Harvey, of Caius College.

"Left the College of Physicians his heirs, while he was yet
alive.

"Gul. Harvey, filius Thomæ Harvey, Yeoman Cantianus, ex
oppido Folkston, educatus in Ludo Literario Cantuar. natus annos
16, admissus Pensionarius minor in confectum scholarium ultimo
die Maii, 1593." *Regr. Coll. Caii. Cantab. T. B.*

"A° 1657, June 2, Dr. Harvey, an old learned Physician,
died." *R. Smith's Obituary*.

"A° 1643-4, Feb. 12. A motion this day made for Dr.
Micklethwayte to be recommended to the Warden and Masters of
St. Bartholomew's Hospital, to be Physician in the place of Dr.
Harvey, who hath withdrawn himself from his charge, and is re-
tired to the party in arms against the Parliament." *Journals of
the House of Commons*, iii. 397.

See Lloyd's *Memoirs*, fol. 1677, p. 7. where it is said that he
died a bachelor; but on the margin is added by a pen, 'N. B. He
married a daughter of Dr. Launcelot Brown, M. D. but died
without children.'

"*Exercitationes de Generatione Animalium, &c. Authore Gul.
Harveio, Anglo. &c.* George Ent dedicates it to the President
and College of Physicians.

"*Anatomical Exercitations concerning the Generation of living
Creatures. By W. H. &c. Lond. 8vo. 1653.*"

"*The Anatomical Exercises of Dr. W. H. concerning the
Motion of the Heart and Blood, with the Preface of Zach. Wood,
Physician at Rotterdam. Lond. 8vo. 1653.*"

“George Ent in 1641 dedicated his *Apologia pro Circulatione Sanguinis* to him, being then King's Physician.”

“*Jacobi Primrosii Doctoris Medici Exercitationes et Animadversiones in librum de motu cordis et circulatione sanguinis: adversus Gulielmum Harveium, &c. Lond. 8vo. 1630.*”

“*Arcana Microcosmi, with a Refutation of Dr. Harvey's book De Generatione, by Alexander Rosse. Lond. 8vo. 1652.*”

“*Gulielmi Harveii, Angli, Medici Regii, &c. de modu cordis et sanguinis in animalibus, anatomica exercitatio; cum Refutationibus Æmilii Parisoni, Romani Philosophi, ac Medici Veneti; et Jacobi Primerosii in Lond. Coll. Doctoris Medic. Lugd. Bat. 4to. 1639.*” Ded. to K. Charles.

“*Anatomical Exercitations concerning the generation of living creatures: to which are added particular discourses of births and of conceptions, &c. By Wm. Harvey, Doctor of Physic, Professor of Anatomy, and Chirurgery in the College of Physicians of London. Lond. 8vo. 1653.*”

“At p. penult. of the preface it is said, that Dr. Harvey, like many great scholars, wrote so ill as with difficulty to be read. At p. 51, he calls K. Charles I. his most gracious Master; and p. 88, which looks as if he had been Physician to him. By p. 53 and 87, it appears he had been at Venice, and in Scotland.

“See *Athenæ Britannicæ*, by Miles Davies, iii. 2, 3, 4, 5. In St. John's Coll. Library, 1780, scarce.”

78. *Stephen Hales, D. D. of Bene't College.*

“See a Life of Dr. Stephen Hales in *Gent. Mag.* for June, 1764, from materials collected by Peter Collinson, F. R. S. See also the *History of Bene't College*, p. 382.

“He died Jan. 1761, aged 83, at Teddington. The Princess of Wales, Augusta, has erected an elegant monument of white marble, with his bust, in a medallion, against the west wall of

the south isle cross of Westminster Abbey, for this most worthy man ; which will preserve her memory longer than all her elegant buildings at Kew."

79. *Joseph Hall, Emanuel College.*

Afterwards Bishop of Exeter and Norwich.

"One of the very few Bishops or Ecclesiastics that Mr. Walpole condescends to speak favourably of. Query, whether that can or ought to be a recommendation of him. However, I think he deserves it. See Mr. Walpole's *Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors*, edit. 1758, i. 187, note."

80. *Hammond, Pembroke Hall.*

"Ejected Fellow of that College, 1643." *Cole.*

Qu. whether Wm. Hammond the Poet, 1655, uncle of Thos. Stanley.

81. *Hon. Roger North, Esq. Jesus College.*

See his life of his brothers, Francis Lord Guilford, Lord Keeper, and Dr. John North. See also his *Examen of Kennet's Complete History*.

"Mr. Walpole calls him 'a miserable biographer.' Is it not because he is no republican?" *Cole.*

82. *Francis North, Lord Guilford, and Lord Keeper, &c: of St. John's College.*

"Franciscus North, Cantabrigiensis, filius Dudleii North, Equitis de Balneo, annos natus quindecim, admissus est Pensiona-

rius Major sub M^{ro} Frost, Tutore et fidei Jussore ejus, Jun. 18, 1653." *Reg. Coll. Joh. Cantabr.*

See his brother Roger's full life of him.

83. *Hon. Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College.*

See his life, by his brother Roger.

"J. North, Londini natus, filius natus quartus Dudlæi North, Baronis de Kirtling; electus Socius Coll. Jesu literis regius, A^o. 1664." *Dr. Sherman's Catalogue.*

"He had been many years subject to fits of the falling sickness, which brought him at last to a palsy on one side. He came to Bath, 1681; and was of a sanguine complexion, fresh-coloured, and full of blood; and died soon after of an apoplexy." *Obiit cœlebs.*

84. *James Nasmith, Bene't College.*

"Junior Proctor, 1771. Born at Norwich of dissenting parents, whose father is a considerable carrier from Norwich to London, whose father came out of Scotland. His father sent him for about a year to a school at Amsterdam, and then admitted him at College. He is my particular friend and acquaintance; a very worthy and honest man; no great admirer of the present church establishment, as may be conjectured; yet not outrageous, as many whose education was not with dissenters. He is now concerting an exchange with Dr. Warren for the Rectory of Snailwell, co. Camb.

"On the decline of Dr. Barnardiston, in Spring, 1778, he was thought to have pretensions to the Headship of his College, as a decent man, of a good temper, and beloved in his College: but Dr. Colman was elected in consequence of his refusal; he being then taken up with improving his living of Snailwell, and farming; and the Mastership not being above 120*l.* or 130*l.* per ann.

and engaging the occupier in an expensive way of living, which he had no taste for," &c.

He edited "*Catalogus Librarum Manuscriptorum quos Coll. Corp. Christ. legavit Matthæus Parker, Arch. Cantuar, &c. Cantab. 4to. 1777,*" with a Latin preface of three pages, and inscription to the Master and Fellows of the College, at whose expence it was published. pp. 429, besides two good indices." *Cole.*

I remember him in the year 1795 or 1796, still resident at Snailwell, when he made me a present of the above Catalogue. He was much respected. His person and manners and habits were plain, in conformity to Cole's description. He was also an intelligent and active Magistrate. In latter life he removed, if I recollect, to better preferment, near Wisbeach. *Editor.*

85. *Philip Nichols, LL. D. Fellow of Trinity Hall.*

"Those articles, signed P. in the *Biographia Britannica*,* are of his composing. He also corrected the articles signed Z. which were composed by a lawyer, who died before his articles were completed.

"For a corrected list of the authors of this work, see *Gent. Mag.* for 1779, p. 173, 288, and 489.

"He was brought from Oxford by a lapse, by the Master of Trinity Hall, Sir Nath. Lloyd, on which account it was said, that Sir Nathaniel left the College so much, to indemnify them, and repair the injury of his disgrace. He was in Priest's orders."

86. *Robert Nelson, Esq. Trinity Coll.*

"See Burnet's *Hist. O. Times*, ii. 406, &c. and numerous other biographical works.

"He was admitted of Trinity College, 1678, as it seems, first Pensioner, and after Fellow Commoner."

* Old Edition.

87. *Thomas Nash, St. John's.*

"Tho. Nashe, Coll. Joh. Cantab. A.B. ib. 1585." *Regr. Acad. Cantabr. T. B.*

This was the celebrated friend of Rob Greene, and opponent of Gabriel Harvey.

88. *George North, Bene't College.*

"Admitted of that College, 1725, A. M. 1744; complained of hard usage in not being made Fellow; and particularly of Mr. Castell. Mr. Lort told me this, Sept. 1771, that on visiting him at Codicote, he found him so indolent, as scarce to move out of his premises; and that he read little. A bachelor."

The following article appeared in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, June 27, 1772.

"A few days ago died at Codicote, near Welwyn, (in Hertfordshire) the Revd. Geo. North, M. A. Vicar of that parish; a gentleman of extensive knowledge in various parts of literature, more particularly in the history and antiquities of this kingdom. He had very early in life the honour of the friendship and correspondence of gentlemen not more distinguished by their rank in the world than in the republic of letters; but lived and died Vicar of a small country parish, of about 60 *l.* a year."

Dr. Lort was his executor. He was educated at St. Paul's school.

89. *Wm. Hetherington, Fellow of Eton College.*

"Mr. Hetherington is son to a gentleman who acquired a large fortune under the influence of the Duke of Bedford, who left all his children, as was said, 10,000 *l.* each: they all died single, and left their fortunes to this worthy gentleman, who was educated at Peterhouse, and many years Rector of Dry Drayton, near Cambridge, of the gift of the Duke of Bedford, where he entirely rebuilt the parsonage-house of brick. I was acquainted with him,

and visited him at that time. He was afterwards elected to be one of the Fellows of Eton College, having received his juvenile education in that school. While he was Fellow of Eton, he was presented by that Society to the Rectory of Farnham Royal, near Windsor, where he laid out a great deal of money in reparations and buildings: but on a pamphlet being written by Dr. Ashton, or designed, complaining that it was an usurpation upon the founder's benefaction or design, for others than Fellows of King's College to be elected Fellows of Eton, he resigned his Fellowship in favour of Mr. Betham, but still keeps his living. Some years ago he generously enlarged the income of Bp. Warner's hospital at Bromley, in Kent, for Clergymen's widows; and afterwards built at his own expence a new chapel in the town of Eton, for the use of the inhabitants, that the College chapel might be free from all incumbrances of the parish. He is a well made, well looking man, of the largest size and bones I have seen: always esteemed and valued by his acquaintance as a person of the strictest honour, best breeding and behaviour, and most gentlemanly carriage. It was thought once, that he had a mind to marry the widow of his late particular friend, Mr. Sturge, Rector of Ditton, near Cambridge, and Fellow of Eton: and no doubt was kind and useful to her, as she was left in indifferent circumstances; but it was said, his brothers and maiden sisters were against it."

"On Tuesday last died at his house in Queen's Square, the Rev. Wm. Hetherington. This gentleman gave 20,000*l.* South Sea Annuities in his lifetime, the interest of which was to be applied for ever towards the support of fifty blind people. He likewise built a chapel, at his own expence, for the inhabitants; and he gave 2000*l.* the interest of which was for ever to be applied for the widows of Bromley College, to furnish them with coals and candles. He likewise built and endowed several alms-houses for the poor of Foot's Cray, in Kent. His charity and beneficence in his lifetime were without bounds, and not less so at his death; for he has given by his will upwards of 100,000*l.* to a numerous list of friends, and to public charities; and to his servants, annuities and sums of money, to enable them to live with comfort,

without servitude, the rest of their lives. He liberally fulfilled the commandments of his great Master: 'Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good work, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.' "

General Even. Post, Tuesday, Dec. 8, 1788.

"When I was at Burnham, next parish to Farnham Royal, in Nov. 1775, I was told that Mr. Hetherington, who was then at Bath, where he always resides some part of the year, latterly had great complaints in his eyes: probably that might suggest this humane disposition. Dr. Swift, who had a tendency many years toward lunacy, founded a house for persons in that unhappy state."

90. *James Hayes of Holyport, near Windsor, Esq. Olim Fellow of King's College.*

"My most esteemed and worthy friend, school-fellow, and fellow collegian; one of the most humane, liberal, and ingenious of the society I ever remember: son of Mr. Hayes of Holyport, a lawyer.

"About May 16, 1778, being then a Welch Judge, he was appointed by his Majesty to be first Justice for Anglesey, Carnarvon and Merionethshire: he was before the second Justice. About 1777, one of his agreeable daughters married Mr. Rutherford Abdy, son of the late Dr. Rutherford, and nephew of Sir Arth. Thos. Abdy, Bart."

91. *Charles Mason, D. D. Trinity Coll:*

"My worthy friend, Dr. Mason, is a man of singular ingenuity and parts, and of as singular oddity. All honesty, bluntness, and rusticity, both in his person and behaviour. He is of Shropshire, was Woodwardian Professor, which, with a senior Fellowship of Trinity College, he gave up for a wife at the age of about 65, with venerable grey hairs. She is of an excellent person, and good accomplishments, and makes the Doctor an admirable wife: her name was Graham, a natural daughter, as I have been told, of the Ormond family, of the name of Butler. The Doctor lives now wholly at his rectory of Orwell, but has been in a declining way these 20 months, (I write this, Jan. 27, 1769,) and does not the parochial duty himself. He has large collections of the history of this country, both of his own collecting, and those of Mr. Rutherford of Passworth, given to him by Professor Rutherford his son. The Doctor has also made great progress in a map of Cambridgeshire on a large scale, which I have often seen at his chambers. He has a great turn for mechanics, and had a forge in his apartments for iron works: and by his hands one would think he had actually served an apprenticeship to a blacksmith, and never occupied any other profession."

"Poor Dr. Mason died at Orwell on Tuesday, Dec. 18, 1770, after a very painful and tedious illness: his chief complaint was a dropsy. He had been scarified at his lodgings in Cambridge about August, and soon after went to Orwell. His death was expected day after day for these six months, and if he had not been of a most athletic constitution, he could never have held out so long against the opinion of all the faculty at Cambridge, who all had sentenced him so often, that they began to suspect the rules of their art."

92. *Andrew Perne, Fellow of Peter House.*

"He married a Miss Dickman of Cambridge, and was presented by Mr. Pigot of Basingbourn to the Rectory of Abington,

Co. Camb. on a condition of residing half the time there, and the other half at his living of Norton in Suffolk ; which he complied with till Mr. Pigot relieved him from his obligation on account of his age and inconvenience, so that lately he lived wholly at Norton, where he died, 1772, or beginning of 1773. I know Mr. Oldham of Peterhouse told me yesterday [I write this, Frid. Mar. 19, 1773] at Brenet College, that he was presented by the College to Norton. Mr. Perne was a very good sort of cheerful man, and I was much obliged to him many years ago for the gift of a good part of the original MSS. of *Mr. Layer's History of Cambridgeshire*, which he met with as waste paper at an apothecary's at Royston. Junior Taxor, 1733. He died, 1773, and left a son at Peter House, who is now married to one of the name of Smith, near Bungay, and lives in his house at Little Abington, in which I was born : the house at Bournbridge, standing on the confines of that and Baberham, where my father's house and farm lay. His brother, John Perne, had a son at Oxford, who died, and two daughters : so that their elder brother's estate at Knapwell was sold and divided."

93. *Michael Lort, B.D. Fellow of Trinity College, 1770.*

" This learned and ingenious gentleman is of Welsh extraction, educated in Westminster school, afterwards in Trinity College, from whence he removed into the family of the great ornament of his profession, and most eminent scholar, Dr. Richard Mead, to whom he was librarian till his death. Mr. Lort published last year at the Commencement and Installation of his Grace the Duke of Grafton a MS. *Account of the University of Cambridge*, in 4to. which he gave to me, Feb. 6, 1770. Mr. Lort told me that the famous Corsican General, Pascal Paoli, was one of his audience in Lambeth chapel to see the ceremony of an Anglican Consecration. In Jan. 1771, collated by Abp. Cornwallis to the Rectory of St. Matthew, Friday Street, united to St. Peter's, Cheap, London : so that he will now quit the Vicarage of Botolpham, which he has served for some few years. Dr. Thomas,

Dean of Ely, his second wife is a relation of Mr. Lort, and the Abp. is a most hearty friend to the Dean. The Abp. offered him the Rectory of St. Dunstan's in the East, vacant by the Archd. Jortin's death; but as it would have vacated his Fellowship, by being too much in the King's books, Mr. Winstanley quitted St. Matthew's to accommodate it, and took St. Dunstan's.

"In the preface, p. 8, of the new edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, under the auspices of independent teachers, they ostentatiously hold forth the name of the Rev. Mr. Lort, Chaplain to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, at full length, as contributor to the work: which is only that the members of the Established Church may be deceived, in believing that it was promoted and set on foot by that persuasion.

"Dr. Lort told me, Dec. 3, 1780, that he had a paper in the *Gent. Mag. of Nov.* signed *Historicus*, upon *Wm. of Worcester*; and that the letter signed B. in the same *Mag. of Nov.* upon *Pulpit Cushions and Coffee*, was by George Ashby of Barrow.

"*Gent. Mag.* for 1780, p. 513; *Historicus* by him, as he told me, Dec. 3, 1780.

94. *Wm. Heberden, M. D. Fell. of St. John's.*

"This gentleman practised with so great success his profession at Cambridge, that for many years before he left the place, which he did with regret, as he told me often both before and since, he was invited by men of the greatest name in London of his profession to come there, as Drs. Wilmot, Mead, &c. He left Cambridge in 1749, and lived in Cecil Street. He read every year for many years a course of lectures on the *Materia Medica*, and collected for that purpose a choice collection of specimens, which he presented in 1750 to St. John's Coll. He was for two or three seasons at Scarborough, as a physician, and met there with abundant success. A man of great and universal knowledge in books and men; of a sweet and winning aspect and behaviour; most temperate in his way of life, which as a philosopher he carries perhaps into excess. He has printed several small treatises in his way, but never published them.

“ Remarks on the Pump Water of London, and on the Method of procuring the purest Water, by Wm. Heberden, M. D. Fell. of the Coll. of Physicians, and of the Royal Society. Read at the College, June 22, 1767. This short essay is printed in the London Chronicle of March 26 and 29, 1768, and in the Medical Transactions published by the College of Physicians in London, vol. 8vo. p. 472.

“ ANTIŒHPIAKA, an Essay on Mithridatium and Theriacal. By W. Heberden, M. D. 1746, 8vo. Printed at Cambridge by Mr. Jos. Bentham, but not so said in title. Pages 19. Given to me by Dr. Heberden, April 27, 1745.

“ In my interleaved Carter's Cambridge, at p. 260 I have long ago entered this note.—

“ Wm. Heberden, M.D. my most worthy friend, long practised with the greatest success at Cambridge, where he also read annually lectures on the Materia Medica at the anatomy schools opposite Queen's College Chapel, and almost contiguous to the S. W. corner of St. Catherine's Hall, one course of which I attended. It was no small piece of good fortune to the physic professor, Dr. Russell Plumtre, who was neither liked, nor had much practice, that Dr. Heberden's great character called him to London, where he had the greatest success and practice. He and I constantly almost spent our evenings at poor Dr. Middleton's, where, if ever we staid supper, was never any thing beside a tart and bread and cheese; both Dr. Heberden and Dr. Middleton being persons of the greatest abstemiousness I ever met with, rarely drinking more than one glass of wine. After Dr. Heberden settled in town, he married a daughter of Mr. Martin of Worcestershire, brother to Mr. Martin of Quy in Cambridgeshire, and I have dined with him several times, while I was Rector of Hornsey, near London, and during my residence there, in Cecil Street. After her death he married a daughter of Francis Wollaston, Esq. of Charter House Square, in Jan. 1760.

“ Dr. Heberden, before he left Cambridge, was very desirous of marrying a daughter of Dr. Clark, Dean of Salisbury, who lived in an house opposite St. Clement's Church; but she did not accord, and married a physician of Salisbury, Dr. Jacob, formerly

Fellow of King's College, a younger man, and better person; although Dr. Heberden, a tall, thin, spare man, was perfectly well made, and of a florid countenance, shortsighted. I thought it remarkable that he should ever establish himself in London; because, whenever he had occasion to go thither from Cambridge, as he had frequent calls of that sort, I have heard him say often and often, that the air was so dissimilar to his constitution and lungs, that he could never stay there, but always lodged at some miles distant. Great Genii deal often in paradoxes. He soon reconciled him to an air that so amply filled his pockets. He has a son now at St. John's, March 9, 1773."

25. *Charles Plumptre, D. D. Archdeacon of Ely, 1771.
Rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, London.*

"Dr. Plumptre was son of Mr. Plumptre, Member for Nottingham, educated at Mr. Newcome's school at Hackney, then sent to Clare Hall, where he was my Fellow Collegian, and took his first degree in Arts there, where he was much in the familiarity, friendship, and acquaintance of his school-fellow, and my dear and ever esteemed friend, Tho. Western, of Rivenhall in Essex, Esq. He thence removed to a Fellowship of Queen's College, and was offered the Mastership of that College on the death of Mr. Sedgwick, but had the address to get his brother, Robert Plumptre, who married my nephew Newcome's sister, elected in his stead: he rather chusing to attach himself in his London situation to his great friend, Mr. Charles Yorke, who died, unluckily for him, just as he was made Lord Chancellor of England. The old Lord Hardwick had given him very early the Rectory of Wimpole, and got him the adjoining parish of Whaldon. Wimpole he quitted, and was succeeded in it by his brother Robert, now Master of Queen's. He is now beneficed in London, Archdeacon of Ely, and D. D. How he quitted the Chaplainship of Abp. Secker is related in another place. He is a very worthy man, thin and sharp-nosed, as is his brother; which is a presump-

tive argument with me, though by no means an infallible one, that the owners of such noses are apt to be snappish, peevish, and positive. I was told by Dr. Gooch, this 6 June, 1771, breakfasting with me, in his way from Ely to Cambridge, that when the Prebend he holds fell vacant, his father gave it to his Chaplain, Dr. Goodall, to hold for him, who was then Archdeacon of Suffolk, and he not of age to take it himself: and that when the Archdeaconry of Ely became vacant, he would have given that to Dr. Goodall also, but thought it not convenient that he should be Archdeacon of two places at once; so bid him look out for an exchange. Dr. Ch. Plumptre was the Prebendary of Norwich, of the gift of Lord Chan. Hardwick, who gave his consent that Dr. Goodall should have the stall, in case Bp. Gooch gave the Archdeaconry of Ely to Dr. Plumptre, who was the younger man. The Dr. said, that if he had not met with an exchange, he would have given the Archdeaconry to Dr. Goodall also, though he had one already.

“ He died on Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1779, suddenly, being on a visit at Thos. Barrett's, Esq. at Lee, in Kent.

“ He was also Rector of the sinecure of Orpington in Kent, given him by Abp. Secker.

“ His nephew, Joseph Plumptre, dining with me at Milton, Sunday, Nov. 21, 1779, told me, that the late Archdeacon, his uncle, had had a slight touch of the palsy about six weeks before his death, and had been declining a year or more. What gave occasion to the report of his dying at Mr. Barrett's was, his having been on an afternoon's visit there, a day or two before. He was buried at Nottingham. I was told that the Archdeacon died rich, and left his fortune to his elder brother, who did not want it; leaving only an hundred pounds apiece to the Master of Queen's daughters, though the said Master had ten or eleven children, and his brother, Septimus Plumptre, Vicar of Mansfield, a large family also: but with him he never was on good terms; and with the Master on ticklish ones, being of a peevish and fretful disposition.”

96. *Tho. Gray, Pembroke Hall,*

“ My most ingenious and lamented friend.

“ Mr. Tho. Warton of Oxford, in the preface, p. iv. of his *History of English Poetry*, 4to. 1774, gives no bad specimen of his vanity, by pretending to condemn it, when he tells us that Mr. Mason and Mr. Gray both, gave him their own, together with Mr. Pope's plan and scheme for such an History, but that he had rejected them, on finding them incompetent.

“ In 1778, Mr. Mason put up a monument for him in Westminster Abbey, and made these verses, to be inscribed on it.

No more the Grecian Muse unrivall'd reigns :

To Britain let the nations homage pay.

She felt a Homer's fire in Milton's strains,

A Pindar's rapture in the lyre of Gray.

“ I am apt to think that the characters of Voiture and Mr. Gray were very similar. They were both little men, very nice and exact in their persons and dress, most lively and agreeable in conversation, (except that Mr. Gray was apt to be satirical,) and both of them full of affectation. What gave occasion to the reflection was the following passage from the 2nd vol. of *Mélanges d'Histoire, et de Littérature*, by the Carthusian Dom. Bonaventure d'Argogrie, p. 416, a book that I bought on Mr. Gray's recommendation of it to me.

‘ Madame la Marquise de Sablé avoit accoutume de reprocher Monsieur de Voiture en riant, qu'il avoit une vanité de femme : ce que marquoit fort bien son caractere. Il en rioit aussi lui même, et ne croioit pas, que dans un procession qu'il faisoit d'aremer le monde, et toutes ses affectations, ce petit reproche lui fût desavantageux.’

“ Reading *Gil Blas* for the 10th, or possibly 15th time, April 29, 1780, the print of Scipio in the arbour, beginning to tell his own adventures to Gil Blas, Antonia and Beatrix, was so like the countenance of Mr. Gray, that if he had sat for it, it could not

been more so. It is in a 12° edition, in 4 vols, printed at Amsterdam, chez Herman Vytwerf, 1735, in the 4th vol. p. 94. It is ten times more like him than his print before Mason's life of him, which is horrible, and makes him a fury. That little one done by Mr. Mason is like him, and placid: Mr. Tyson spoiled the other by altering it.

“ Tom Davies feebly attempts to ridicule Mr. Gray's delicacy, in his being offended at Colley Cibber's *Essay on the Character and Conduct of Cicero*, in his *Life of Mr. Garrick*, vol. ii. p. 200.

“ Mr. Mainwaring of St. John's, in his dissertation at the head of his sermons, preached at Cambridge, and there printed in 1780, gently censures Mr. Gray for his commendations of Mr. Sterne's sermons, p. v. vi. vii. He also thus fairly strictures him at p. xcvi. ‘ No writings perhaps were ever more laboured and studied than those of Mr. Gray. Even good judges have almost consented to admit this circumstance, as an objection, and it may be true, that they would have been more pleasing, had they been less perfect. But what quality should most predominate, depends no less on the character of the writer, than on the kind of writing: what quality is most to be admired, is not matter of reasoning, but of taste. However, as the labour of Phidias and Praxiteles, of Zeuxis and Apelles were directed by their genius to the happiest issue; in like manner, the uncommon learning and industry of Gray, far from clogging or incumbering his genius, assisted its efforts, and guided its exertions.’ I am a better judge of the truth of what he says further of him, and I wish I could acquit him of a spice of that *fatal jealousy of authorship*, which he there mentions as having disunited Mr. Pope and Mr. Addison: I speak on certain knowledge, from Mr. Gray's own mouth, a year or two before his death. I knew Mr. Walpole's warmth of friendship was more genuine and lively: this appears by his letter to me from Paris, where he was at Mr. Gray's death: and though their unlucky parting in Italy might have somewhat cooled their original friendship, I am satisfied it never extinguished it in Mr. Walpole, whatever it might have done in Mr. Gray, who perhaps might think himself the injured person, and sufferer in his views for ever. Mr. Mainwaring's words are these, reciting some in-

stances where rivalry of authorship has divided friends:—‘ It is more satisfactory to conclude these notes with a striking instance of a contrary kind, and perfectly in point. For the late Mr. Gray and his illustrious friend not only excelled greatly as poets, but precisely in the same species of poetry; a circumstance which, instead of impairing the early affection between them, served only to strengthen and cement it.’ Mr. Gray’s foible was too much fastidiousness and sneering at those whom he called his friends, and I know Mr. Walpole came in for his share of it.

“ His verses on Lord Holland, and epitaph on Mr. Clarke are printed in Mr. Nichols’s *Select Collections of Poems*, vol. vii. p. 350, 351. Lond. 8vo. 1781.”

97. *Tho. Goodrick, Bp. of Ely, (claimed at Jesus College.)
Bene’t College.*

“ I gave the chief of the materials for his life in the *Hist. C. C. C.* the author of which had my first vol. of MS. collections for Cambridgeshire, where is a rough draught of his life: he also looked over these volumes.

“ I have since, viz. in 1768, enlarged it, and gave it with the lives of the Bps. of Ely, from Cardinal Lewis de Luxemburgh to Bp. Goodrick, in a large and complete manner, to Mr. James Bentham, now about publishing his *History of Ely*: though I believe he won’t print half of it, out of shyness of publishing what I have freely wrote, and out of parsimony to save paper and expence in printing.

“ It happened exactly as I foresaw, Mr. Bentham lived under the eye of a Bishop.

“ One Peter Valantius, a Frenchman, Chaplain to Bp. Goodrick for 20 years, or as he calls himself, Almoner, came to the prisoners in Ely jail, that had been put there for Heresy, by Bp. Thirlby, Chancellor, and encouraged them in their mad folly of being burnt for their Arian and Anabaptistical opinions; accordingly they were made blessed martyrs for their obstinacy by good master Fox. V. *Book of Martyrs*, vol. iii. p. 430, edit. 1641.

“ His monument would give a good print of him: but there

is a better authority in the famous picture by Hans Holbein of Edward VI. giving the charter; for in it, amongst other portraits, is one of Bp. Goodrick, as Chancellor, standing near the King. It is well engraved by Mr. Vertue, and in my possession, among my antiquarian prints. Mr. Strype, in his edit. of Stow, p. 180, supposed it to be done for Ridley.

“ A^o. 5, Edw. VI. when Wm. Marquis of Northampton was sent with the Order of the Garter to Henry II. King of France, Bp. Goodrick was joined in commission with him. *Ashmole's Garter*, p. 292. In Trin. Coll. Libr. and at the investiture the Bp. made a speech to the King, to which the Cardinal of Lorraine returned answer, in the King's name, with all thankful acknowledgements of the honour of the order, p. 402.

“ As Bp. Goodrick had gone all lengths in K. Edward's Reformation, the meeting of him with the Cardinal of Lorraine must have been an awkward affair: and how his Right Rev. Lordship behaved is not particularized, especially as there was a solemn mass sung at the investiture, at which were present the Cardinals of Lorraine and Chatillon: if the last was he who was here in Eliz. reign, one may conceive him and our Bp. to be on better terms than with the Cardinal of Lorraine.”

98. *Robert Allot, St. John's College.*

This Robert was Fellow of St. John's College, 1599: and it seems not improbable, that he was the same person who was the editor of *England's Parnassus*, 1600,* and of whom nothing has been hitherto discovered. I found this on the following extract from T. Baker's list of Fellows of St. John's College:

1599, Mar. 30.

‘ Ego, Rob. Allottus, Eborac. admissus sum in perpet. Socium, pro D^{na} P.’

‘ *Medicinz Prof. longe experientiss: ac peritiss: E. Notis Jo. Bois.*’ ” EDITOR.

* See *Bibliotheca Anglo-Pactica*.

99. *John Halle.*

“A most excellent and learned work of chirurgery, called—
Chirurgia parva Lanfranci, Lanfranke of Mylangne his brief, reduced from diverse Translations to our vulgar phrase, and now first published in the English print, by J. H. Chirurgion. Who hath thereunto necessarily annexed a Table, as well of the names of diseases and simples, with their virtues, as also all other terms of the art opened. And in the end a compendious work of Anatomy, more utile and profitable than any heretofore in the Eng. Tongue, with a goodlye doctrine and instruction, necessary to be followed by all the Chirurgions. Lond. 4o. 1565.’ His print in wood at the back of the title-page, 1564. J. H. Anno ætatis sue 36. In a bonnet, long beard, and ruff, furred gown, and holding a sprig of rosemary.

R. M.

Corporis effigies quam vides graphice pictam,
 Plauti est, sic pictor fingere tibi velit.
 At modo si quæris vultum dignoscere verum,
 Hos lege; hii vere explicuere animum.

“He was also a poet, and has a good deal of poetry, scattered up and down, with godly devotion and prayers to be used by surgeons. Ded. to the Surgeon’s Company, by J. H. one of the least of them. He says he translated his book of Lanfranc out of French into old Saxon English about 200 years since; which he new modelled with other translations in French and Latin, and other English copies, which he had of John Chamber one, and another of John Yates, both very ancient. He laments his not being able to attend the lecture of Dr. Cunningham at Surgeon’s Hall, by reason of his froward fortune and distance of place. I guess he lived at Maidstone in Kent, by speaking so much of it in his account of empiricks, who came there about 1556, and whom he heartily abuses with pretty foul language. In a preface to it, by Wm. Cunningham, it appears that Halle had made another work, inveighing against vice, which was now in the printer’s

hands and which he calls *The Court of Virtue*: John Yates and Tho. Halle have verses before the second Part.

“ James Cook of Warwick, practitioner in physic, translated in 1679, *John Hall, physician, his select observations on English bodies of eminent persons in desperate diseases*. But qy. if the same? for the first case is of the Countess of Northampton, in 1622.

“ V. Bp. Tanner's *Biblioth.* p. 372. Granger on *Engl. engr. Heads*, vol. i. p. 512. Warton's *Hist. of Engl. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 180; 181. &c.”

100. *Wm. Hawkins.*

“ *Corolla veria: contexta per Guil. Haukinum Scholetcham Hadltianum in agro Suffolciensi. Cantabrigiæ* 8vo. 1632. Ded. to the Cambridge Muses. It is a very curious little book of Latin poems. In the Eclogue, called *Fastidium*, p. 11, he under the name of *Nisus* complains to a brother schoolmaster, that being a M^r of Arts of Cambr. and in holy orders, and a Student in Divinity, yet had no Benefice, but forced to drudge in teaching schools, and wishes to have a parish, p. 13.

.....O quam placide mihi vota quiescant,
Olim si modicum mea Fistula ducat ovile!
Atque utinam e vobis unus, vestrive suissem
Subcustos Gregis: aut sacratæ Janitor ædis.
Certe sive mihi Stanton, sive esset Okinton,
Villula seu quævis (quid tum si parvula Okinton?
Et parvæ violæ sunt et sunt parvula fraga.)
Sic inter Salices densa sub vepre studerem.
Parva daret Libros mihi, me vestiret Okinton.
Hic placidæ pecudes, his mollia prata, salignum
Hic nemus, hic longi Senio consumerer ævi.

“ *Hæc Regio abundat salicibus magis quam quercubus aut ulmis. Quoddum profitetur autor de campestri et depressiore solo, sperat se patriæ suæ non derogare ulpote frugi feræ magis quam glandiferæ.*”

“ From which marginal note, I suppose he was a native of Okinton in Cambridgeshire. The next Eclogue is upon the reception of John Bowles, Bp. of Rochester, Apr. 9, 1632, at Hadley School. He had been schoolmaster of Elden in Suffolk, and for whipping or striking one of his scholars for neglecting the school, was brought into trouble by a namesake of mine, as it should seem, Carbonius, of which he gives an humorous account in his *Musa Juridica*. He was also a good antiquary, and describes very pleasantly the custom of the offering up a white bull at St. Edmund's shrine at Bury, and gives a print of the abbey seal. Several verses by his friends in various parts of the book. V. my vol. 45, p. 48.

“ Bp. Tanner in his *Bibliotheca* mentions one of this name, a poet also, long before this time : but gives no account of him more than from Pitts, who mentions him also.”

101. *Henry Justice, Esq. Trin. College.*

“ He admitted himself Fellow Commoner under Professor Taylor, a very modest meek man, in order solely to steal what books and prints he could out of Trin. Coll. Library, the University, and every other College Library he could get access to : but being suspected to have pillaged the Library of the Temple, they began to suspect his dealings of that sort at Cambridge : upon which Mr. Taylor of St. John's College, Under Librarian of the public Library, afterwards Chancellor of Lincoln, Mr. afterwards Dr. John Wilson, Mr. Alen, Mr. Hutchinson, Librarian of Trin. Coll. and Professor Taylor, all of that College, with others, came up to town, and by a search-warrant from Mr. Baron Thompson, they had admission to his chamber in the Temple, and found a great number of their best books, some curious ones cut out of other books, which had been bound together. He was tried in May, 1736, before Lord Hardwick, Mr. Justice Comyns, and Mr. Justice Denton, and ordered for transportation. He pleaded he was deaf and could not hear ; and laid great stress on his being a Scholar and Member of Trin. Coll. and of the University, and

on that pretence had a right to borrow books, and take them to his chamber, and desired much to be burnt in the hand, and not sent abroad, by which he should be deprived of making restitution, or of settling his affairs with great numbers of people, who had trusted him with his management of them, as also he had a young family to take care of: that owing rent to his landlord, he had been obliged to send these books into the country and Holland, to make money, and hoped for mercy, as he had been already in confinement half a year, at the hands of his judges, with whom he had the honour to be acquainted: that if he was suffered to stay in England, no one should see his face any more. Finding his transportation determined on, he begged that he might be allowed to transport himself, or for a gentleman of York to contract for him; but this was not allowed, and he went with the common transports to America: but returned into Europe, and lived in some of the Flemish towns, where, I think, he died. I remember to have seen him in Trin. College: he was a short squat fat man, and pitted with the small pox. See his whole trial in the Sessions Papers, N^o iv. part ii. Lond. 4to. 1736, p. 110. from whence I chiefly extracted this."

102. *Soame Jenyns, one of the Lords of Trade, St: John's College.*

"This gentleman is son to Sir Roger Jenyns, Knt. of Botisham in Cambridgeshire; who being an artful, cunning, and intriguing man, raised from a small beginning in fortune, for he was of a good family, of Hayes, a very considerable estate by his management in the fen corporation matters. He married Eliz. a daughter of Sir Peter Soame of Haydon in Essex, Bart. by whom he had this only child, Soame Jenyns, Esq. But by a former wife, who is buried in the south transept of Ely Cathedral, in which city he formerly lived, and built a neat house fronting the Bishop's palace gallery, before he purchased Botisham, he had a daughter, married to one Mr. Delamore, of Long Sutton in Lincolnshire,

whom I have often seen at Botisham, and indeed at my chambers in King's College: which daughter was taken small notice of by her father and mother-in-law.

“ Mr. Soame Jenyns was educated in St. John's College, under Mr. White, and was married very young by his father to a young lady of between 20 and 30,000 *l.* to whom he was left guardian, and without much consulting the inclinations of the young couple, who were first cousins in blood, she being natural daughter to Colonel Soame, of Dereham Grange in Norfolk: so that it is generally supposed there never was any great affection between them. However they lived tolerably well together, as to any outward appearance in the eye of the world, so long as old Sir Roger lived, who was supposed to have kept them together; for they always lived in the same family. But on the death of Sir Roger, Mrs. Jenyns, under pretence of a journey to Bath for her health, made an elopement with one Mr. Levyns, whom I remember at Eton School, and was a Leicestershire gentleman, with whom it was supposed she had lived long familiarly; even while that gentleman used to be at Mr. Jenyns' house at Botisham, on the footing of a friend and acquaintance: and what made it more extraordinary, Mrs. Jenyns was neither young nor handsome, a very bad complexion, lean scraggy arms, and no ways inviting; since which elopement, about the year 1742, they never cohabited together; a separate maintenance being allowed to the lady, who lived altogether in or about London. By this lady he has no issue; who dying about the beginning of 1754, or the latter end of the preceding year, Mr. Jenyns remarried, in Somerset House Chapel, on Tuesday, Feb. 26, 1754, his first cousin, Mrs. Eliz. Gray, who had lived in the house with him long before his first wife's elopement, and ever after; and has been said to have occasioned early differences between them. She was daughter to a Mr. Gray, a merchant in London, who failed in his business; after whose death, she and her mother for some time lived at Hackney; and after Mr. Jenyns's first wife's elopement, with him in London and Botisham, where the old lady died and was buried. Mr. Jenyns marrying this lady may be looked upon as a great piece of generosity and honour, as she is a person of no great beauty now,

whatever pretensions she might have had formerly, which I have often heard say she had, and likewise pretty far advanced in years, and no fortune at all to make up deficiencies ; which, though Mr. Jenyns wants not, yet as he is rather of a niggardly and covetous disposition, would no doubt have added much to her recommendation. She is rather undersized and thin, unlike her mother in that respect, who was short and squat, and all of an heap : yet alike in temper and disposition, being both of them of a very sweet, soft, and mild disposition, and well spoken of by every one. As Mrs. Jenyns is past the flower of her beauty, as well as of life, there is hardly a probability of their having any children ; so that the estate will go to the son of Roger Jenyns, late of Windsor, who had been clerk of the peace for Buckinghamshire : which son married the daughter of Professor Chappelow, and has been long subject to the complaint called *St. Vitus's Dance* ; though otherwise a well looking jolly young man. It is well known that several of the soft and tender things in his poems are designed as compliments to his second lady, who is indeed very deserving of them, so far as an easy, good, and complying temper can entitle her to them ; otherwise of a very insipid and unmeaning conversation.

“ Mr. Jenyns is the author of several poetical as well as prose performances, published separately without his name, and afterwards by Dodsley in his Collection ; and since collected altogether in one pocket volume, without his name, but the author's arms only in the title-page, viz. *3 bezants on a fesse*.

“ The first performance in the poetical way which appeared was his *Essay on Dancing*, which is well esteemed of in its way : and indeed one would wonder that it should be otherwise ; inasmuch as the author seems calculated by nature, person, and manner to excel in that profession ; and if a person who did not know him was to be asked on seeing him dressed what was his profession, I think it is ten to one but that he would say he was a dancing-master. He has the misfortune to be extremely shortsighted, a circumstance not unusual with eyes formed as his are, which are very projecting ; and though he has a large wen on his neck, which a grave, and even no very large wig would cover or

hide, yet the predominancy of dress is such, that a small little bag pig-tail wig is preferred; by which means the aforesaid blemish is visible to every one. About 10 years ago [I write this, Dec. 30, 1768,] he printed two octavo volumes; the first of which was on the *Origin of Evil*, and wrote in the mode of the present age, and gave offence to those who have any regard for Revelation: the other was made up of detached political pieces and other things; among which are many of great humour and liveliness. I have the books; but in my present confused situation, I cannot recur to them.

“ In 1767, was printed at London a small pamphlet, without his name, but known to be wrote by him, with this title, *Thoughts on the Causes and Consequences of the present high Price of Provisions*; which was looked upon, on its first appearance, to be a well written and sensible account of the subject it treated of: however there appeared soon after, in the spring of 1768, a short pamphlet, said to have been written by Mr. Samuel Peck, Fellow of Trinity College, and Vicar of Trumpington, with this title, *An Answer to a Pamphlet, entitled Thoughts on the Causes, &c. In a Letter addressed to the supposed Author of that Pamphlet. By a Gentleman of Cambridge.* Lond. 8°. 1768. price 6d. pages 34. which is written with great tartness and acrimony to the person of Mr. Jenyns, upon his being a pensioner, as well as in ridicule of his arguments. Mr. Peck denied his writing it to me: however, by the turn of the periods and manuer of it, I rather suspect him to be the author of it. But I will finish this account by transcribing what I wrote in another book many years ago about him.

“ Mr. Jenyns is a man of a lively fancy, and pleasant turn of wit: very sparkling in conversation, and full of many conceits and agreeable drollery, which is heightened by his particular inarticulate manner of speaking through his broken teeth: and all this is mixed with the utmost good nature and humanity: having hardly ever heard him severe upon any one, and by no means satirical in his mirth and good humour. But notwithstanding all his amiable qualities, which are calculated rather for social than public life, it is probable he will not be rechosen for Cambridgeshire, except

the Duke of Rutland should, luckily for him and the Marquis of Granby, not get over this most dangerous fit of the stone at Bath. For Mr. Jenyns, being rather of a finical and beauish turn, and not at all made for canvassing and caballing at elections, has no other interest in the county than what my Lord Montfort procures him, and indeed would never have been chosen at all, had it not been for the same gentleman and Mr. Sam. Shephard, who were distressed where to apply to in the country for a proper representative, many of the principal gentry of the country, to whom it was offered, refusing it: and indeed Sir Roger and Mr. Jenyns himself had always been of a contrary interest to those gentlemen, but they conceiving well of this gentleman's good sense and integrity, were thoroughly satisfied in their choice: for he saw that the keeping up of parties was only a political contrivance of a minority, in order to make themselves considerable, and be taken notice of, yet always avail themselves of every occasion that offers itself to serve their own interests. V. Mr. Granger's *Catalogue of Engraved English Heads*, vol. ii. p. 53.

“ *A free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. In 6 Letters to . . . Lond. 8vo. V. Literary Magazine for 1757, p. 171, &c. &c. where is a long criticism on it: probably by the celebrated Mr. Samuel Johnson, who had the direction of this Magazine, the preface to which is evidently of his writing.*

“ *A Review of a free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. It is the first article in the first vol. of Miscellaneous and fugitive Pieces, published about 1774, in three 8vo. vols. by T. Davies of Russel Street, Covent Garden, and may possibly be the same criticism mentioned above. V. Critical Review for 1776, p. 200, 232, for 1781, p. 213, 214, &c. for 1782, p. 249.*

“ *A Series of Letters, addressed to Soame Jenyns, Esq. on occasion of his view of the internal Evidence of Christianity. By A. Maclaine, D. D. Minister of the English Church at the Hague. Non tali auxilio.—VIRGIL. Lond. 8°. 1777, pages 274.*

“ *Philosophical Disquisitions on the Christian Religion, addressed to Soame Jenyns, Esq. and W. Kenrick, LL. D. Lond. small 8vo. 2s. V. Critical Review for 1777, p. 394, 236. Sept.*

“ *Remarks on a Bill presented to Parliament in the last Sessions, intituled, A Bill for preserving the Drainage of the middle and south Levels, and the several Navigations through the same, &c.* Cambridge, small 8vo. 1777, pages 3.

“ A very sensible and shrewd little pamphlet. V. Granger’s *Supplement to his Catalogue of English Engraved Heads*, p. 297.

In Oct. 1777, dining with him at Botisham, he gave me two of his prints, from a picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in folio, mezzotinto, engraved by W. Dickenson, in 1776: he is standing and resting his head on his left hand, in laced ruffles. It is the most flattering likeness I ever beheld; and though it was never like him that I remember, which is near fifty years, yet one can’t say it is altogether unlike: the prominency of the eye, though that is much softened, gives it the resemblance.

“ Mr. Lort calling here Friday, Jan. 15, 1779, he took a short extract of what he thought proper, to send to Father Wilkes, at the English Benedictines at Paris, who had a mind, or some friend at Paris, to give a translation of Mr. Jenyns’s *Internal Evidence*. I believe Mr. Lort in his hurry had little here to send.

“ In Mr. Jones’s (of Pluckley in Kent) *Observations in a Journey to Paris*, in 1776, printed at London, 1777, in 12mo. p. 187, &c. is a favourable account of Mr. Jenyns’s *Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion*.

“ *Miscellaneous Pieces, in two volumes, vol. I. Containing Poems, Translations, and Essays. Vol. II. A free Enquiry into the Nature and Origin of Evil. In 6 Letters to 4th edit. with an additional Preface, and some explanatory notes. Lond. 8. 1761.*

“ He translated into verse Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown’s Latin poem, *De Animi Immortalitate*, and said by the editor of the new edition of *Biographia Britannica*, in 1780, vol. ii. p. 651, to be the best translation of it. It is printed in Mr. Jenyns’s *Miscellanies*, and since published in Mr. Brown’s *Poems*.

“ Dining at the Master of St. John’s Friday, June 30, 1780, where seeing some curious plate on the side-board, among which was an oblong embossed silver gilt dish, and in a rising in the middle, being a bason, were the single arms of Edw. Villers, Gen.

I think the date, 1671, a very curious cup and cover, silver embossed on a foot of a foot and a half height: several rich cups with handles, and one elegant one of silver gilt and two handles, with the arms of Jenyns, 3 *plates on a fesse*, given by Soame Jenyns, Esq. son of Sir Roger Jenyns of Botisham Hall, Esq. in 1725. Now supposing he was admitted at College at the usual age of 18, and might stay here three years, he would be 21 years of age in 1725, and might be born about 1704; so that I conceive him now to be about 76 years of age.

“ Mr. Mainwairing of St. John's, in his Dissertation at the head of his Sermons, printed at Cambridge, in 1780, in 8°. speaking of the emotions that every *feeling hearer* of our Lord's discourses in the Gospel must experience, adds this in a note at p. xxxv. ‘ The force of this argument, addressed to the *feelings* of ingenuous thinkers, and adapted to the reach of every understanding, is greater than mere scholars are willing to allow; and was never represented to so much advantage, as in a beautiful little treatise, entitled, *A View of the internal Evidence of Christianity*. Yet it should seem from some of the answers to that book, as if the author had betrayed or assaulted the religion he so happily defends. Zealots and bigots, of which the most reformed churches have a competent share, are wonderfully expert in making infidels, but never, I believe, have converted any. One would think, however, that when self-made converts, especially of a class so very respectable, voluntarily engaged in the cause of religion, they would be received with civility at least, not suspected as foes, and excluded from the limits of communion.’ *V. Gent. Mag.* for 1781, p. 31, for 1782, p. 171, 186.

“ *Disquisitions on several Subjects.* Lond. 8vo. 1782, pp. 182. *Viz.* On the Chain of universal Being. 2d. On Cruelty to inferior Animals. 3d. On a pre-existent State. 4. On the Nature of Time. 5. On the Analogy between things material and intellectual. 6. On rational Christianity. 7. On Government and civil Liberty. 8. On religious Establishments. All very ingenious, and some singular. Brought to me, March 30, Easter Even, 1782, by Dr. Colmen.

“ His Disquisitions, 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, and 8, are most excellent,

In the third, his favourite doctrine of the is brought forward: but his three last please me above measure.

“ *An Answer to the Disquisitions on Government and civil Liberty: in a Letter to the Author of Disquisitions on several Subjects.* Lond. 8°. 1782, p. 49. Warm whiggish pamphlet, and taking notice only of the 7th disquisition.

“ *The Dean and the Squire: a political Eclogue, humbly dedicated to Soame Jenyns Esq. by the author of the Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers.* Lond. 4to. 1782, pr. 1s. 6d. 16 pages.

“ This flippant republican poet, Mr. Mason, takes liberties, as a free man, to abuse all whom his politics are adverse to, the King, his Abp. nobility, clergy, and gentry. Lord Hardwick, for being the friend of Mr. Jenyns, can't escape his rancour. Indeed whiggery is the bane of good-nature. V. *European Magazine*, for 1782, first number, p. 189 to 192.

“ *Candid Suggestions, in eight Letters to Soame Jenyns, Esq. on the respective subjects of his Disquisitions.* By B. N. Turner, M. A. Small 8vo. 2s. 6d. Lond. 1782. *Crit. Review* for 1782, p. 236. V. *Monthly Review* for 1782, p. 193, 200.”

103. *George Sandby, Master of Magdalen College.*

“ On the unexpected death of the late Master, Dr. Ogden and Mr. Elliot of Magdalen College, posted up to town to make interest to succeed him; which was given by the Countess of Portsmouth, the patroness, to her cousin, my worthy friend and acquaintance, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Frederick Hervey, late of Bennet College, and brother to the Earl of Bristol, about a week before.”

This was entered prematurely in my interleaved Carter's *History of Cambridge*, from the public papers, which said so, and I wrote a congratulatory letter to him on the occasion; but it was a mistake; for the Countess gave it to Mr. Sandby, beneficed and married in Suffolk, and formerly Fellow of Merton College, and one of the three who were sent or returned to the Abp. on the death of the late Warden.

“ The Countess, on application from the Duke of Newcastle

for another person, said, That she was sorry she could not oblige his Grace, but that she had given it to Mr. Sandby, in case of a vacancy, by will. This Countess, daughter to Lord Griffin, was as stately and proud as Lucifer : no German princess could exceed her. I have seen her often at my late worthy friend Colonel Vachel's at Abington, he being in the entail for the estate at Billingheare, in Berkshire. Dr. Sandby is son to a prebendary of Worcester ; took his D. D. degree at the Commencement, 1760, and is a cheerful agreeable man. His mother, a Nottinghamshire woman, very ancient, died at his living at Denton in Norfolk, in 1770. In 1769 he was made Chancellor of Norwich, and has four children, three daughters and a little boy. He took this Mastership on a bond of resignation to a young gentleman, who, it was supposed, before he took orders very lately, would chuse any other profession than the Church : being entirely given up to sporting of every kind. The College, about three years ago, was filled with his dogs, pointers, and hounds, and a cow, actually kept on purpose in the College close for milk for them. *Milton, March 9, 1773.*

“ Vice-Chancellor, 1760.

“ I called on Dr. Sandby, Wedn. March 2, St. Chad, 1774, being the day my aunt Cock was buried at St. Clement's Church, when I found both him and Mrs. S. very much chagrined and melancholy, on account of their quitting Magdalen College, which they propose next week, without taking leave of any one. He had been to London the week before, to try his last effort to continue Master ; but in vain, as Mr. Wallop had determined to come himself, though more than an equivalent was offered to him by Dr. Sandby's friends. Both the Doctor and Mrs. Sandby were so affected with it, that they actually cried on the occasion : I was very sorry to see them so weak : it would have looked better to have carried it off more steadily. Mrs. S. took occasion to deprecate Mr. W.'s person, behaviour, parts ; and said he had better have accepted the offers made him, for that he must be Vice-Chancellor, and that would be a terrible trial of him. I was concerned to see so much ill-judged spleen on an occasion which must have been foreseen for a long time : but it seems they were in hopes he would never have made choice of an academic life for

seasons before specified. I lose a good neighbour and acquaintance, and am sorry to lose him : but wished it had been more manly. He came and dined with me at Milton on Saturday, and on Monday he quitted the College for ever. He is Chancellor of Norwich, which he probably got by being Master."

104. *Henry Taylor, Fellow of Queen's College, 1733.*

"I remember this person very particularly: he was made Fellow of Queen's College in 1733, the year after I was admitted at Clare Hall. The place where I was acquainted with him at, was at Rivenhall; in Essex, where he was Curate to Mr. Hatsess the Rector, and much in the family of my most intimate and never-to-be-forgotten friend, Thomas Western, of that place, Esq. He was a most lively, cheerful, and sensible little man, very thin, and of no promising appearance: yet he is said to be the author of the three following pieces, much esteemed by persons of his way of thinking. The last published, which I shall mention first, is written against my very worthy and most ingenious friend, Soame Jenyns, Esq. and for which he is much blamed by most people: for however faulty Mr. Jenyns may have been in some of his theological arguments, the consequences of which he might attend to, yet his writing in defence of the Christian religion, at a time when it was attacked on all sides by infidels and philosophers, was a merit that ought to have screened him from the attacks of the clergy, whose cause he had espoused. However a Dr. Maclaine at the Hague began the siege, which was carried on by Mr. Taylor in the following pamphlet, which was published in June, 1777.

"*A full Answer to a late View of the Internal Evidence of the Christian Religion. In a Dialogue between a rational Christian and his Friend. By the Editor of Ben. Mordecai's Letters to Elisha Levi.* Lond. 8vo. 1777, pages 165, with a preface, &c. of 23.

"*The seven Letters of Benjamin Ben Mordecai to his Friend,*

Elisha Levi. *An Enquiry into the Opinions of the learned Christians, both ancient and modern, concerning the Generation of Jesus Christ. Published by the Editor of Benjamin Ben Mordecai's Letters.*

“*Thoughts on the Nature of the grand Apostacy: with Observations on the 15th Chapter of Mr. Gibbon's Roman History. To which are added three Dissertations, &c. By Henry Taylor, Rector of Crawley, Vicar of Portsmouth in Hants, and Author of Ben. Mordecai's Apology for embracing Christianity. Lond. 8°. 1781. Price 3s. 6d. unbound.*”

105. **Tho. Stanley, Pembroke Hall.**

“*Quidam Tho. Stanley cooptatur in ordinem Magr. in Artibus per gratiam, Mar. 12, 1641, una cum Principe Carolo, Georgio Duce Buck. et aliis nobilibus. Regr. Acad. Cant. T. B.*

“*Tho. Stanley Aul. Pembr. convict. 1. admissus in matriculam Acad. Cant. Dec. 13, 1639. Regr. Acad. Fuit igitur Artium Magister Extraordinarius. T. B.*”

“*Vid. pref. to Dr. Needham's edition of Theophrastus, where it is evidently proved that the publications which go under the name of T. S. are James Duport's.*

“*Vide his life by Dr. Birch, in his History of the Royal Society, vol. iii. p. 443, and of Tho. Stanley, jun. his son, at p. 444.*”

106. **Sir Roger Twysden, Kt. and Bart. Emanuel Coll.**

Edited Historiæ Anglicanæ Scriptores Decem. Lond. 1652. Fol. Ancestor to the present Sir William Twysden, Bart.

• His scarce volumes of Poems and Translation of Anacreon, &c. have lately been republished by Longmans, in small 8vo.



SONNETS addressed to Persons of Distinction,

By JOHN DAVIES of Hereford.



*To the Right Hon. and most reverend Father in God, my Lord
Archbishop of Canterbury his Grace.**

Thou temp'rate soule, that hold'st promotion
To be but vertue's meede; and vertuouslie
Dost higher prize the soule's devotion,
Proceeding from the low'st humilitie:
Passion-suppressing, wel-disposed spirit!
Cleere glasse, wherein true pastors may behold
The hallow'd life that heaven doth inherit,
Whose praises glorie writes in liquid gold.
O helpful, harmelesse, vertuous, virgin-priest!
O loving, tender-harted, gallesse dove!
O, that arte could in thy praise so insist,
As answere might the measure of my love!
But, for my love herein surmounts my skill,
Accept this poore shew of my rich good-will.



To the most gracious Prince, the Duke of Lennox, &c.

For no respect, great Lord! but for the love
I owe to grace and greatnesse join'd in one,
Doth my weake pen her strongest vertue prove,
To grave thy name upon this paper-stone;

* Dr. Whitgift.

That if it chance the turnes of time to brooke,
 (Which grind to powder all produced in time)
 Thy name at least (which is my most) may looke
 Like to itself, in my hard-favour'd rime.
 If voice of those that love the voice Divine
 Be true, (the truth whereof none ought to doubt)
 Thou, like the moone among heav'n's lamps dost shine,
 While Sol, thy sov'raigne, goes the globe about.
 Long maist thou (as he doth) give light to all,
 That pleas'd, or pain'd, do foote this earthly ball.

—◆—

*To the Rt. Honourable, and highly valued Lord, the Earle
 of Northumberland, &c.*

Who cannot raigne in height of lofty stile,
 That hath so high a subject for the same
 As thy heroicke worth and glorious name,
 Is abject; nay, than abject farre more vile.
 Magnificke thoughts to think on, thoughts doth mount
 Above the spheare of common intellect;
 The thought of thy thoughts causeth this effect,
 Which makes my tow'ring thoughts themselves surmount.
 I thinke of thee and them, as of those things
 That move to rest in honor's highest spheare;
 Sith vertue is the scale the same to reare,
 Which wil make thee as neere as deere to kings:
 As long (great Lord) as vertue guideth thee,
 Thou shalt be blest of God, King, State, and me.

—◆—

To the Right Honorable the Earle of Worcester, &c.

Wert thou (most noble Lord) a scourge to me,
 Plagueing my misses with an iron rod;

Yet would I, in my hart, still honor thee ;
 For, though he punish me, I honor God.
 Thou dost hurt no man simplie for his harme ;
 But as the surgeon doth, his hurt to heale :
 Would wounded or diseased states did swarm
 With no worse surgeons for their commonweale !
 I honor thee for that, which God himselfe
 Doth honor men ; that is, for drawing neere
 To his great goodnesse, (not for port, or pelfe)
 I honor thee for that, deere Lord ; and deere
 Shall such be to me for their vertue sake,
 Though I thereof no use at all do make.



To the Right Hon. the Earle and Countesse of Rutland.

For infinite respects to thee, (sweete Lord !)
 My Muse doth consecrate these zealous lines ;
 Which is the all her nothing can afford,
 Serving for nothing but for true love's signes.
 To thee that dost enjoy fruite of his loines,
 From whose worst parts proceeded nought but good,
 Whose weakest worths brake envie's strongest foines,
 These lines I send ; and to his dearest blood.
 Sweete couple ! that have tasted sweete and soure,
 The sweetest potion worldly weale can taste ;
 O let each other's sweetes that gall devoure,
 Which with this sowre world's sweetes is interlac't :
 And that you may doe so, your unknown yours
 Will praie, so you vouchsafe to call him ours.



To the right Honorable the Earle of Cumberland.

Neptune's vice-gerent ! sea-controlling spirit !
 That makes her pay thee tribute, and thy land ;
 Of which thou dost, therefore, great honor merit,
 And worthy art thou on both to command.
 So long thou hast the northern pole regarded,
 That Nature now hath made that pole thine head :
 So, lookes are, with what was lookt for, rewarded ;
 Then by his light let thy course still be led.
 If so, thy fame the world inviron shall ;
 For his light leades to glory infinite :
 Then eie him well, and his staid motions all ;
 Yea, draw as neere him as is requisite :
 So fame thy name will on the skies enrole ;
 So shalt thou honor'd be by this North Pole.



*To the Right Noble Robert Lord Sydney, Baron of Penshurst,
 &c.*

Thy vertue, and the conscience of the grace
 Thou hast vouchsaf'd me, not deserving it,
 Doth like two spurres provoke my will and wit,
 Thy name with my love's lines to interlace.
 Thy honor'd name, name honored of all
 That honors grace, by man made glorious,
 Can of itselfe rouze up the dullest Muse
 To make thereof divine memoriall.
 Then, should I it commend to monument,
 No miracle should I perfourme thereby,
 Sith it by nature lives eternally,
 Such life to Sydneys being incident :
 And sith divine Sir Philip lives in thee,
 Be thou that monument, and so ease me.

*To the Right Noble, and no lesse learned than judicious Lord,
William Earle of Pembroke, &c.*

Deere Lord, if so I could, I would make knowne
How much I longe to keep thee still alive :
These lines, tho' short, so long shall be thine owne
As they have power vitality to give :
I consecrate this myte of my devotion
To the rich treasure of thy deere fame ;
Which shal serve, though nought else worth a notion,
For tyme to sever thy fame from thy name :
William, son's son of William, dreaded Earle
Of Pembroke, made by England's dreadful'st King :
Neptune to Sidney, (rare worth's richest pearle)
That to this land her fairest fame did bring,
These worthies' worthes are treasured in thee,
So, three in one, makes one as deere as three.



*To the Right Honorable and leiall harted Lord, the Earle of
Clanricard.*

Our English crownes approved Irish frend,
That raign'st in our true love ; for, such thy truth,
Let thine owne rare perfections thee commend
For perfect praise, perfection still ensu'th.
I never was so happie as to see thee,
Much lesse to knowe thee, whom I longe'to see,
But in thy predecessor did foresee thee ;
For, if fame fable not, much like you be.
To add then to thy glory more bright beames,
Love his, thy other selfe, with deere love ;
For shee hath martir'd been with greefe's extreames,
Deere innocent ! whose vertues all approve.
Her love to thee doth argue thy hie worth,
Then love such love, that setts thy glory forth,

* Henry the Eighth.

*To the most heroick and meritoriously renowned Lord, the
Lord Mountjoy, Lord Deputy of Ireland.*

To praise thee, noble lord ! were but to doo
What all the world doth ; and to do the same,
Were to offend, and that extreamely too ;
And all extreame offence incurs defame.
Praise is not seemely in a wicked mouth ;
The world is wicked, and her mouth is worse,
Full of detraction, false praise, and untruth :
Then should I praise according to her course ?
O no ! thy vertue merits more regard ;
Let vertue praise thee, as thou her dost praise :
For sacred vertue is her owne reward,
And crowns herselfe, in spite of fortune's naves.
She is thy guide ; and glory her attends,
Which, her in thee, and thee in her commends.



To the right Honorable the good Lord of Kinlosse, &c.

Praise that proceedeth from a poet's pen,
That faines by nature, may want powre perchance
To add renowne to the renownes of men,
Whom goodnesse without glozing doth advance.
If then my pen (though it too open bee
To gloze) disabled be by envie's spight
To register the right that's due to thee,
Yet should it wrong thee to conceale thy right.
Thy world contemning thoughts the world do make
(As 'knowledging the ods 'twixt good and ill)
To rev'rence thee for thy rare goodnesse' sake,
Which harts with love, and mouthes with praise doth fill :
They stile that praise, but with one only word,
Which being good, with God doth still accord.

To the Right Noble Lady, the Lady Rich.

To descant on thy name* as many doe,
 (Sith it is fit t' expresse thine excellence)
 I should, deere Lady! but allude unto
 That which, with it compar'd, is indigence.
 Yet to bee rich was to bee fortunate,
 As all esteem'd; and yet though so thou art,
 Thou wast much more than most unfortunate,
 Though richly-well thou plaid'st that hapless part.
 Thou did'st expresse what art could never show,
 The soule's true grieve for losse of her love's soule;
 Thine action speaking-passion made, but O!
 It made thee subject to a jaile's controule.
 But such a jaile-bird, heavenly nightingale!
 For such a cause, sings best in greatest bale.

9

*Quippes for upstart newfangled Gentlewomen: or a
 Glasse, to view the pride of vain glorious Women.
 Containing a pleasant Inveective against the fantas-
 tical forreigne Toyes, daylie used in Women's appa-
 rell.*

*Imprinted at London by Richard Jhones, at the signe of
 the Rose and Crowne, neere to S. Andrewe's Church
 in Holborne, 1595.*

4to. 7 leaves.



* Henry Constable, and other contemporary poets, were punningly playful
 on this Lady's name.

THE wood-cut of a female figure in the costume of the time, with a fan of feathers in her hand, and a dog running before her, forms the frontispiece to this very scarce tract; which consists of a series of coarse raillery against the preposterous fashions of the Elizabethan reign. I extract a few particulars.

——“ When young whiskers fit for worke,
 In no good sort will spend the day,
 But be prophane, more than a Turke,
 Intending nought but to be gaie :
 If we were bent to praise our time,
 Of force we must condemne this crime.

And when grave matrons, honest thought,
 With light heeles trash will credite cracke,
 And following after fashions nought,
 Of name and fame will make a wracke :
 Might love and lip a fault conceale,
 Yet act and fact would filth reveale.

These flaming heades with staring haire,
 These wyers turnde like hornes of ram,
 These painted faces which they weare,
 Can any tell from whence they came ?
 Don Sathan, lord of fained lies,
 All these new fangles did devise.

These glittering caules of golden plate
 Wherewith their heads are richlie deckt,
 Makes them to seeme an angel's mate
 In judgment of the simple sect :
 To peacockes I compare them right,
 That glorieth in their feathers bright.

Were maskes for vailes to hide and holde,
 As Christians did, and Turkes doe use,
 To hide the face from wantons bolde,
 Small cause then were at them to muse :
 But, barring onely wind and sun,
 Of verie pride they were begun.

But on each wight now are they seene,
 The tallow-pale, the browning-bay,
 The swarthy-blacke, the grassie-greene,
 The pudding-red, the dapple-graie ;
 So might we judge them toyes aright,
 To keepe sweet beautie still in plight.

Were fannes, and flappes of feathers, fond
 To flit away the flisking flies,
 As taile of mare that hangs on ground
 When heat of summer doth arise ;
 The wit of women we might praise,
 For finding out so great an ease.

But seeing they are still in hand
 In house, in field, in church, in street ;
 In summer, winter, water, land,
 In colde, in heate, in drie, in weet ;
 I judge they are for wives such tooles
 As bables* are, in playes, for fooles.

* Baubles : the mock sceptres of professional fools. See Mr. Douce's *rudite Illustrations of Shakspeare, and of ancient Manners*, vol. ii. The following notice may be added, from Wither's *Furor Poeticus*, 1660.

——“ though worse I speed than heretofore,
 My peace thereby shall be disturb'd no more,
 Than if I heard a drivelling Fool did swear—
 His *bable* and *bell'd cap* I should not wear.”

To carrie all this pelfe and trash
 Because their bodies are unfit,
 Our wantons now in coaches dash
 From house to house, from street to street.
 Were they of slate, or were they lame,
 To ride in coach they need not shame.

But being base, and sound in health,
 They teach for what they coaches make ;
 Some think, perhaps, to shew their wealth ;—
 Nay, nay, in them they pennance take :
 As poorer truls must ride in cartes,
 So coaches are for prouder hearts.

The better sort, that modest are,
 Whome garish pompe doth not infect ;
 Of them dame Honour hath a care
 With glorious fame that they be dekt :
 Their praises will for aie remaine ;
 When bodies rot, shall vertue gaine."

¶

*Witte's Pilgrimage, by poetical Essaies, through a world
 of amorous sonnets, soule-passions, and other passages ;
 divine, philosophicall, morall, poeticall, and politi-
 call. By John Davies.*

Jucunda vicissitudo rerum.

*At London, printed for John Browne, and are to be sold
 at his shop in Saint Dunstane's churchyard in Fleet-
 streete.*

(No date.) 4to. pp. 166.

THIS is first inscribed by that voluminous writer, John Davies of Hereford, (of whom see an account in Wood's *Athenæ*) to Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery and Baron of Shurland, &c. And "again, to the same truelie noble Earle, and his most honorable other halfe, Sir James Haies, knight." Then follow verses entitled "The book to Gravitie: the author to his Muse:" and "of my selfe." To these succeed a motley collection of amatory sonnets, in number 104. Other sonnets upon other subjects, mostly of a graver cast, extend to 48. Much of the remainder of the volume is of a very mingled cast and lax character: but the latter portion of it is entitled "Other essayes upon more serious and sacred subjects." From these I extract an elegiac tribute, on a singular construction, and which bears the quaint title of

A Dump, upon the death of the most noble Henrie, late Earle of Pembroke.

Death hath depriv'd me of my deerest friend :
 My deerest friend is dead, and laid in grave :
 In grave he rests, untill the world shall end :
 The world shall end, and end shall all things have.
 All things have end on earth, that nature wrought,
 That nature wrought, shall unto dust be brought.

To dust be brought the worthies wights on ground,
 On ground who lives, in ground consume he must ;
 Consume he must whom sorrow doth confound ;
 Sorrow doth confound the mind that care doth rust ;
 That care doth rust, full soon care will devour,
 Care will devour where care hath greatest power.

Where care hath greatest power, it frets the heart ;
 It frets the heart, and doth perplex the spirit :
 The spirit perplext, procures the bodie's smart ;
 The bodie's smart doth quite expell delight :
 Expell delight, then life is like to death ;
 To death I yeeld, yet cannot lose my breath.

My breath, why did it not forsake me than ?
 Me than, e'en then, when that my friend deceast :
 My friend deceast, e'en as my joyes began ;
 My joyes began, e'en as my joyes surceast.
 My joyes surceast, e'en as my friend did dy,
 My friend did die,—and so would God might I.

I know not whether Puttenham has afforded an example, or devised any tramontane term of art for this laborious mode of poetic trifling.



The holy Roode or Christ's Crosse: containing Christ crucified, described in speaking-picture. By John Davies.

*And who in passion sweetely sing the same,
 Doe glorifie their owne in Jesus' NAME.*

Cruz Christi clavis Cæli.

London, printed for N. Butter. 4to. pp. 80.

The colophon bears—*London, printed by John Windet for Nathaniel Butter, and are to be sold in Paul's church-yard by Saint Austin's gate, 1609.*



A METRICAL dedication follows the title, addressed to the “well accomplished lady, Alice, Countesse of Derby, and her three right noble Daughters, by birth, nature, and education.” Complimentary verses follow by Edw. Herbert, knight, Michael Drayton, and N. Deeble: and a sonnet “to all passionate poets,” by Davies of Hereford, the author of this production: which is piously delineative of the crucifixion of our blessed Saviour. The ardour of the Poet indeed failed, but that of the Christian thus triumphed.

“ To thee, my God, my Lord, my Jesus Christ,
 Will I ascribe all glory, pow'r, and grace ;
 Thee will I serve, say pagans what they list,
 And with the arms of love Thee still embrace ;
 That for my love, in love dost deigne to die
 This death of shame, my life to glorifie.

None other booke but thy unclasped side,
 Wherein's contain'd all skills angelical ;
 None other lesson but ‘ Christ crucified’
 Will I ere learne : for that is all in all ;
 Wherein selfe-curiositie may find
 Matter to please the most displeased mind.

Here, by our Master's nakedness, we learne
 What weeds to weare : by his thorn-crowned head
 How to adorne us : and we may discern
 By his most bitter gall, how to be fed :
 How to revenge, by praying for his foes ;
 And lying on his Crosse, how to repose.

O worke without example ! and O grace
 Without deserving ! Love, O largest love,

Surmounting measure : that for wormes so base,
 And basely bad, such hels of woes doth prove !
 Had we been friends, what would he then have done,
 That, being his foes, no woes for us doth shun ?

Appended to the principal poem are eight sonnets,
 in consonance with its general tenour; and these are
 so morally ingenious, as to invite the transcription of a
 moiety.

I.

“ Altho’ we doe not all the good we love,
 But still in love desire to do the same ;
 Nor leave the sinnes we hate, but hating move
 Our soule and bodie’s pow’rs, their pow’rs to tame :
 The good we do, God takes as done aright ;
 That we desire to do, He takes as done ;
 The sinne we shun, He will with grace requite,
 And not impute the sinne we seeke to shunne.
 But good desires produce no worser deeds ;
 For God doth both together lightly* give ;
 Because he knowes a righteous man must needes
 By faith, that workes by love, for ever live ;
 Then to do nought, but only in desire,
 Is love that burnes, but burnes like painted fire.

II.

A righteous man still feareth all his deeds,
 Lest done for feare, or in hypocrisie ;
 Hypocrisie, as with the corne do weeds,
 Still growes up with Faith, Hope, and Charitie.
 But it bewrays, they are no hypocrites
 That most of all hypocrisie do feare :

* *Lightly* is here used for *commonly*.

For who are worst of all in their owne sights,
 In God's deare sight do best of all appeare.
 To feare that we nor love nor feare aright,
 Is no less perfect feare, than rightest love ;
 And to suspect our steps, in greatest light,
 Doth argue God our hearts and steps doth move :
 But right to run, and fear no whit at all,
 Presageth we are neare a fearfull fall.

III.

' It's not so blessed to receive as give !'
 Yet men, abounding in all blessings, take
 Relief from all ; yet they will some relieve,
 Sith they see riches here men blessed make.
 Then this world's blest in show, but curst in deed ;
 Christ's body in the earth growes lesse and lesse,
 Whose members, that should one another feed,
 Let one another pine, through wretchednesse.
 Yet seed is not the soyl's wherein it's sown,
 But his that sow'd it : so, the almes we sowe,
 Is not so much the beggar's as our owne ;
 Sith it in them for our soule's gaine doth grow :
 Then of all soyles that yeeld most interest,
 The belly of the beggar is the best.

IV.

Virtue consists in action ; which consists
 In doing that which Virtue doth command :
 But this injurious world the same resists,
 Whose actions are perform'd by Vice's band.
 Then hardly can the willing, weake in act,
 Shew forth the vertue of their active will ;
 But that the world their vertue will coact,
 To act the part of vice with greater skill.

Then let the willing-weake the world forego,
 And act the parts of vertue, where alone
 God and his angels may their actions know ;
 So shall they be beloved, prais'd, and knowne.
 For cleere is muddy water, standing still,
 But being stirr'd, it looke like puddle will.

And hide me in the wildest waste or wood,
 Yet Fame wil find me out, if I be good."

*A Pack of Patentees: opened, shuffled, cut, dealt, and
 played.*

London, printed in the yeare 1641.

4to. pp. 16.



THIS is a sort of semi-dramatic production, in which the characters introduced are rather descriptive than colloquial, and consist of Coals, Soap, Starch, Leather, Vinum, Salt, Hop, Tobacco, Gold Wire, War Horns, Butter, and Eggs: and these are followed by others, shuffled up together, with the cutting, the dealing, and the playing. But there is little ingenuity, and less wit in this meagre publication. One specimen will suffice,

Enter the Hop.

" Dispatch the Hopman next; he cannot stay
 To take his bill, except he hops away.

He will betray the Pack ; why may not he ?
 His wit is level'd with his honestie.
 His wares have lost their sweetness, scent, and hue ;
 The old are off his hands ; as for the new,
 The times have spoyl'd their sale ; yet he could sell
 His Patent deare enough to those in hell.
 But they can brew no drink instead of beere,
 They have each minute every one a teare.
 His shame brews grieve, when danger finds no stops,
 'Tis boyl'd, tun'd, purged, and it needs no hops
 To give it relish : he would faine be shift
 Of what he su'd for ; but it is the drift
 Of all his chapmen that do live in towne,
 To keepe up hops, and let the man goe downe
 Conceit hath fil'd his purse, but he will finde,
 Although he went before, he came behinde.
 'Tis easly knowne to what his gaine amounts,
 But very hard to cast up his accompts.

Exit.

¶

*The Fable of Ovid tretting of Narcissus, translated out
 of Latin into Englysh mytre, with a Moral ther unto,
 very pleasante to rede.*

M.D.LX.

*God resysteth the proud in every place,
 But unto the humble he geveth his grace ;
 Therfore trust not to riches, beuti, nor strength,
 All these be vayne, and shal consume at length.*

*Imprynted at London by Thomas Hackette, and are to
 be sold at hys shop in Cantynge strete, over agaynste
 the thre Cranes.*

4to. pp. 36.

ON the back of the title is this address of "The Prenter to the Booke."

"Go, lyttell Booke, do thy endevoüre
 To all estates, that vyce doth refuse :
 In the maye be learned how to persever,
 Synne to abhorre, vertue to use.
 The wyse the aucther wyll excuse ;
 By cause he invayeth agaynst synne and pryde,
 Who causeth many a one parilously to slyde.

In the* maye the wyse learne vertue in dede ;
 In the maye the strong manne of hym selfe knowe :
 In the maye the ryche manne of hym selfe reed
 How to gather hys riches, or them to bestowe :
 Wyth most worthy matter in the doeth flowe.
 Who seketh in the for profyt and gayne,
 Of excellent matter sone shall attayne."

The argument of the Fable then follows, in prose. After which the version of the Fable itself goes on to five pages : and the Moralization upon it to twenty-six pages. I cite the three concluding stanzas.

"Thus have you harde what hath ben thought
 By soundry foulke, of this same Ovide's tale ;
 Whereby I prove that al herin have soughte
 To shewe that Ovid wryt for good avale :
 Declaringe howe they lykest are to quayle,
 That greatyst store of anie food receyve
 The ryghtfull use thereof, and least perceve.

To moche posses so, that it is no prayse,
 But thynges possessed ryghtfully to use ;

* For *thee*, i. e. the booke.

For eche possession by and by decayes,
 And such as by possessinge shall abuse
 All they posses, with shame shall sone refuse ;
 Wherfore the most are worthy to posses,
 Whose spotlesse dedes the rycheast use expresse.

And thus my simpel travayle I commende
 Unto every one ; prayinge you to take
 The same in worthe, and when more yeares shall sende
 More wyt, and yeke more knowledge shall awake :
 Suche labours lyke I mene not to forsake ;
 As knoweth God, who kepe us alwaye,
 Save and defend us from all decaye.

Finis. Quod T. H.

These initials are very confidently applied by Ritson, in *Bibliographia Poetica*, to Thomas Howell, who in 1568 put forth "*The Arbor of Amitie, wherein is comprised pleasant poems, and pretie poesies;*" and in 1581, "*Devises for his owne exercise, and his friend's pleasure.*" The former of these publications has been noticed in the *British Bibliographer*; and exhibits so much less antiquated a style of composition than the performance now under inspection, as to leave a reasonable doubt of their proceeding from the same pen.

¶

THE ARBOR OF AMITIE



Of Gold's Kingdome and this unhelping Age. Described in sundry poems, intermixedly placed after certaine other poems of more speciall respect. And before the same is an oration or speech intended to have bene delivered by the author hereof unto the King's Majesty.

*Ipse licet venias Musis comitatus Homere,
Si nihil attuleris, ibis Homere foras.*

*Though, Homer, thou do come thy selfe,
with Muses waiting on thee;
Yet, Homer, if thou nothing bring,
then, Homer, God be with thee.*

Animus virtutis studiosus adinvenit artem carminum ad laudandum bona: ad vituperandum vero vitiosa.

Arist. De Poetica, lib. i.

Imprinted at London by John Windet, dwelling at Paule's Wharfe, at the signe of the Crosse-keyes, and are there to be sold. 1604.

4to.



THE leaf following the title contains the Oration announced in it; which, from not being comprised in the Progresses of King James, appended by Mr. Nichols to those of Queen Elizabeth, is introduced here. The style, as usual on such occasions, is inflatedly adulatory.

*A Speech intended to have bene made unto the King's Majestie,
in the towne of Windsore, but not spoken.*

“ Most gracious and renowned King: if we, your Highnesse subjects of this place, be (for the present) to seeke in what sort to applaud the incomparable blessing of your royall presence; we are most humbly to beseech your Highnesse to impute the same unto two causes. The one, the consideration we have of our own imperfections, as the same are now to be exposed unto the censure of your princely perfections: the other, the abundance of our joy, which hath so possessed every part of our thoughts, as that thereby we are unable to retaine, in our speaking, either methode or decorum. For it cannot be told, most gracious Soveraigne, with what insatiable power of our minds we do imbrace and entertaine this joyfull time of your Majestie's personall repayre into this land, and now particularly to this your Towne and Castell of Windsore. This time, I say, most brightsome and cleere, not overcast with any the least cloud of either trouble present, or danger to come. For it may truly be said of your Majesty, and that to the glory of God, as it was sometimes said of Mauricius, the godly Romaine Emperour,—that true piety and felicity have so met together in your royall person, as that true piety hath forced felicity to be present at all your royall solemnizations whatsoever. And why? Surely, because your Majesty hath not only covered your head with the imperiall diadem, and invested your person with the royall ornaments of the crowne, but hath also adorned your mind with the inestimable jewels of true religion and justice. But what shall I say? Among all the inexplicable blessings which we are now (by the goodnesse of God) to injoy by your Majesty, there is one amongst the rest so full of blessednesse, as that it over-reacheth the measure of common comprehension to dilate it into speech. And what is that? Even the knitting together of your two kingdomes, England and Scotland; which are now so closed in one harmony as well of religion as of their

confining borders and agreeing languages, as that (according to the saying of the prophet) bone is joynted to bone, and joynt to joynt.

Most gracious King, our most beloved Sovereigne ; there is one thing that your Majesty may hold as an undoubted certainty : namely this—that you are entred into your rule and raigne over England, with as great conformity of harts of English subjects as ever King or Queene within this realme. Long may your Highnesse live ! Long may the sceptre sway in your princely hands ! And unto the KING of Kings we bow the knees of our hearts ; that He will vouchsafe to graunt unto your Majesty a long, a peaceable, and renowned raigne over us.

I will not take upon me to particularize, unto your Majestie, the nature of England's government : but generally, under your princely favour, this thereof may be sayd—that by the most ancient usage of England, the King hath bin accounted to be *persona mixta, hoc est unita cum sacerdotibus* : aunswerable to that of Homer and Aristotle, *suprema potestas antiquitus fuit regia et sacerdotalis*. And for that that is holden thereof civilly at this day, it is this :—we say that our supreme power is *principatus tam regalis quam politicus* : the one respecting times of warre, and the other times of peace. And we say also that *principatus regalis et politicus paris sunt potentiae, sed principatus regalis difficiliore, est exercitii et minoris securitatis*. But of this, as also of the equity of your Majestie's common lawes of England, and so of the equity of your high court of Chauncery, with their differences, and therewithall also of equity in generall, as the same is to be used in every humane law : I, your Majestie's most humble subject, a professor of these common lawes, some certaine years past did imploy my labours in writing a plaine and open Treatise* thereof in English ; which being here contained in this written volume, if it

* This booke, herein mentioned, the author hath delivered to the King's Majesty, but not by way of dedication.

might stand with your princely pleasure to vouchsafe your reading of it, I make no doubt but that your Majestie will find sundry things therein not impertinent, no, nor yet unnecessary for your princely perusing; the simplicity of the handling always excepted: for the which, I must and do most humbly beseech your Majestie's gracious pardon.

After this, there should have followed some private and particular matters on the behalfe of the sayd towne."

A dedication follows, which contains matter of an interesting kind.

*"To the right worshipfull, his very kind and curteous friend,
Edward Vaughan, esquire, deputy officer of the Pipe of the
King's Majestie's Exchequer.*

Good Sir,

My occasions staying me so long in London this last vacation, as that, according to the bill of certificate, there died above nineteen hundreth of the plague in one week: although I then thought it not fit to imploy that time in any serious study, yet I was unwilling to pass it wholly over, without some exercise of my pen. Whereupon, resorting to a few odde trifles which I had penned about a yeare or two sithens, I added every day, for diverse dayes together, sundry others unto them. And causing my man to write them out after me, in the end I found the whole thereof to arise unto a proportion of a little booke: which (thus written as it is) I send unto you, as a token of my assured good will; being ready from time to time to expresse the same by better meanes, as I shall be enabled thereunto. And whereas in one or two places of the booke I have made mention of outrageous fees; let that light where it will. As for you, you are known to be a giver of fees. But an extreame exacter of fees, I am perswaded in my heart you never

were nor ever will be. And so with my best wishes unto you
I cease ; this first of Januarie, 1603.

Your true and hearty welwiller,

E. HAKE."

The volume itself comprises a singular intermixture of poems on varied subjects in various measures, with a few prose pieces, adverting to royal personages, to courtiers, to prelates, to judges, to lawyers, &c. and to the author's leading topic, the potency and undue influence of Gold. The following verses relate something to the author, but more to a visitation, alluded to in his epistle dedicatory, and which swept away upwards of 30,000 souls. Tradition reports that one person was whipped through the town, for going to Court when his house was infected.

*" Of the most commendable and honourable Governement of the
City of London, in the late times of the sicknesse and de-
cease of the most gracious and renowned Queene Elizabeth.*

Feare, horror, trembling, and dismay of heart,
Were each where seene, upon reports that went
That our late Queene lay sicke. O dreadful smart !
Redoubled still as new reports were sent.
Most men to flit and change their soiles were bent ;
But where to seate, or where to be secure,
Alas ! alas ! no casting could procure.

The upland man, thought safest in the towne ;
The townsman thought him best that was at large ;
And he that earst sate warme, in long furd gowne,
Could well have brookt the steering of a barge.
Not one of other then would take the charge ;

But each suspecting other, all dismay'd,
Not for defence, but for destruction stay'd.

O London ! then (to thy still lasting fame)
So prudently thy government was set,
As that, how ever newes then went and came,
Nought could thy grave foresight, or compasse let ;
Wisedome and courage so in thee were met,
As that the peacefull had his quiet rest,
And few men fear'd that they should be oppress.

No troupes by day, nor lurkings in the night,
Could gather head, but streight they were descryde ;
Each officer so held his course aright,
As that no doubtfull person durst abide :
And for the care that was at water-side,
It was to all great joy to understand
What rules were there, for setting men on land.

In fine ; when certainty of death was knowne
Of her, our Queene : did hurly burly rise ?
No, none at all :—a bud, then straightway blowne
On selfe same stalke, did London well suffice
To measure all things with an upright size.
The keyes were kept for him* who did succeed,
And notight was heard that discrepance might breed.

Then I, as one partaker of that good,
Who with my wife and family did stay
Within the city, where I understood
Th' occurrents of those times, and cities sway,
Found cause of sweete content, whereas I lay :
Observing there the orders of that place,
Which with my heart I highly did imbrace.

* K. James.

He then passes on to the principal subject of his publication in the following not unharmonious nor unpleasing poems.

No gold, no goodnesse.

O gold ! that goest in and out,
 That rul'st and raigest at thy will :
 O thou, that bringest things about ;
 Why art thou absent from us still ?
 But O, our God ! O where art Thou,
 That suff'rest gold to conquer now ?

You earthly men, who unto men
 Nought give where you can nothing take,
 I speake to you :—regard me then,
 Your gold and goods your God you make.
 For whereas gold is, you are won ;
 But where gold is not, you have done.

Be honest, learned, skilfull, wise ;
 Be what thou canst, if gold thou want,
 Thou maiest lie still, thou shalt not rise,
 For nothing proves, where gold is skant :
 For gold it is that doth the deed,
 But nothing prospers where is need.

What, shall I then lie downe and die ?
 Alas ! I cannot when I would :
 Or shall I sit me downe and crie,
 And with my teares my grieve unfold ?
 Lament and crie, do what thou wilt,
 Thy cause is lost for lack of gilt.*

Yet say I not that all men looke
 To be rewarded of their deed ;

* i. e. Gold.

But this I say, that few men brooke
 To helpe a man that is in need.
 For tho' he write with Homer's inke,
 Yet go he shall, before he drinke.



The same, complaining of his want of friends.

Waking in my bed, I wept,
 And silently complain'd :
 The cares that on me crept
 All hope of sleepe restrain'd.

I called on my hap,
 I cried on my chaunce,
 Will none stand in the gap ?
 Will none my state advance ?

My woe that never ends,
 My want that never dies,
 My state that never mends,
 My soule that ever cries :

All these are but the loome
 That warpeth up my death,
 All these presage my doome,
 The losse of later breath.

But is there not a joy
 That worldly joy excels,
 That helpeth all annoy,
 And worldly woe expels ?

There is, no doubt : God graunt it me !
 So shall those woes extinguisht be.



Droupe and die:

Looke up, and live.

Be drooping, N. and die, my dearest friend :
 For who regardeth him whose joyes do end ?
 Looke up and live, make shew of greatest store :
 If little thou possesse, make shew of more.
 Be modest, simple, bashfull in thy deed ;
 Assure thyselfe, of nothing thou shalt speed :
 But stout vaunt *parler*, stirring in the state,
 Will have his passage through a princely gate.

Answer.

Ah God, my God ! and must it needs be thus ?
 Will nothing come by plaine and simple course ?
 Must nature change herselfe, and loose her *jus* ?
 Must humble mind be proud ? Nay, which is worse,
 Must vertue servile be, to stalcke upon the stage ?
 Ah Lord, my God ! how grievous is this age ?
 Ile never live to make such fained shewes ;
 Ile rather live where peace of conscience growes.

Natura pauca, opinia multa requirit.



A carefull Debtor.

I live in debt, yet love not to do so ;
 I pay no debt, but not because I would not :
 'Tis debt's disease that breedeth all my woe,
 It kils my heart, alas ! because I could not.
 But hence I go, to seeke some change of soyle,
 Whereby to pay my debt with bodie's toyle.

The following translated passages are annexed to a

“Memoriall of the worthy and right worshipfull gentleman, Richard Lovelace, late of Hurley in the county of Berks, Esq.” a relation probably of his namesake, the poet.

*Quid sumus, O miseri ! nisi pulvis motus ab aura,
Et fragili vitro similes, umbræque fugaci ?*

What are we, O wretches ! by nature and kind,
But ashes and dust blowne about with the wind ?
And sampled by semblance, much like brittle glasse,
And like to the shadowe that swiftly doth passe ?

*Mors tua, mors Christi ; fraus mundi gloria cæli,
Et dolor inferni, sunt meditanda tibi.*

Thy death, Christ's death, the world's deceit,
With hel's infernall paine,
And glory of the heavens above,
Let thy deepe thoughts retaine.

*Vive diu, sed vive Deo, num vivere mundo,
Mortis opus, viva est vivere vita Deo.*

Live long, but live unto the Lord ;
For to the world to live
Is dying life ; but life to God
A living life doth give.

*Quod sibi quisque serit præsentis tempore vitæ,
Hoc sibi messis erit, cum dicitur, ite venite.*

What each one soweth to himselfe,
While he on earth is living here,
That shall he reape, when it is said—
You bad, be gone ; you good, come neere.

*Heu vivunt homines tanquam mors nulla sequatur,
Et velut infernus fabula vana foret.*

Men live, alas! as though they should not dye,
And even as though hell-fier were a lye.

In Mr. Park's *Supplement to the Harleian Miscellany*, there is a poem by Hake, reprinted—entitled “A commemoration of the most prosperous and peaceable raigne of our deere Lady Elizabeth, Queen of England.” Hake appears to have been a dependant on court favour, and like many others, a disappointed one: but he had been a professor of the common law, by his own report; and from Herbert and Warton we gather that he had been an early translator of Thomas Kempis, &c. and a writer of other works.



Love's Missives to Virtue: with Essaies. By Robert Beaumont. London, printed by William Godbid, and are to be sold at the signe of the the Star in Little Britain. 1660.

Small 8vo. pp. 120.



THESE *missives* are, in plain speech, *letters*: and would seem, from one part of Beaumont's epistle to the reader, to be his own composition; and from another part, to be the compositions of others. The former intimation however has the stronger support. It is evident they were written upon supposititious occasions. In addressing the ladies in general, at the conclusion

of his prefatory epistle, he says—"That you may see I am not your enemy, I invite you, I wish I could say to a banquet: for letters should be like a well-furnish'd table, where every guest may eat of what dish he pleases." This simile bears so strong a resemblance to one in Bickerstaff's popular opera of *Love in a Village*, that it cannot but recal it.

The world is a well-furnish'd table,
Where guests are promiscuously set: &c.

The letters themselves are so full of the commonplace inflation of affected love-passion, that a very scanty specimen may well suffice.

"Your beauty, Madam, is the loadstone with which my heart hath been so sensibly touch'd, that it shall ever stand right to your service, and it shall not come within the sphere of fortune to make it liable to the least variation. But as yet (Madam) I am but upon the dark side of the cloud, in comparison of your far more splendid and diviner part—your soul! A soul, adorn'd with all the perfections of grace and nature: a soul, each faculty whereof is married to its proper virtue. While this lady may be commended for piety, another for prudence, and a third for patience, you may be truly commended for all these; nay, more—for all the graces. You are a posie made up of all these several flowers."

The Essays are fifteen in number, and comprise the following subjects.

1. Upon the Head.
2. Upon the Head and Body.

3. Upon the Head and Body, as they are the figures of Eternity and Time.
4. Upon the Head and the Soul.
5. Upon the Eye, as it is a terrestrial Sun.
6. Upon the Eye, as it is an Index of the Mind.
7. Upon the Eye, as it is an Inlet to Vanity.
8. Upon the Eye, as it is the Guide of the Mind.
9. Upon the Eye, as it is the first Mover of Love.
10. In praise of Blindness.
11. Upon the Eare and Tongue.
12. Upon the Nose.
13. Upon the Body.
14. Upon the Body, as it is the Prison of the Soul.
15. Upon the State of Mankind.

These are full of trope and figure, but frequently with much force of application, though quaint and sententious. I extract a portion of the last Essay.

“ We are all, from our birth, either merchants or seamen. God send us a good voyage ! Man is the merchant : the chief venture is the soul : the body is the ship ; bound for one of those two places—Heaven or Hell. Let this ship be bottom’d with Humility : for *Virtus non est Virtus sine Humilitate* ; Virtue is not virtue, unless it be seasoned with Humility, said Cassiodorus. Let her sides be form’d of love : let her mast be made up of faith : let her sails be prayer : let her anchor be hope : let her ballast be a godly fear : let her tutelar be some saint or martyr : let her name be Perseverance. And being made, behold her tost with various tempests. Shall we then put ashore ? No : thence comes these stormes. Let us then hoyst saile for Heaven ; seeing the card and compass by which we sail, is (or ought to be) that of Jovinian the emperour—

Scopus vitæ meæ Christus. Indeed he had need sail warily that is thus richly laden; especially when there are so many rocks that may hazard an eternal shipwreck. Let us, in the dark night of affliction, hang forth the light of God's word, and this will direct us in all our ways. Sail and pray, pray and sail, until you bring both ship and lading to Heaven, the desired haven."



The Copy of certain Lettres sent to the Quene, and also to Doctour Martin and Doctour Storye, by the most reverende father in God, Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Cantorbury, from prison in Oxeforde: who (after long and most grevous strait emprisoning and cruell handlyng) most constauntly and willingly suffered martirdome ther, for the true testimony of Christ, in Marche, 1556.

Psal. cxix.

I spake of thy testimonies, O Lorde, even before kinges, and was not confounded.

[No place or printer's name in the title.]



It appears from Fox, Burnet, and Strype, that a commission was sent from Rome for the trial and conviction of Archbishop Cranmer, in consequence of his "Defence of the true catholic doctrine of the sacrament of the body and blood of our Saviour Christ:" which book had been ordered by the Convocation to be burned. Accordingly, on Sept. 12, 1555, he appeared

before the Commissioners of Queen Mary, Doctors Martin and Story, Proctors, at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, where he was accused of blasphemy, perjury, incontinency, and heresy: against all which he vindicated himself. After this he was cited to appear at Rome within eighty days, to answer in person; which he expressed his willingness to do, if the Queen would send him: but no care was taken to do this: therefore the Pope dispatched his letters executory to degrade and deprive him, for contumaciousness: and this degradation was carried into cruel fulfilment by Bonner and Thirlby, Bishops of London and Ely, with the Proctors named above. Before this process took place, the letters, here printed, seem to have been written, but probably did not make their appearance till after the death of Mary; as they are prefaced by an address to the reader, which would have subjected the publishers to the halter or the stake. Two of the letters are addressed to the Queen, and a third to Dr. Martin and Dr. Story, in which Cranmer accuses them, and Dr. Brooks, Bishop of Gloucester, with breaking their promises to him.

The second of the letters to the Queen, as shortest and most remonstrative, is here given.

“ I learned by D. Martin, that at the daye of your Majestie's Coronacion, you toke an othe of obedience to the Pope of Rome. And the same tyme you toke an other othe to this realme, to mayntene the lawes, liberties, and customes of the same. And if your Majestie did make an othe to the Pope, I thinke it was according to the other othes which he useth to ministre to Princes: which is to be obedient to him, to defende his person, to mayntene his autoritie, honour, lawes, landes, and

privileges. And if it be so, (which I knowe not, but by reporte) then I beseeche your Majestie, to loke upon your othe made to the crowne and realme: and to expende and weighe the two othes together, to see how they do agree, and as your Grace's conscience shal geve you. For I am surely persuaded, that willingly your Majestie will not offende, nor doo against your conscience for nothing.

But I feare me, that ther be contradictiones in your othes; and that those which should have informed your Grace thoroughly, did not their dueties therin. And if your Majestie pondre the two othes diligently, I thinke you shall perceave you were deceived: and that your Highnesse may use the mater, as God shall put in your hearte. Furthermore, I am kept here from companie of learned men, from bokes, from counsail, from penne and inke, (saving at this time, to write unto your Majestie) which all were necessary for a man in my case. Wherefore, I beseeche your Majestie, that I maye have suche of these as maye stande with your Majestie's pleasure. And as for myne appearance at Rome, if your Majestie wil geve me leave, I will appeare there. And I trust that God shall put in my mouthe to defende his truthe there, as well as here. But I referre it holly to your Majestie's pleasure."

The sequel of Cranmer's sad history it will be superfluous to state, as it is narrated by all our church-annalists, from Fox to Milner: and those who wish to read the whole of his most interesting life set forth with elegance and candour, will find it in the modern memoir of the ingenious Mr. Gilpin.

¶





*The Balm of Gilead: or Comforts for the Distressed;
both moral and divine. Most fit for these wofull
times. By Jos. Hall, D. D. and B. N.*

London, printed by William Hunt, in Pye Corner, 1660.

12mo. pp. 330.



DR. HALL having died Bishop of Norwich in 1656, this is to be regarded as a posthumous publication: but it has the *probatum est* of John Downhame, and will appear to have been fully prepared by the pious and learned prelate, from the following dedicatory address.

“To all the distressed members of Jesus Christ wheresoever, whose souls are wounded with the present sense of their sins, or of their afflictions; or with the fears of death and judgment; the author humbly recommends this sovraigne Balm, which God hath been pleased to put into his hands for their benefit; earnestly exhorting them to apply it carefully to their several sores, together with their faithfull prayers to God for a blessing upon the use thereof. Not doubting but (through God's mercy) they shall find thereby a sensible ease and comfort to their souls; which shall be helpt on by the fervent devotions of the unworthiest servant of God and his Church,

J. H. B. N.”

The piety, humility, and benignity of this address are quite characteristic of the Christian spirit of Dr. Hall; who, through a diversity of trials, persecutions,

and sufferings, bore practical testimony to the sovereign efficacy of that moral medicine, which in this little volume he administered to the consolation and relief of others. Having himself undergone much from sequestration and incarceration, he became particularly qualified for offering (as in the following passages of his work) *comforts* against imprisonment.

“Thou art restrained of thy liberty. I cannot blame thee, to be sensible of the affliction. Liberty is wont to hold competition for dearness with life itself: yea, how many have lost their life to purchase their liberty. But take heed, lest thou be either mistaken, or guilty of thine owne complaint: for, certainly, thou canst not be bereaved of thy liberty, except thou wilt. Liberty is a priviledge of the will: will is a sovereign power that is not subject to either restraint or constraint. Hast thou therefore a freedome within, a full scope to thine owne thoughts? It is not the cooping up of these outward parts that can make thee a prisoner. Thou art not worthy of the name of a man, if thou thinkest this body to be thyselfe; and that it is only it, which human power can reach unto. Besides, art thou a Christian? Then thou hast learned to submit thy will to God's. God's will is declared in his actions: for sure what he doth, that he wills to do. If his will then be to have thee restrained, why should it not be thine? And if it be thy will to keep in, why dost thou complaine of restraint? How ill hast thou spent thy time, if thou hast not laid up matter both of employment and contentment in thine owne bosom? And what such goodly pleasure were it for thee to looke over the world, and to behold those objects which thine eye shall there meet withall? Here men fighting, there women and children waiting: here plunders, there riots: here fields of bloud, there towns and cities flaming: here some scuffling for patrimonies, there others wrangling for religion: here some

famishing for want, there others abusing their fulness: here schisms and heresies, there rapines and sacriledges. What comfortable spectacles these are, to attract or please our eyes! Thy closeness frees thee from these sights, (the very thought whereof is enough to make a man miserable) and instead of them, presents thee only with the face of thy keeper, which custome and necessity hath acquitted from thy first horror.

How memorable an instance hath our age yeelded us, of an eminent person,* to whose encagement we are beholden (besides many philosophicall experiments) for that noble History of the World, which is now in our hands: The Court had his youthfull and freer times, the Tower his later age. The Tower reformed the Court in him, and produced those worthy monuments of art and industry, which we should have in vain expected from his freedome and jollity. It is observed, that shining wood, when it is kept within doors, loseth its light: it is otherwise with this and many other active wits, which had never shined so much if not for their closeness."

¶

FOWLER'S TARANTULA OF LOVE.†



SONNET VII.

With uncouth flames, lyke never felt before,
 I fele the powars of my life decay;
 And passions strange, more stronger work the more,
 I spy of death, bot yet of lyfe no way.

* Sir Walter Rawleigh.

† Continued from page 136.

O fatall startts ! fearse destins of that day
 Qhilk gave me lyght and lyfe, to love and see
 And prayse the face that dothe all grace display,
 Qhilk gendreth love, and maketh lust to flee.
 Yet, in that guise, what haps all happen me,
 Which may requyte my love, or quenche my flame,
 To thee belongs, sweet soule, (as lyes in thee
 To heale and hurt) for to reveale the same.
 For look in me, and you sall see appeare
 Great fyres of hope, bot greater frosts of feare.

VIII.

Through feare and hope, through fervent flames and frost,
 Through certen dreid and maist uncerten caire,
 I have the flour of age and youthe so lost,
 As now my heade beginns to change his haire.
 Nor yet do I foresee how tyme may paire,
 Or yet the Heavens diminish may my grieve:
 Nor can I see how to avoid the snare
 Whairin I run with joy to my mischeife.
 Nor spye I yet what comfort or releife
 Can I pretend, or yet will shee extend;
 Sen shee unto my doole is dumbe and deif,
 And dois my plaints disdaynfullye perpend:
 And with her eyes, which sprinkleth frost and fyre,
 Maks reason's saule and sense almost expyre.

IX.

Gif mortal prayers move immortal powers,
 Gif pittie (Love !) may once with thee prevayle:
 Empaire my paines, reviving at all houres,
 Or mak thy flames us equallye assaile:
 No glorious triumph nor trophe, by my baile,
 Can come to thee, of my reconqueist corse,

Who never in my faithe did faute or fayle,
 Nor, rebell lyke, resisted ones thy force.
 Address thy chariot and thy swift qhyte hors
 'Gainst her, who vaunts her murder'd men by love.
 Display thy flags, subvert her but remorse,
 That doth a mermaid and Medusa prove.
 Spare me unterm'd, who at the first did yield,
 And conquer her who last yet keeps the field.

X.

O wakned thought of my incensed mynde !
 Eternal Troyes of unconsum'd desyres :
 O endles plaintes ! dispersed in the wynde ;
 O sobbes ! O sighes ! my smokye vapour'd fyres ;
 O eyes ! sent downe from heavenly thrones and spheares,
 The movers first of my mad mournful Muse.
 O but outwilled Love, who never tyres
 To sakk the humbled hartes, and them abuse.
 O trustles Hope ! deceaving bot excuse,
 Who mak's the feeblest hart exempt of feares :
 O undecaying doole, through ruid refuse :
 O fountaines two of ever flowing teares :
 O undermining well, which works my 'noy,
 Possess the harte that hath displaist my joy.

XI.

Bellisa keeps under her calmy grace
 A thick tempestuous cloud of black disdayne,
 Cold snow in hart, and kindled flames in face,
 Rewth in her browes, but rigour in her brayne.
 Through her faire eyes and mind my hart is tane,
 And pouring poyson, sprinkleth on all, quhaire
 Qhilk hast dois suck, as thereby I lye slayne :
 And cruel shee tak's of my death no caire.

Her fretts the bryghtness of her browes empaire,
 Her frosts doth pittye from her hart remove,
 Her blushing yet decores her beauty maire,
 Her hardned hart is rebell unto love :

Yet how much more in her dois hardness growe,
 So love in me more high, and I more low.

XII.

Ten thousand wayes has Love enflam'd my harte,
 And Nature griev'd me with far more agayne ;
 Yea, Fortoun in my losses plays her parte,
 And with dissembled shoves perturbs my payne.
 Love doth in hardest knotts my harte entwayne,
 And Nature discordes in my senses place,
 And Fortoun crosses just deserts agayne,
 And maks me clouds of toyes for joyes embrace.
 So, Love, I plunge you drowned in disgrace ;
 And triple foes doth mak me perish thryse :
 I see my wrak, and [*] I embrace,
 Unlov'd, I love them that my death devyse.

Thus wemen, [] and a chyld forlorne,
 Conspire all three in killing me to scorne.

XIII.

Shuld I not hate those harmfull hands, and blame
 Which shott the shaftes of Love streight in that part,
 That by the bloode that issued of the same
 Is painte the fatall name within my harte.
 Yet as the wound is sweit of that sweit dart,
 That seeing them the more, I them adore,
 And fayne wold kyss them, though they cause my smart,
 That the revenge might equal loss and sore.
 Faire hurting hand ! hyde not your hewe no more ;
 Whose qhyteness graces, and doth glad my vew,

* A word here is unintelligible in Lord Woodhouselee's MS.

And qhils in wounding me I tak for glōre
 To perish and to perrell by your hew :
 How far shuld then my joyes and gladness growe,
 Gif pittie anes suld from your fairnes flowe.

XIV.

Unto the sun her eyes I do compaire,
 Which doth resemble in every pointe the same :
 The sunn his course has in a spheire maist faire,
 The eyes within my harte dois roll the same.
 Quhils he dois schyne, the dayes he dois proclame,
 Her eyes my suns, the dayes ar of my light :
 Quhils he declynes, obsceurit is this frame ;
 Quhils shee is gone, I nought dois see bot night.
 The sunn the stars surmounts, and is more bright,
 My dame in beautye doth all dames surpasse,
 Thought therein lyke, yet differs here their might —
 He schyning light gives to this worldye masse,
 Bot yet her eyes, the fairer they doe schyne,
 They draw my dayes more near to their declyne.

XV.

New wonder of the world ! one mo than seaven,
 Whose presence was my pryde, and absence payne ;
 Whiles this vyld pest in distance hath us driven,
 I equal absence lose with death agayne :
 For quhen by her we mortally lye slayne,
 To the immortal thrones our soule dois flee :
 Even so my hart, in this impatient payne,
 Abandons this my corse, and flies to thee.
 Death maks us leave the dearest things we see ;
 This pest depryves me of your heavinly face :
 Death cruell is ; so absence is to me :
 Death, full of fraycs ; all joyes doth absence chase :

Yet death puts end to all our noysome caire,
But in this absence, myne returns the maire.

XVI.

I tread the fuststepps of a thorted gate,
Quhaire love me leades, and doole doth me convoy
In couleras conforme to my estate,
With eyes in teares and hart surcharg'd with 'noy.
My second sunne, whose presence is my joy,
By absence now, maks deathe my way and path;
Yea, all my reason's senses dois destroy,
And all is fallen that I buildt by faith.
Quho then sall drye my teares quhairin I baithe?
Quho sall my harte deburden of his grief,
And tak from senses the empyre they hath?
Quho to my schaking feares sal give reliefe?
Quho, quho, but she, to whom the gods have given
To be the pryde of earth, and pompe of heaven.

A sonnet, addressed to Fowler by King James, has been printed by Mr. Alexander Campbell in his *Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland*; and by Mr. Ellis in his *Poetic Specimens*. Dr. Irving, in his *Lives of the Scottish Poets*, designates Fowler as having been Rector of Hawick; from being styled "P. [Parson] of Hawicke," in the title-page to one of the manuscript volumes of his poems.

T. P.



*A Survey of the World: in ten books. By Barten Ha-
lyday, D. D. and Archdeacon of Oxford.*

*Oxford, printed by Will. Hall, for the Authour, anno
CIC IDC LXI.*

Small 8vo. pp. 128.



To this learned writer Anthony Wood has assigned two columns in his *Athenæ*, vol. ii. to which the reader is referred. He translated both Juvenal and Perseus, was the author of several sermons, of an academic comedy, entitled *Ternogamia, or the Marriages of the Arts*, and of the present rather singular volume of couplet verses: “which passing the censure of scholars, (says Wood) was judged by them to be an inconsiderable piece; and by some not to be his. But so it was, that it being published just before his death, it was taken for a posthumous work, which had been composed by him in his younger days.” Yet, in his own dedication of the volume to “the worthily honour’d, the vertuous and learned Sir Richard Brown, knt. and bart.” he speaks of having made some additions of after-studies to his performance, in the defence of religion and arts, and thus concludes—“As they were a summer’s recreations of my age, cast thus into the fashion of ancient memorials; so I intend them not as a laborious summe of knowledge, but only as in the liberty and pleasure of a garden; as some unpleasing flowers cropp’d for the complement and enchiridion of a posy: which by the novelty may last a day, and by the art of friendship

ay, as friendship should, outlast the vanity of the power."

Verses which follow, "to the studious reader," appear to be written in consonance with what the dedication conveys. Their merit, though obscured by faintness, entitles them to preservation.

As weary travelour, that climbs a hill,
Looks back, sits down, and oft (if hand have skill)
Landskippes the vale with pencil : placing here
Meadow, there arable ; here forest, there
A grove, a city, or a silver streame,
As off'ring to yield beauty to his scheme ;
Then decks it for the gallery, and views
If th' eye and phansy count it pleasing news :
So now, my thoughts and hopes, that long have climb'd
Learning's ascepts, by which true art's sublim'd,
Turne, rest, and their owne wand'rings view. Here light
They see, by which they see : there deepest night,
The world's new chaos. Here a tinsell'd sky
That does with beauty please and pose the eye :
There earth, beast, fowle, mystical man, whose braine
A lesse world would the greater world containe.
These, if by Nature's herald, Art, well plac'd,
Present Nature and Art by union grac'd,
To view which, no new Alpes wee need, whose height
Shows Europe's dress, which thence may please or fright.
Wee need no Ararat, to show Asian glory,
Itselfe having ark'd up rich Asia's story.
No Atlas need wee, Africa's proud eye
The mysteries of its deserts to descry.
The new world's Andes wee can wisely spare :
The prospect there, but not quick death, is rare.
Wee need no Tenariffe, which does shoote
So high, my eye I'de lend it, not my foot.

No cunning mountain need we, whence the Devil
 Would show the whole world's glory, not the evil :
 Fear'd hee 'twould spoil his bribe. But here below
 From art, not mountaine, truth enough wee show.
 If then thy eye venters to bee so kind,
 Soone view the long view of a searching mind.

Thine, BARTEN HOLYDAY.

This Survey of the World is divided into ten books ;
 the following are their arguments.

1. Of inanimate Creatures.
2. Of living Creatures.
3. Of Nations.
4. Of Languages and Arts.
5. Of Philosophers and Historians.
6. Of Physitians.
7. Of Lawyers.
8. Of Kings and other Worthies.
9. Of Politicians.
10. Of Divines.

The whole of these ten books are printed in detached distichs, and in that respect bear some analogy to Cato de Moribus, and to the Dodechedron of Fortune. I proceed to exhibit some selected specimens from the different portions of this unusual little production.

The oake beares fruite, though blossome it beares none ;
 The just beares fruite, though oft it is not knowne.

The olive loves hot ground, nor fat nor leane,
 Grace is the just man's joy, in state though meane.

The margarite's compos'd of heavenly dew,
Heav'n is the pearl that is prepar'd for few.

The worme lives in his grave : do what he can,
He's but a worme. No muck-worme is a man.

The silk-worme's nature's poet, who excels
In phansie, in whose court with art he dwells.

Pride cannot see it selfe by mid-day light :
The peacock's tail is farthest from his sight.

The swallow's a quicke arrow, that may show
With what an instant swiftnesse life does flow.

Let devout prayer cast me to the ground ;
So shall I yet to Heaven be nearer found.

Religion thou on Sinai's top dost sit,
Higher than Horeb ; empresse of all wit.

The moralist with skill scarce more profound
Dresses the mind, than others dress the ground.

From diff'rent phansies diff'rent sects arise ;
Thus, seeking wisdom, some become unwise.

What's true is therefore good : and thus, we know,
All goodnesse else must from this goodnesse flow.

The following extracts have relation to poets, historians, politicians, and divines.

For farmer's life, quaint *Tusser* all contains,
The wains, the chains, the swains, the pains, the gains.

How *Maro* does the bee home laden bring
With honey : he's a bee without a sting.

Horace, thy art of Ode is choice: 'twill please
While mankind shall delight in song and ease.

Greece rais'd, *Polybius* ! statues to thy glory,
But thy most lasting statue's thy own story.

Thirty years toile it *Diodorus* cost,
That in the world the world might not be lost.

Herodotus is history's fresh youth,
Thucydides is judgment, age, and truth.

Lactantius happy eloquence displays,
His doctrine's 'not so happy as his phrase.

Bartas, the sunne makes halfe the world still bright,
Thou dost illustrate all, both day and night.

In sadnesse, *Machiaval*, thou didst not well
To helpe the world to runne faster to hell.

Had *Wokey* faults? h' had worth : know thou thy lot ;
Hee's fame, bee thou content to be forgot.

Raleigh, had thy brave spirit been judg'd sincere
As thy wit sharpe, th' hadst 'scap'd both axe and feare.

Ambrose, upon thy infant-lips bees sate,
Still on the hony of thy lips all waite.

Great *Austin* ! to be good thou didst not faint,
Thy youth was *Austin*, but thy age was *Saint*.

Bernard so happily employ'd his thought,
He scarce had time to think of what was nought.

Socinus would an Archimedes prove ;
Stepp'd from the church, the church he would remove.

Most christian *Athanasius* ! rare projector
Of a strange fame : that was—his God's protector !

¶

Epicedium. A funerall Song, upon the vertuous life
and godly death of the right worshipfull the Lady
Helen Branch.

Virtus sola manet, cætera cuncta ruunt.

London, printed by Thomas Creede, 1594.

A Commemoration of the life and death of the right wor-
shipfull and vertuous Ladie, Dame Helen Branch,
(late wife of the right worshipfull Sir John Branch,
knight, sometime Lord Maior of the famous Citie of
London) by whose godly and vertuous life, virgines
are insinuated to virtue, wives to faithfulness, and
widdowes to Christian contemplation, and charitable
devotion, &c. which godly ladie left this mortall life
(to live with Christ Ihesus) the 10 of April last: and
lieth interred in the parish church of Saint Marie
Abchurch, nigh unto Canwicke Streete, the 29 day of
the same month, 1594.

Fidenti sperata cedunt.

I. P.

An Epitaph of the vertuous life and death of the right
worshipfull ladie, Dame Helen Branch of London,

widow, late the wife of Sir John Branch, knight, sometime the right honourable Lord maior of London, and daughter to M. William Nicolson, sometime of London, draper: which said ladie deceased on Wednesday the 10 of April last past; and lieth interred in the parish church of S. Mary Abchurch in London, the 29 of the same month, 1594.

London, printed by Thomas Creede, 1594.

Quarto.



THESE three titles are included within the compass of twenty pages. The "*Epicedium*" occupies three, and is signed W. HAR. which may possibly be an adumbration for Sir William Harbert, a poet of fair repute. The "*Commemoration*" extends to somewhat more than five pages: and the "*Epitaph*" is printed on two, with the initials S. P. at the foot of the last page. To whom these were designed to apply, it now becomes difficult to conjecture: but it is not unlikely to have been some civic verseman of the time, from the quality of the persons commemorated, and from the structure of his versification. A short report of each is here communicated.

The first piece opens thus:—being "an invocation and instigation of greater poetes."

You that to shew your wits, have taken toyle
In regist'ring the deeds of noble men;
And sought for matter in a forraine soyle,
As worthie subjects of your silver pen,
Whom you have rais'd from darke oblivion's den.

You that have writ of chaste Lucretia,*
 Whose death was witnesse of her spotlesse life:
 Or pen'd the praise of sad Cornelia,
 Whose blamelesse name hath made her fame so rife,
 As noble Pompey's most renowned wife:
 Hither unto your home direct your eies,
 Whereas, unthought on, much more matter lieth.

Matter that well deserves your golden stile,
 And substance that will fit your shadowes right;
 Whereon his wits a scholler well may file,
 Whereof a poet needs not blush to write,
 When strangers causes should be banisht quite:
 And this bright comet, of whose splendant raies
 My too-unworthie pen shall give a sight,
 A ladie was, of whose deserved praise
 A farre more learned artist ought to write;
 Lesse wits should speake of starres of lesser light:
 Yet since their waies by her light many finde,
 I, 'mongst the rest, may shew my thankfull minde.

These stanzas are of a superior texture to what follows by I. P. and S. P. who were more matter-of-fact-men. The former in his Commemoration of Helen Nicolson, first married to John Minors, and secondly to John Branch, records her benefactions, indeed, in a way that required no poetic setting off.

She generally unto the poore
 her large almes-deeds extended,
 The poore distraught in Bethlem, she
 hath often times befrended.

* Mr. Maloue, in his list of the most authentic editions of Shakspeare's poems, registers the publication of his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, in 1594. An allusion complimentary may therefore have been made to it in this passage.

Saint Marie Abchurch well can tell
 the love to them she bare ;
 With money, coales, and cloath she did
 relieve poore people's care.
 Where were the sicke that shee refused
 to comfort in distresse ?
 This Lady helpt the widdowe's want,
 and fed the fatherlesse.
 Where were the blind, the spre, and lame,
 that had not of hir coyne ?
 When sought she not to stay their moode
 that would from poore purloine ?
 Where was hir hart, hir hand, and purse,
 at any time found slacke
 To comfort those that wanted aide,
 and cloath the naked backe ?
 Then, ladies all, example take
 by this most vertuous Dame ;
 And learne by hir, whilst life you have,
 to conquer death by fame.

These verses, though lapidary in their style, may be
 deemed meritorious in their object. The publication
 is of great rarity.

THE END OF THE WORLD

The voyce of the laste Trumpet, blowen by the seerenth Angel (as is mentioned in the eleventh of the Apocalips) callyng al estate of men to the ryght path of theyr vocation: wherin are conteyned xii lessons to twelve severall estats of men; which if they learne and followe, al shall be wel, and nothing amis.

¶ *The voyce of one crynge in the deserte.*

Luke iii.

¶ *Make redy the Lord's waie, make his pathes streight. Every valley shalbe fylled, and every mountayne and little hyl shal be made lowe, and thynges that be croked shalbe made streyght, and hard passages shalbe turned into plaine waies, and all flesh shall se the heath of God.*

Esaië xi.

Imprinted at London by Robert Crowley, dwellynge in Elie rents in Holburn. Anno Dom. M. D. L.

Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum.



THIS is imputed to the *Printer* of it by Mr. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*.^{*} Crowley was educated in Magdalen College, Oxford; where he obtained a fellowship, in 1542. He edited the first edition of *Pierce Ploughman*; commenced printer, and lived in Ely-rents, where (according to Wood†) “he sold books, and at leisure times exercised the gift of preaching in the great city and elsewhere.”

His present performance contains twelve lessons, denominated the beggars, servants, yeomans, lewd

* Vol. iii. p. 187.

† *Athen. Oxon.* vol. i. col. 235.

priests, scholars, learned mans, physicians, lawyers, merchants, gentlemen, magistrates, and woman's lessons. The following is a portion of

The Lawiar's lesson.

Nowe come hither, thou manne of Lawe,
 And marcke what I shall to the* saye ;
 For I intende the for to drawe
 Out of thy most ungodly waye.
 Thy callyng is good and godly,
 If thou wouldste walke therein aryght ;
 But thou art so passyng gredy,
 That God's feare is out of thy syght.
 Thou climest so to be alofte,
 That thy desyre can have no staye ;
 Thou haste forgotten to go soft,
 Thou art so hasty on thy way.
 But now I call the to repent,
 And thy gredines to forsake ;
 For God's wrath is agaynst the bent,
 If thou wylt not my warnyng take.
 Fyrst, call unto thy memorye
 For what cause the Laws wer fyrst made :
 And then apply the busily
 To the same ende to use thy trade.
 The Lawes were made, undoubtedly,
 That al suche men as are oppreste
 Myght in the same fynde remedy,
 And leade their lyves in quiet reste.
 Doest thou then walk in thy callyng ?
 When, for to vex the innocent
 Thou wilt stande at a barre, ballyng
 Wyth, al the craft thou canst invente.

* *Thee*, according to modern orthography.

I saye ballyng—for better name
 To have it cannot be worthye;
 When lyke a beast, without al shame,
 Thou wilt do wrong, to get money. &c.

This lesson runs on to double the length of this extract: and might give a lesson of patience to some readers, which, if entirely extracted, they would little be disposed to bear.

¶

*The Golden Fleece. Whereunto bee annexed two Elegies,
 entitled Narcissus' Change, and Ædon's Dotage.*

By Richard Brathwayte, Gentleman.

London, printed by W. S. for Christopher Pursett, 1611.

Small 8vo.



AFTER a dedication "to his approved kind unkle,
 Mr. Robert Bindlosse, Esq." follows

*"Pieridum Invocatio, quarum ope Ægon in triviis, Ædon in
 nemoribus cecinit. Quarum auspiciis rivos saltim apertos
 degustare licuit, tenuisque stipulæ libertate frui."*

Princip. You sacred Muses, by whose divine skill
 Each poet in his rank observes his measure,
 Direct the progresse of Menalchas' quill,
 Enrich his labour with your heavenly treasure;
 And so vouchsafe to favour his poore verse,
 That some may daigne his poems to rehearse.

Six stanzas follow in the same strain; and at the close of the poems announced in the above title, a second title page follows thus:

Sonnets or Madrigals. With the Art of Poesie annexed thereunto, by the same Author.

[Mottos from Horace and Ovid.]

Printed at London for Christopher Purset, 1611.

This is inscribed to "the worshipfull his approved brother, Thomas Brathwaite, Esq." Verses follow "upon the dedication of the last Epistle:" and others of "The Author to his disconsolate Brother."

Let not mishap deprive you of that hope
Which yields some relish to your discontent;
Ayme your affections at Heaven's glorious scope,
Which showres downe comfort, when all comfort's spent:
Then rest secure; that Power which you adore
Will make your joyes more full than ere before.

Let not the sunne, now shadowed with a cloud,
Make you suspect the sunne will never shine;
That ill which now seems ill, may once prove good,
Time betters that, which was depravde by time.
Thus let my prayers, your teares, concord in one,
To reape heav'n's comforts, when earth's comfort's gone.

The Sonnets or Madrigals (the latter of which is the more appropriate term for poems including many stanzas) are seven in number. In the copy now before me, the *Art of Poesie*, which might have proved curious, is altogether wanting.



Horæ Vacivæ, or, Essays. Some occasionall Considerations. By John Hall.

*Vitiis nemo caret, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.*

*London, printed by E. G. for J. Rothwell, at the Sun
and Fountain in Paul's Church Yard, 1646.*

12^{mo}. pp. 201.

Has the Author's portrait, æt. 19, 1646. W. Marshall, sculp.



*“ To the Reverend Mr. John Arrowsmith, Master of St. John's
Colledge in Cambridge.*

BUT that (worthy Sir) you know as well how to pardon as judge, I might justly suspect your entertainment of these pieces. Faint breathings of a mind burthened with other literary employments, neither brought forth with care, nor ripened with age, yet such as if they be not now blasted, may be the first fruits of a larger harvest; let them, Sir, receive the honour and shelter of your name, since born under your government, and cherished by your candour, that if they chance to survive their father, they may testify he was,

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

J. HALL.



To the Reader.

When thou shalt peruse these Essays, and compare them with the Author's years, I suppose thou wilt wonder to see

one, whose pulse beats short of nineteen, take such long strides in matters of this nature ; and be ready to suspect, whether he walks upon his own legs, or be stilted up by what he hath borrowed from others ; the truth is, he might be indebted to many, and yet few discover it, in regard of his acquaintance with the French, Spanish, and Italian : but yet I dare assure thee, what this Gentleman presents thee with, is as free from any such engagement as his father's lands are from mortgage. For the language, 'tis continued every where so like itself, any may perceive he hath nowhere stretched his own meaning to make way for another's fancy : and for the matter, know this, they who are well acquainted in the closest shops, where wares of this kind lie, say that he is a true man, and hath not robbed any author ; the whole web, (such as it is) is his own, if thou wilt believe him who (alone and only) saw it woven ; 'tis but a little one ; it is in thy power to make it bigger ; for he hath more of it upon the loom, and only stays to know of thee whether he shall go forward in the work. Most of these subjects were not of his own chusing, but (after discovery of his genius this way) imposed upon him as tasks, though he was pleased then to call, and after make them, recreations : his recreations they were ; and if thou please to make them thine, it may encourage him to begin, complete, and publish what he hath either designed, begun, or perfected. Be entreated to accept of these, and he is resolved (being already provided) to acknowledge thy candour by some Poems. As I hope thou wilt find him not altogether left-handed in prose, so I dare promise thee he will be far more dextrous in verse.

JOHN PAWSON.

John's in Camb.

June 12, 1646.



To my dear friend, Mr. J. Hall, on his Essays.

Wits, that, matur'd by time, have courted praise,
Shall see their works outdone in these essays ;
And blush to know thy early years display
A dawning clearer than their brightest day.

THO. STANLEY.



To his worthy friend, the Author, on his Essays.

Thy youth these lessons learned hath, and more
Than were set out to any of threescore.
Thus thou outstrippest life, and dost beguile
The fatal sisters of a longer file ;
And like the youthful planet of the light,
Art ever climbing, and yet still at height.

W. HAMMOND.



To the deserving Author upon his Essays.

'Tis common to commend ; but to deserve
Is for some few, that march in a reserve
With thee. Thy *Essays*, rich in native worth,
Need not our trimming praise to set them forth ;
But while judicious men the readers be,
Are monuments of judgment, wit, and thee.

JA. SHIRLEY.



To the Author.

I nor intend with some ambitious verse
To court applause, nor yet thy praise rehearse ;

I hence no fame affect ; thou none dost want
 That we can give, whose larger worth our scant
 And narrow thoughts scarce comprehend ; thy praise
 Thine own works best relate ; thy first *Essays*
 Shame other master pieces ; thy nineteen
 Makes five and forty blush, that scarce hath seen
 What thou hast read, digested, and canst teach :
 What we in other singly praise, thy reach
 Together grasps ; thou studies canst direct,
 Make choice of friends, opinions false detect ;
 Thou'st read both men and books, thou hast a key
 To each man's breast, which is thy library.
 In short, no single knowledge can confine
 Thy larger soul ; but as the sun doth shine
 On the whole globe of earth, and banish night
 From its usurp'd dominion, yielding light
 To eyes without it useless ; thou like him
 Shin'st every where, enlightnest every dim
 And heavy eye ; dark matters clear'st, turn'st night
 To brightest day. I know of whom I write ;
 Light wits, by every breath of vulgar praise,
 As empty ships, when the wind kindly plays
 With their large sails, do proudly ride, as past
 All thought, all fear of wreck, till some cross blast
 O'erturn and sink them ; but thy nobler soul,
 Whose ballast's judgment, is beyond controul
 Of popular censure ; thou thine own worth,
 Parts, skill, hast better weigh'd, and sent them forth
 Of doors to seek a censor, who at home
 Hast one severe as he, so by old Rome
 Surnam'd. Go on, then, happy youth, and be
 Thy fruits as great as we can hope to see.

A. HOLDEN,
 Col. St. Joh. Soc.

To my worthy friend, the Author, concerning his Essays.

Are these the bloomings of thy greener age?
 Sure they some monstrous Summer fruits presage.
 Nature doth seem to antidate thy years,
 And ere thy seed-time's past, harvest appears.
 Well hast thou writ Essays; and well he may,
 Whom Nature hath set forth as Her Essay.
 If for thy morning's draught thou drank'st thus deep,
 Poor Helicon will grudge thee long to keep.
 And if each meal thou dost thus heart'ly feed,
 Nine Muses must go supperless to bed.
 Yet take thy fill: long mayst thou live, and be
 Their patron; they retainers unto thee.

T. GOODWIN,
 Fellow of John's Col. Camb.



ΠΡΟΣ Τὸν ἘΤΦΥΕΣατον νεανίσκον γραφάντα μεν καλῶς και
 παρ' ἡλικίαν, ἅμα και την ἀμφι Πυθαγοραν διασκώψαντα.

Ἐξασιχον.

Τοια γραφειν δύνασαι παῖς ὦν, φιλε, μηκοτι δοιας
 Ἐιν χθονὶ ἀντλήσας των ἐτέων δεκάδας
 Οὐμὰτόν — ἀλλὰ πάλαι προμαθὼν πότε και προβίωσας,
 Πολλὰ τε καὶ καλ' ἐρεῖς ὥς ἀναμνησαμενος.
 Εἰ και σὺ καὶ τὰ σὰ ἔργα παλαιότερα εἰσι σεαυτῷ,
 Τιπτε σοφὸν σκωπτεις, φιλτατε, Πυθαγοραν.*

Ἑρρικος ὁ Μερῆ
 ἐκ τῆ Χρῑστῆ.



Horæ Vacivæ, or Essays.

ESSAY I.

Of Opinions.

We consider opinions here, as well errors sent abroad under the vizards of truth, yet by some wart or mole distinguishable, as truths themselves, walking under the notions of paradoxes.

Some broach them to serve the glory of their own names, and this is ambitious; some to poison and infect others, and this is diabolical; others to occasion further search and satisfaction, and this is discreet. To stick to one's own after sufficient conviction, argues self-love; to reject another's at the first blush, peevishness; to follow antiquity hoodwinked, is but implicit ignorance; utterly to reject it, and wholly lean on novelty, a heady lightness.

Those opinions are not like to get much footing, which meet not with the disposition of time and place to entertain them, as that of *Vigilius* of the Antipodes; but on the contrary, they easily spread, as that project of the holy war, meeting with a stout and superstitious age; they take best root when they are sowed by degrees, for that insensibly qualifies men's humours, and adapts them for moulding; as *Columbus's* design of a discovery after he had been staved off by several christian princes, yet by his own confidence (which questionless was strengthened by a higher power) he gained the assistance of the King and Queen of Castile.

Where they are to meet with a people groping in gross ignorance, the weakest, and those that suit best with such conceptions, do with the greatest possess themselves; for eyes coming out of darkness are unable to endure light, whereas they can with small or no pain suffer twilight; but those of more rectified reason can sustain bright and glistening discoveries to beat in upon them.

Disputing of an evinced certainty, teacheth again to doubt of it; cashiering of a probability, not thoroughly sifted, may cut off means of further knowing, since though error be blind, she sometimes bringeth forth seeing daughters. The alchymists have benefitted the world more by their occasional experiments, than ever they will do with their gold; and the prodigious tenents of some of the old philosophers have given hints for some more accurate discussions; truth having this advantage over her enemy, that she makes her turn many times her weapons upon her ownself.

He takes the best course to keep his judgment from biasing, that narrowly heeds upon what principles both parties build; whether both stand fast to their own grounds, (as sometimes in philosophy, *utraque pars est vera*) and whether ground is surer to build upon.

So long as no man can challenge an unerrancy, nay, the greatest minds have been soiled with the foulest stains: to captivate one's reason to a private brain, is to betray it to another's error; but the retention of assent to settle it in the best surety, and rejecting what is disallowed without protervity, is the safest means of sure and solid knowledge.

Multiplication of opinions in religion, argues that men's minds are unsettled, and the taper of devotion burns but dimly; they generally usher in uproars in the state, seldom end in verbal contestation; nay, one sect, subdivided, pursues her own differences with the most rancour, as is seen amongst the Jews, Turks, and Persians, some swarms of friars, &c. whether it be that they think errors that approach nearest the truth to be most pernicious, or that they can the worse tolerate them where they least expected to find them.

Some tenents are more easily maintained than opposed, some better to confute than assert; some that are detestable carry in them shews of applause; other some seem more ugly than they are really; it is a poor flattery of a man's self to propose his

adversary's arguments with their edge blunted ; nor can it proceed from any thing else than a spirit of malice, to set them out in more horrid visages than they truly carry. The multitude is susceptible of any opinions, being ever unconstant, suspicious, credulous, violently hurried away with them for the time, which is never long ; ever greedy of liberty, though neither knowing to obtain nor possess it ; easy to be wrought on in matter of religion, and that rather out of a reverential confidence of their priests, than reliance of their own judgments, either adoring or detesting their governors, and consequently sometime struck out of a tumult by the presence of one, whose age and virtues have placed him beyond their envy : sometimes boiling into a commotion at the appearance of another, whose pride, oppression, or greatness hath caused their malice ; idolizing their own darlings for the present, and suddenly crushing them ; implacable where they have the upper hand, merely asinine where they know an over-ruling power, suspecting the designs of great ones, and ever taking their practices to be darker than they appear. Wise men are timorous in the disfranchising of their judgment before they suffer their considerations to be regulated with reason, and matured by time ; once settled, it is one of the greatest tasks to remove them ; doubts cause them to suspend their assents ; satisfaction of doubts confirms them, and renders them inflexible, that many times they will write a confirmation of their theses with their own blood.

Since we all see here but *per transennum*, or as men in mists, one may see somewhat further than another ; yet none can take a full and clear prospect : it is but charity to pardon that in another, (error) from which no man can exempt himself.



II. *Of Time.*

The most precious thing we can enjoy is time ; yet neither

is it; nor do we enjoy it; we cannot reinforce a passed minute, nor rely upon a future moment; all we have is that *punctum fluens* now, which is no part at all of it. Thus are we like flowers nursed by the wind; and if we escape a violent hand in our bloom, we after wither and droop into the bosom of our mother earth: so that he seemed to carry reason along with him, who called nature *step-mother*, in that she gives us so small a portion of time, that we commonly rot before we ripen. But he considered not that brave actions are the best chronologies, and that we only live so long as we live under the colours of virtue; in other actions we are no more than irrationals; nay, they were far more happy than we (many of them) to climb to so many centuries of years, whereas the greater part of us can hardly reach half one. 'Tis a comfort *Thetis* gives her brave son in *Homer*, that though he should be short lived,* yet he should continue himself in the admiration of posterity: many, snatched out of the world in their youth, though they might have been more beneficial, yet are beneficial by their example, of drawing out the short thread of life, by interweaving it with choice actions, and making it though small, yet well wrought. Thus indeed we wrest the scythe out of the hand of Time, and pull the wings from his heels; but idleness is too delicate to do either, and is only content to anticipate death, by suffering herself to be racked with passions, and entombed in pleasures; thus our silken gallants are so sick of time, that they embrace any means to shake it off; but high souls, like the heavens they come from, move continually, and are incapable of rest, until they rest there; they look at the gliding of every sand in the hourglass of their life, and are so insensible of labours, and withal so unwearied, that as in natural motions, they move with greatest force in the latter end. God sends us not unto the theatre of this world to be mute persons,† but actors; and though he grants many exits, yet it is but that we may reenter with the

* *πνυθαιος.*

† *κωφα προσωπα.*

greater activity ; and it is an arcanum of his empire to conceal from us the date of our days, that we may the better number them, and keep us perpetually awake, because we know not how soon he may come upon us ; for *he will come like a thief in the night.*

Thrift in the expense of our time is an excellent virtue ; wisdom to manage it to our best improvement the base whereon the superstructures of all other wisdom lies ; 'tis an honest injury to nature, to steal from her some hours of repose ; unsufferable to the soul to let the golden hours of the morning pass without advantage, seeing she is then more capable of culture, and seems to be renewed as well as the day : it were an excellent posture to paint Cæsar in, as he swam, with a book in the one hand, and a sword in the other ; since he made his tent an academy, and was at leisure to read the physiognomy of the heavens in military tumults. This shews he knew how to prize time, and hated idleness as much as a superior ; and indeed to speak to christians, we ought to look how we spend our hours here, knowing they are but the præludium of that which shall be no time, but eternity.



ESSAY IX. *Of Dissimulation.*

Dissimulation quickens policy, and mortifies divinity ; in the former the tongue is the sole actor, in the latter the heart is also an agent ; the first may sometimes be connived at, the latter always detested : we shall, according to our cursory and imperfect manner, (for he that expects exactness and method in an Essay, wrongs both the author and his own expectation) look upon apart and jointly.

Slights in civil carriages are now become so frequent, that they are almost necessary, both sides in their performance rather supposing they act in the dark to others, than that it is so ;

which may be one reason, why there is now-a-days so little gained by treaties. It was the observation of an excellent man, that in modern councils, there is rather a shuffling off apprehending dangers, than preventing them from afar; if so, it argues men are not very cunning in laying trains, and there is a decay in present policy; as he plays not well at draughts, that only can avoid snapping when it comes to a pinch; so doth it not argue any excellent wisdom in them that suffer dangers, to meet them at their own doors; we have many times wondered at the greatness and prudence of the Roman state; and no doubt, before the luxation of the commonweal, the latter was more eminent, but especially in preventing of growing evils, notwithstanding hardly discoverable by the most eaglesighted: yet did that state more than any other at above board, whether merely out of generosity or ambition, is not much material; it is great art in dissimulation to dissemble the art of dissimulation, greater to perform that magnale in Perspective, to appropinquate things remote, and remove things approximate; thus applied, it may prove advantageous; but if it once leap over those bounds prefixed to it by religion and honesty (as they say) step beyond the altar, what a man gains by it in his affairs, he loses in the serenity of his conscience; for we understand not at all Machiavilian machinations, wrought by perjury and inhumanity, but an honest and columbine kind of cunning, which shakes at perjury as that which infringes the majesty of the Deity, nor can allow of equivocations which rather strengthen than elude oaths.

In some cases natural desire of one's own conservation will force him to dissemble, as the retaining of secrets among Potentates, which, unless strictly observed, brings assured ruin upon the discoverer. A lamentable example hereof is there in *Guicciardin*, of the bishop of Setta, who too precipitantly revealing a brief to the King of France, was not by *Cæsar Borgia* suffered many days to survive.

Personal dissimulation (that I mean by which one individual doth either meliorate or conserve himself) is either in concealing defects or purposes; for the former that governor deserves to have the robe cut in pieces that though he be crookbacked, will not have it so made, that he may appear straight. Men may, out of brave security, suffer their vices to be eyed or spoken of, confidently assured that their better merits do far outstrip them; but no doubt this path is too open, since one small blemish doth sometimes stain many excellent virtues, and though so small; that it cannot stand in competition with other eminencies, yet doth it by degrees weaken a man's repute; this granted, it will *Porismatically* follow, that magistrates ought what they may possibly to cover those slips that attend humanity, as well for example, as their own repute; it is (they say) dangerous to act any naughtiness before children.

Maxima debetur puero reverentia si quid

Turpe paras.

It is so with the people; those vices which they wish in great men, and also hate, they most times follow; for obnubilating a man's designs, he that lays his ultimate end open, teaches but another to prevent him; subordinate aims, as they are ever among states, so are they among private men; besides, when it is known what a man goes about, it is commonly forestalled by attending expectancies; there is best means of preventing this, where there is one secondary end worth the repute and visage of a primary, on which while a man looks asquint he may with the better security fix his eye on the other.

The Spaniard says, *Amores, dolores, y dineros no pueden estar secretas*; (love, joy, money, cannot be kept secret) such sovereignty hath love over the affections, that it is the highest difficulty to dissemble it accurately; nay, after all, it will be laid open by some erotique symptoms, but they fall not under this consideration; for grief, it is every whit as arduous; awhile it may be supprest, but if vehement, it breaks out with the greater force;

may, though it may cozen the public, yet will it write itself in characters of pallor in the visage; and for money, the alterations of men's dispositions with their estates doth sufficiently argue; methinks the moderation of *Pomponius Atticus* was herein excellent, in that he in so many changes of estate kept the same constancy in his expenses, that they were the same in the ebb as high tide of his fortunes.

It is hard to keep these two equally balanced, especially those that devance. The intempestive lavishness of our *Richard* the First, in his return from Palestine, was the means of his discovery, and wretched captivity. Vice makes especial use of disguises.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus.

Should she at the first view discover herself, she would prove so ugly, that she would be hissed off the stage of the world, and we should not know that Virtue had an opposite; but we have staid longer on this than we at first determined.

For dissimulation of religion, it cannot be to him *who trieth the heart and reins*, who seeth the most inward recess of our souls, and knoweth our thoughts before we think them; men we may indeed deceive, either in the appearance of our manners or opinions; some, to avoid the name of supercilious, cast themselves to a lighter garb than beseems them; it is a kind of pity these should have any thing commendable, since goodness is so valuable, even in the sight of her enemies, that very hypocrites would claim kindred to her though mere aliens; another sort striveth to set out themselves with the fairest gloss; these before discovery may be imitable, but prove after odious; good sentences in their mouths, are like pearls set in iron, debased by being there; and carry but contradictions in their own bowels; now of the two, surely these are the better, in that they give some countenance to, and in a manner bear up, the train of virtue; whereas the other kick her, while she reposes, from their own bosoms.

There is much spitting against those that declaim against vices whereunto they sometimes slip. If this proceed from a sincere detestation, and when by the shooting at others to make it dart more deeply at one's own bosom, if there appear some amends, with endeavours and hopes of further progress, it deserves somewhat more than mere toleration.

For tenants of religion, a negative dissimulation (that is the fittest name I can give that) which soberly conceals them, where there is not a place fit to endure their venting, and no probability of dispersing them; it will surely be approved by any moderate judgment. But a positive confession (though not cordial) is merely damnable; so dear ought truth to be to us that we ought to *posthabite* our lives to the smallest principle of it; yet sometime winding up too high may make it fall asunder; as he is a mad man that will suffer preposterous zeal to carry him to an unseasonable profession; so is he a weak man that when he is called will not avouch it.

Though God doth not ordain and strengthen every man to martyrdom, yet ought every man to propose to himself to be a martyr.

Illusory deceits may not be done, though to a good end; for this is evil that good may come of it; methinks an aright conscience may tremble even at a jesting lie;* he bid not make a shew of any thing that is unlawful to do, that bid shun not only evil, but the appearance."

The titles of the other Essays are—

III. Of Felicity. IV. Of Preaching. V. Of Fame.
VI. Of Studies. VII. Of Company. VIII. Of Friends.
IX. As above. X. Of Recreations. XI. Of War.
XII. Of Rewards. XIII. Of Fables.

* *Mendacium jocosum.*



The Dodechedron of Fortune: or the Exercise of a quick Wit. A booke so rarely and strangely composed, that it giveth (after a most admirable manner) a pleasant and ingenious answer to every demaund: the like whereof hath not heretofore beene published in our English tongue. Being first composed in French by John de Meum, one of the most worthie and famous poets of his time: and dedicated to the French King, Charles the fift; and by him, for the worth and raritie thereof verie much countenaunced, used, and privileged. And now, for the content of our countrey-men, Englished by Sir W. B. Knight. The use of the Booke the Preface declareth.

London, printed by John Pindley for H. H. and S. M. and are to be sold at his shop in Paules church-yard, at the signe of the Ball. 1613.

Quarto. pp. 170.



IN an epistle from the French author to the reader, this play, called *Dodechedron of Fortune*, is said to be "the meere* invention of one Master John de Meum, [Meunt†] one of the most famous French poets of his time, the which he dedicated and presented to King Charles the fift, then King of France. The author, it is knowne, was one of the most famous in the practice of the mathematikes and philosophie of his time; and so concerning this his booke, he hath proceeded therein

* i. e. entire, absolute: as in Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure*,

— "upon his mere request."

† See Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i. 368.

according to astrologie, dividing the questions into 12 chapters, answerable to the 12 houses celestiall," &c. The translator in his address says—"I have but wound up Ariadne's clew, and so proceeded by the thread to translate, so neere as I could, this most pleasant and ingenious work; wishing it had rather bin by some other than me perfected, whose learned skill and scope of words might have adorned the same, for the more pleasant recreation to the reader."

The skill of this unnamed knight seems to have been quite sufficient to reduce into quaint couplets a sort of fortune-telling plaything for men, boys, servants, and maids; whose lots were to be determined by a cast of the dodechedron, or twelve-sided dye. No specimen will require to be given of a book which consists of a string of prose questions, with metrical answers in couplet verse; not quite harmonious enough for poesies to rings.



The Father's Counsel to his Son; an Apprentice in London. Containing wholesome Instructions for the Management of a Man's whole Life. The second edition, a third part enlarged.

By Caleb Trenchfield, Gent.

London; printed for William Leach, at the Crown in Cornhill, near the Stocks-Market, 1678.

12mo. pp. 224.



WITH much plainness of speech, and some coarseness of metaphor, there is blended great good sense, and acuteness of observation in this little volume; which might be read with advantage by most young men, as well as the son of Mr. Trenchfield.

The following extracts will exhibit its tenour and style, which is parentally didactic.

“ Let not thy friendship to thy familiars induce thee at any time to do that which is evil. The saying of St. Augustine may well be applied:—*Amicus Plato, amicus Cicero, sed magis amicus Christus.** The greatest friendship is to be useful for Heaven. And where the highest relations, wherein nature hath obliged us, intrench upon that interest, we have a warrant to supersede our complacency: “ for he that loveth father or mother more than *me*, is not worthy of me.” Be rather wise than witty, for much wit hath commonly much froth; and 'tis hard to jest and not sometimes jeer too; which many times sinks deeper than was intended or expected; and what was design'd for mirth, ends in sadness.

Let not thy discourse be to deride the infirmities or natural imperfections of another. For in this case, what our Lord said to the accusers of the woman, may be said to all:—“ He that is without sin, let him throw the first stone.” There being no man that blames another, but himself comes under the lash in some other kind. It being as natural for men to *err*, as to *be*: and the purest gold of upright men, that ever we read extant, had yet something of an alloy: and, no doubt, but thine own conscience will condemn thyself, while thou art the sharp reprehender of another's folly. Besides, it argues a dirty temper to be so sieve-like, as to let pass the finer flour, and take pleasure only to toss about the bran and refuse; which even the best wheat is not without.

* The author may here have quoted without book.

Be very cautious also how you speak in your own praise : for there's nothing grates more upon the ear of him that hears, though with the greatest kindness ; nor any thing that more abates of that repute we have of men : for by this means I have known some mount like a lark, till they had lessened themselves at a strange rate, in the opinion of those that heard ; and sent them away with their finger on their noses, which came with admiration in their eyes.

But especially, let not thy discourse intrench upon that veneration which is always due to the Divine Being, his attributes, ordinances, and words. For as it argues a great profaneness not to dread "Him that ought to be feared," who shakes not the earth only, but also heaven : so can it never be safe to play with such edge-tools as cannot be unwisely used without danger ; or make a jesting-business of that, for which God hath said He will in no wise hold a man guiltless. And verily, it is a strange impiety our days are grown to ; whereby not only, as formerly, men make a sport of jeering godliness, but they make no spare of jeering God himself ; and seem to know the Scriptures for no other end, but to use them as tennis-balls for recreation. But if "God be in heaven, and thou upon the earth," and therefore should "thy words be few," there is a greater reason that they should be reverend."

¶





*Schola Cordis: or the Heart of it selfe gone away from
God, brought back againe to Him, and instructed by
Him. In 47 Emblems.*

*London, printed for H. Blunden, at the Castle in Corn-
hill. 1647.*

12mo. pp. 196.



THESE Emblems are thus inscribed, without any
snature.

“ To the divine Majestie of the onely begotten, eternall, well-
beloved Son of God, and Saviour of the world, Christ Jesus,
the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords ; the maker,
the mender, the searcher, and the teacher of
the Heart :

The meanest of his most unworthy servants
offers up this poore account of his thoughts,
humbly begging pardon for all that is
amisse in them, and a gracious
acceptance of these weak endeavours,
for the advancement of his
honor in the good of others.”

The third edition, dated 1675, ascribes these Emblems
to the *Author* of the *Synagogue*, annexed to Herbert's
poems. *This*, according to Sir John Hawkins, in his
notes on Walton's *Angler*, was Christopher Harvie:
But Wood, in his *Athenæ*, (vol. i. col. 275,) positively
affirms, that “ the Author of the *Synagogue*, in imita-
tion of divine Herbert,” was *Thomas Harvey*, M. A. and

the first Master of Kingston school, in Herefordshire. To *him* therefore we may presume to assign it, until a stronger testimony shall dispossess him of a tenure which reflects honourable reputation on the copiousness of his fancy, and the piety of his mind, though his poetic powers be not on a par with those of Quarles.

I subjoin a contrasted specimen of metre from these Emblems, without much deliberation of selection, in point of merit.

The Covetousnesse of the Heart.

“Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.”

Matt. vi. 21.

EPIC. 7.

Dost thou enquire, thou heartlesse wanderer,
Where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here.
Here thine heart is, where that is which above
Thine own deare heart thou dost esteem and love.

ODE 7.

See the deceitfullnesse of sinne,
And how the devill cheateth worldly men :
They heap up riches to themselves, and then
They think they cannot choose but winne ;
Though for their parts
They stake their hearts.

The merchant sends his heart to sea,
And there, together with his ship 'tis tost ;
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost ;
His confidence is cast away :
He hangs the head,
As he were dead.

The plowman furrowes up his land,
 And sowes his heart together with his seed,
 Which both alike earth-born, on earth do feed,
 And prosper, or are at a stand.
 He and his field
 Like fruit do yield.

The broker and the scriv'ner have
 The usurer's heart, in keeping with his bands ;
 His soul's deare sustenance lyes in their hands ;
 And if they break, their shop's his grave.
 His interest is
 His only blisse.

The money-horder in his bags
 Binds up his heart, and locks it in his chest :
 The same key serves to that, and to his brest,
 Which of no other heaven brags ;
 Nor can conceit
 A joy so great.

Poor wretched muckwormes, wipe your eyes,
 Uncase those trifles that besot you so :
 Your rich appearing wealth is reall woe,
 Your death in your desires lyes.
 Your hearts are where
 You love and feare.

Oh, think not then the world deserves
 Either to be belov'd or fear'd by you :
 Give Heaven these affections as its due,
 Which always what it hath preserves
 In perfect blisse,
 That endlesse is.



The Enlarging of the Heart.

*“ I will run the way of thy commandments, when thou shalt
enlarge my heart.”* Psal. cxix. 32.

EPIG. 35.

How pleasant is that now, which heretofore
Mine heart held bitter,—sacred learning’s lore !
Enlarged hearts enter with greatest ease
The straitest paths, and run the narrowest wayes.

ODE 35.

What a blessed change I find,
Since I entertain’d this guest !
Now, me thinks, another mind
Moves and rules within my brest.
Surely I am not the same
That I was before he came :
But I then was much to blame.

All the ways of righteousness
I did think were full of trouble ;
I complain’d of tediousnesse,
And each duty seemed double.
Whilst I serv’d him but of feare,
Ev’ry minute did appeare
Longer far than a whole yeare.

Strictness in religion seemed
Like a pined pinion’d thing :
Bolts and fetters I esteemed
More beseeeming for a king,
Than for me to bow my neck,
And be at another’s beck,
When I felt my conscience check.

But the case is alter'd now ;
 He no sooner turnes his eye,
 But I quickly bend and bow,
 Ready at his feet to lie :
 Love hath taught me to obey
 All his precepts, and to say—
 Not to-morrow, but to-day.

What he wills, I say I must ;
 What I must, I say I will :
 He commanding, it is just
 What he would I should fulfill.
 Whilst he biddeth, I believe :
 What he calls for he will give :
 To obey him is to live.

His commandments grievous are not,
 Longer than men think them so :
 Though he send me forth, I care not,
 Whilst he gives me strength to go.
 When or whither, all is one :
 On his bus'nesse, not mine owne,
 I shall never goe alone.

If I be compleat in him,
 And in him all fullness dwelleth ;
 I am sure aloft to swim,
 Whilst that ocean over swelleth :
 Having Him, that's all in all,
 I am confident I shall
 Nothing want, for which I call.

The plates are neatly engraved by Michael Van Lochem, but not with so finished a burin as our English Marshall delicately displayed in some of his graphical illustrations to the first edition of Quarles' Emblems.



Trayterous Percy's and Catesbye's Prosopopeia. Written by Edward Hawes, Scholler at Westminster: a youth of sixteene yeeres old.

Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford, dwelling in the Cloth·Fayre, at the signe of the three Crownes, 1606.

4to. 12 leaves.



THE title of this tract, but the *title* only, has been recorded in *Censura Literaria*, vol. vi. p. 107. Its extreme rarity indeed will give it an adventitious value far beyond its poetic merit; though that will receive accession, when its author's nonage is considered. A dedication is prefixed in Latin, "Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, D. T. M. Durhamiensi Episcopo." This must have been Dr. Tobias Matthew, afterwards translated to the archiepiscopal see of York. To this distinguished personage the juvenile writer thus diffidently addresses himself—"Hæc ingenium crassæ sterilitatis, illud adolescentiam imperitæ et puerilis audaciæ incusat; quod opusculum tam puerile et nugatorium, tenuique ex Minerva proveniens tanto et tam literato præsuli offerre audeat." Twelve Latin verses follow, with a translation by Edward Hawes: but these hold out less invitation to transcribe, than the poem itself, which in its exordium and design at least, bears resemblance to that assemblage of metrical histories, entitled—*The Mirror for Magistrates*. Percy and Catesby, it will be recollected, were two principal conspirators in the hor-

rible scheme of blowing up the Parliament-house, and were workers in the mine, with the Winters, Wrights, and Fawkes.

Of late, since Treason's face unmasked was,
 And rumors 'gan throughout the streets to flye,
 Wond'ring and joying at things that came to passe,
 And wearied much, to bed I did apply ;
 Where, sleeping, me dreames suddenly affrighted,
 Objecting shapes of things that were recited.

Percy's ghost is soon made to appear, and to enter into severe self-accusation, as was very natural.

Thou cursed braine, inventer of destruction,
 Thou prison-house of tribulation's plot,
 Thou grosse rejecter of instruction,
 For mischief made, and not for better lot ;
 Which hast thine owne prosperity betray'd,
 And me thy soule in hellish sorrow layd.

Angels with earthly minds aspyr'd too high,
 So cursed were, and lost their first estate ;
 So, unto torments cast, therein they lye,
 And must, for tyme without an ending date.
 Why didst thou not their ruin recognize,
 Before thou 'ganst this wicked enterprize ?

How couldst thou think that He which sits on high,
 Viewing the hearts of all the sons of men,
 Unfolding all, and the least secrecy
 Wheresoever, what, by whom devis'd, and when,
 Would any way thy plotted treasons favour,
 But in due time with shame requite thy labour ?

What did bewitch, that thou couldst so forget
 Jehovah's love, his justice, power, and might,

Wherewith He tangleth traytours in the net,
 And them with sword of just revenge doth smite?
 Hereof examples thou hadst very many,
 But, not regarding, didst not credit any.

Oh, that thy countrey's love could have restrayn'd
 Thy wicked heart from plotting such a woe;
 Whereby with horreur all had been distayn'd
 With outcryes, rage, and bloody overthrow.
 But all remorse was from thy heart exil'd,
 When wicked hopes thy judgement had beguil'd.

This monologue continues a few pages farther, and then occurs a very unexpected interruption: "Percye's head answeres his ghoast." Catesby's head afterwards does the same. But their ghosts are for the most part better orators than their heads. I close this article with a few stanzas of moral reflection, supposed to be delivered by the shade of Catesby, and answered by his head.

All men do sinne, but all not obdurate:
 The godly, though they sinne, are penitent;
 Their hearts do melt, to weigh their wofull state,
 Seeing themselves inclin'd to sinnes intent:
 But they that do not so, are dead in sinne,
 Though they do gold and worldly credit win.

For as those things doe beare a glittering show
 Of pleasure, which dead sences doth benumme;
 So suddenly they work the overthrow
 Of men, whose hearts they can but overcome.
 This is that death of life, and lyving heere,
 Whenas of grace no remnant can appeare.

The head thus answers :

Thou, silly soule, examples dost produce,
Which could not me reforme : for I was blind.
Of mercy, love, and trueth, I made no use ;
That wallet's part I alwayes cast behynd :
Like them which see their neighbors dye to day,
And yet do thinke, themselves shall live for aye.

And like the fond and foolish marriner,
That though before him he doe see the sirts*
Swallowing the fellow ships : a follower
Yet will he be, when safety him begirts ;
With strong suppose to passe that danger by,
But is deceiv'd and wrackt :—even so was I.

¶

ΣΤΡΑΤΟΛΟΓΙΑ : or the History of the English Civil
Warrs, in English verse. Containing a brief account
of all Fights, most Skirmishes, Stratagems, and
Sieges in England. From the very first originall of
our late Warres, till the Martyrdome of King Charles
the First of blessed Memory. By an Eye-Witness
of many of them. A. C.

Alta sedent civiles vulnera dextra.

London, printed for Joseph Crawford, at the Castle and
Lyon in St. Paul's Church-yard. 1660.

Small 8vo. pp. 192.



* Whirlpools.

THIS author, An.* Cooper, seems to have been trained to the sword before he handled the pen ; as we learn from a dedication in verse “ to the right honourable and truly noble Conyers D’arcy, Lord D’arcy,† Meynell, and Conyers ;” a staunch friend and supporter of the royal cause. To him he thus writes :

When yet a boy, your colours I beheld,
And regiment so gallant, by you rais’d ;
Even by my infant Muse your worth was prais’d.
An actor on this bloody scene you were,
And an eye-witnesse of most fields fought here.
Wounds you receiv’d, and much of blood did lose,
Whilst on the field, your life you did expose
To do your Sovereign service. Sure, that blood,
Expended in a cause royally good,
Your honour is : your wounds than chains of gold
Are ornaments more glorious to behold.

In an epistle to the reader, which follows the dedication, he reveals somewhat more of his personal history.

When first for Oxford, fully there intent
To study learned sciences, I went ;
Instead of logicke, physicke, school-converse,
I did attend the armed troops of Mars ;
Instead of books, I sword, horse, pistols bought,
And on the field I for degrees then fought.

* Probably *Anthony*, and a relation of Anthony Ashley Cooper, created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672.

† Whose son appears to have been created Earl of Holderness. See Sir Egerton Brydges’ *Peerage*, ix. 400, and Beatson’s *Political Index*, i. 3.

My years had not amounted full eighteen,
 Till I on field wounded three times had been :
 Three times in sieges close had been immur'd,
 Three times imprisonment's restraint indur'd.
 In those sad times these verses rude were writ,
 For poesie a season most unfit.
 Yet is my subject high, the hystory true,
 Presented in this book unto thy view.
 Well nigh each skirmish, stratagem, siege, fight,
 In these late warrs we here present to sight :
 And if thou shalt accept these first essayes,
 Shortly perchance we may in smother layes
 The *second part* of our sad annals sing,
 Till the blest restauration of our King.

This prospective intimation is not likely to have been carried into effect : nor has more than one copy of the present publication presented itself to the eye of your correspondent. The poem itself is little more than a gazette or journal of passing events in halting rhyme : and as the *contents* of each of the eight books, into which it is divided, have nearly as much of metrical merit in them as any other portion of the work, they are here extracted.

Book I.

See first a good, then a bad parliament,
 The fatal causes of our discontent ;
 The two Scotch expeditions ; causes why ;
 Ireland's rebellion, Strafford's tragedy,
 London tumultuous : the King's brave intents
 Ireland for to relieve ; Hotham prevents,
 By Hull's denyall ; which the King, to take,
 Forces combines, Meldrum on them doth make

Two sallies bold : some royalists are slain :
 The King for York from Hull retreats again.
 A noble person's council some releife
 Contributes to the King, opprest with grief.

BOOK II.

A short dissuasive from this Civil Warr.
 The King sets up his standard ; doth declare
 Of his defensive arms the innocence :
 London's zeal for the Parliament's pretence.
 Essex his force to Coventry doth bring ;
 Worcester fight ; the battail at Edge-hill.

BOOK III.

Blake hang'd : diverse vicissitudes of Warr.
 Brainford fight : Rupert storms Cirencester.
 Lord Brooks his acts, his fatal wound, and death,
 The fights in Riple-fields : on Hoapton-heath.
 Litchfield storm'd twice, and Reading tane had been.
 Chalgrave, Landsdown, and Roundway fights. The Queen
 At Burlington doth land. The King and shee
 Meet on Edge-hill. Gloucester siege ; Newberry
 First fight : Eccleshal seige : Arundel tane :
 Bramdean-heath fight, where noble Smith was slain.
 Prince Griffith's gallantry and quick defeat :
 Rupert, from Newark seige, doth Meldrum beat.

BOOK IV.

Essex and Waller's forces are combin'd :
 Essex for Cornwall goes : Waller's design'd
 The King to fight : Copedray-bridge dispute :
 The King doth after Essex make pursuite.
 Essex defeat in Cornwall. Malmsberry tane.
 Pennington siege, and Banburie's. Min is slain.

Ast-ferry fight. Monmouth lost and regain'd.
 Newberry second fight. Norton constrain'd
 Basing to leave. Wye fight. Shrewsbury won
 Some northern actions that this while are done.

BOOK V.

Atherton fight : Hull's sledge : yet these between,
 At Gainsborough and Nantwich do intervene
 Some actions. Winsby fight. Hull's sledge doth rise.
 Newcastle meets old Leven's enterprize
 Invading England : his oration,
 His Covenanters to : Bowden-hills on
 And Pinshaw, skirmishes. Corbridge dispute.
 Fairfax's forces mightily recruite
 In Yorkshire : Selby stormed is by them :
 Renowned Redman's Cauwood's stratagem.

BOOK VI.

New-castle, from the North, the Scots before
 Doth fly. York siege. The fight at Marston-more.
 New-castle England leaves. A short review
 Of all those northern sieges that insue.

BOOK VII.

The model new, with some of Cromwel's deeds
 Lidney siege rais'd : Ludberry fight succeeds.
 Taunton besieg'd : the King storms Leicester.
 Naisby fight. Goring's forces routed are
 At Langport. What's at several sieges done.
 Routon and Shearbourne fights : West-chester won.
 Kilsithe fight : Digby's rout on Carlisle sands.
 Torrington fight. Goring his men disbands.
 Stow fight. Oxford besieg'd : the King doth make,
 Hence in disguise, unto the Scots, escape.
 Hereford is surprized by a plot.
 Newark siege. North the King goes with the Scot.

BOOK VIII.

The royal garrisons distress'd much are.
 The Scots the King do sell. The second Warr.
 Horton doth Poyer and Langhorn both defeat.
 The London and the Kentish forces beat.
 Barwick and Carlisle, Langdale doth surprize.
 Duke Hamilton's successless enterprize.
 The kirk, late Cromwel's foes, with him now side.
 Colchester tane. Cromwel's curs'd regicide.

A table of the most remarkable passages contained in the book, and arranged in chronological succession, concludes this scarce volume.



A special Help to Orthographie: or the true-writing of English. Consisting of such Words as are alike in sound, and unlike both in their signification and writing. As also, of such words which are so neer alike in sound, that they are sometimes taken one for another. Whereunto are added diverse Orthographical observations, very needfull to be known. Publisht by Richard Hodges, a school master, dwelling in Southwark, at the middle-gate, within Mountague-Close; for the benefit of all such as do affect True-Writing.

London, printed for Richard Cotes, 1649.

4to. pp. 32.



SEVERAL tracts on this unsettled subject have at various times appeared, from the publication of Hart's *Orthographie* in 1569, to that of Hodges; and from thence, to the eccentricities of Elphinston, and the peculiarities of Ritson. But there is a fluctuation in the forms of words as well as in their diversities of meaning, which will ever put at defiance all endeavours to render them stable. Some discriminative modes of spelling, which by this author were intended to become standard modes, are now altogether obsolete; and others which he proposed, but only ventured in part to adopt, are now generally adopted. Such is the following instance:—

“Take heed that you never put a double consonant with an *e*, in the end of any word: for there is no necessitie thereof. And the rather wee* may be the bolder so to do, because the learned, both in printing and writing, do dayly practise it. Therefore, you must not write such words as these, thus—*ladde*, *bedde*, *lidde*, *rodde*, *budde*; but thus—*lad*, *bed*, *lid*, *rod*, *bud*: and in like manner you are to write al other words which end with any other consonant.”

¶

* It is not a little curious, that the author should partly transgress, or allow the printer to do so, against the very rule he was desirous to establish; and thus suffer his example in some degree to contradict his precept.



The Vocal Organ: or a new Art of teaching the English Orthographie, by observing the instruments of Pronunciation, and the difference between words of like sound; whereby any outlandish or meer English man, woman, or child, may speedily attain to the exact spelling, reading, writing, or pronouncing of any word in the English tongue; without the advantage of its fountains, the Greek and Latine.

Compiled by O. P. Master of Arts, and Professor of the Art of Pedagogie.

Oxford, printed by William Hall, for Amos Curteyne 1665.

Small 8vo. pp. 84.



“ALL grammars (says the author of this tract) are rules of common speech; yet I have not been guided by our vulgar pronunciation, but by that of London and our Universities, where the language is purely spoken. Others have given thee some insignificant hints of what is here compleated: others have been shooting at rovers, at the first scope of this method; which is briefly to tell thee the right spelling of any word, by observing the sound and power of the alphabet. For as the hollowness of musicall instruments yeeldeth a sound, so the breast* yeeldeth a voice; and as by touching their various stops, their notes are changed, so the harmony of the voice is made by lips, teeth, tongue, palate, throat.”

* Breast was formerly a term for the voice.

In order to display the several letters which receive formation of sound from these different appendages to that "vocal organ," the mouth, a plate is introduced, somewhat in the manner of Hollar, containing a male and female head; the one with twenty-one consonants, and the other with five vowels issuing forth, according to the several instruments or parts of pronunciation employed.

Annexed to the spelling and pronouncing portion of the book, are the first four arithmetical tables, and words differing in sense and not in sound, put into rhyme. Here the author fitly cautions his reader not to expect poetry, "where the ground will bear but a monkish verse, meerly to help the fansie of children."



A Survey of History, or a Nursery for Gentry. Contrived and comprised in an intermixt Discourse upon historical and poetick Relations. A subject of itself well meriting the approbation of the judicious, and best known how to confirme their knowledge, by this brief Survey, or General Table of mixed Discourses. And no less profitable to such as desire to better their immaturity of knowledge by morall readings.

Distinguished into several heads for the direction of the reader, to all such historical mixtures as be comprehended in this Treatise.

The like whereof for variety of discourse, mixed with profit and modest delight (in the opinion of the clear-

est and refind'st judgements) hath not heretofore bin published.

By Richard Brathwaite, Esquire, Oxon.

Quod verum atque decens curo et rogo et omnis in hoc sum.—HOR.

Imprinted at London by J. Okes, for Jasper Emery, at the Eagle and Child in Paul's Church yard, next Watling street. 1638.



“ To the Right Honorable Henry Lord Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton, (Learning's select Favourite,) Ri. Brathwait wisheth perpetuall increase of best meriting Honours.

RIGHT HONORABLE,

So rarely is Pallas' shield born by the noble, or supported by such whose eminence might revive her decayed hopes: as Britain's Parnassus (on which never were more inhabitants planted, and, Homer-like, more usually expelled) is grown despicable in herself, because protected by none but herself, *Hinc ferrea tempore surgunt*, wanting their cherishers (those heroic patrons) whose countenance in former times made the studies of the learned more pleasant (having their labours by such approbation seconded). Yet in these times (my honorable Lord) we may find some royal seeds of pristine nobility (wherein we may glory) reserved, as it were, from so great ruins, for the preservation of learning, and the continuance of all virtuous studies: amongst which, your noble self, as generally reputed learned, so a professed friend to such as be studious of learning: a character which ever held best correspondence with honour, being a favourite to them who can best define honour: expressing to the life what properties best concord with so exquisite a master-piece.

It is observed, that all the Roman Emperors were singular in some peculiar art, science, or mystery; and such of the patricians as could not derive their native descent, (with the particular relation of their ancestor's most noble actions) were thought unworthy to arrogate any thing to themselves by their virtues. These Romans were truly noble, bearing their annals ever with them, either to caution them of what was to be done: nor knew they honour better limned, or more exactly proportioned than when it was beautified by the eternal ornament of the mind. Many I know (my good Lord) whose greatness is derivative from their ancestors unto themselves, but much eclipsed by their own defects: and plants, which had a noble grafter, use now and then to degenerate. But so apparent is your lustre, it borroweth no light but from yourself; no eminence but from the lamp of your honour; which is ever ready to excite the virtuous to the undertaking of labours well meriting of their country, and generally profitable to all estates. In subjects of this nature (my honourable Lord) I cannot find any more exact than these *Surveys of Histories*; many we have depraved: and very lascivious measure now becomes an historian. No study in his own nature more deserving, yet more corrupted none is there. O then, if those ancient Romans (mirrors of true resolution) kept their *armilustra* with such solemnity, feasts celebrated at the *surveys of their weapons*, we, that enjoy these halcyon days of peace and tranquillity, have reason to reserve some time for the solemnizing this *peaceable armour of histories*; where we may see in what bonds of duty and affection we are tied to the Almighty, not only in having preserved us from many hostile incursions, but in his continuing of his love towards us. We cannot well dijudicate of comforts but in relation of discomforts: nor in peace with so general acceptance entertained by any, as by them who have sustained the extremities of war. Many precedent experiments have we had, and this isle hath tasted of misery with the great-

est; and now, revived in herself, should acknowledge her miraculous preservation, as not proceeding from her own power, but derived from the supreme influence of heaven; whose power is able to erect, support, demolish, and lay waste, as he pleaseth: *Hinc timor, hinc amor*. Hence we have arguments of fear and love: fear from us to God; love from God to us: cause we have to fear, that subject not our understandings to the direct line and square of reason, but in our flourishing estate imitating that once renowned Sparta) who was—*Nunquam minus fœlix, quam cum fœlix visa* ——; abuse those excellent gifts we have received, contemning the menaces of heaven, and drawing upon ourselves the *viols of God's wrath*, heavier diffused, because longer delayed. We should recollect ourselves, and benefit our ungrateful minds with those considerations: that our present felicity be not buried in the ruins of a succeeding calamity.

These histories (my noble Lord) be the best representments of these motives. And in perusing discourses of this nature (next to the sacred word of God) we are strangely transported above human apprehension, seeing the admirable foundation of commonweals planted (to man's thinking) in the port of security, wonderfully ruined; grounding their dissolution upon some precedent *crying sin*, which laid their *honour in the dust*, and translated their empire to some (perchance) more deserving people. Here, civil wars, the original causes of the realm's subversion: there, ambition, bred by too long success: here, emulation in virtue, the first erectress of a flourishing empire: there, parasites, the scarabees of honour, the corrupters of royally disposed affections, and the chiefest engineers of wreck and confusion; buzzing strange notions in a prince's ear, occasioning his shame, and their own ruin: here, states happy, before they raised themselves to the highest type and distance of happiness. And generally observe we may, in our human compositions, nothing so firm, as to promise to itself constancy; so continue,

as to assure itself perpetuity ; or, under the cope of heaven, any thing so solid, as not subject to mutability.

This *Survey* (my Lord) have I presumed to dedicate to your honour, (sprung from a zealous and affectionate tender) not for any meriting discourse which it comprehends, but for the generality of the subject ; and native harmony, wherein your noble disposition so sweetly closeth with it. Your protection will raise it above itself, and make me proud to have an issue so highly patronized. It presents itself with fear, may it be admitted with favour : so shall my labours be in all duty to your Honour devoted, my prayers exhibited, and myself confirmed

Your Lordship's wholly
R^I. BRATHWAIT."



" To the Right Honourable Elizabeth Dowager, Countess of Southampton, the fruition of her divinest wishes.

From the sacred ashes of your ever honoured Lord,* whose memory lives in the hearts of men, while his better part shines in the courts of heaven, is the breath and birth of this work derived. At first addressed it was unto him living ; and now presented to yourself, the virtuous survivor of him. Nor can it expect ought less from you than a new life, who so constantly retains in you the memory of his love. Jewel are valued by their lustre : labours of this nature by the test, and approvement of the reader. Deign, Madam, to accept it, for his sake, who did so highly prize it : so shall your Honour ever oblige him, whose vowed zeal hath ever confirmed him

Your Ladyship's in all humble observance,
R^I. BRATHWAIT."

* A funeral Elegy to his precious memory was long since extant, being annexed to my ' Britain's Bath,' anno 1625.

EXTRACT, P. 1.

“ A Survey of History, or a Nursery for the Gentry.

In the survey of histories, the true relators of things done, with a probable collection of things to come, by precedent events, I thought good compendiously to contract some especial caveats, as well for observance in historical discourses, as for prevention of such inconveniences (or exorbitancies rather) as happily might occur in such narrations. First, therefore, I have propounded to myself this method, (by way of inference) to describe the true scope at which all histories ought to aim, and to which they should principally be directed. Secondly, to distinguish of several uses and fruits of histories: the end whereof being exactly set down, a dijudicating power may easily collect from what subject the choicest and selectedst hints may be deduced. Thirdly, the profit which redounds to every state, either aristocratic, democratic, or monarchic, by the true and understanding use of histories.”

*Cases of Claims of Peerage, in the Male Line, temp.
Ja. I. — MS.*

PERHAPS there is no part of the law so little settled, and of such late growth, as the mode of determining questions of inheritance to an English Peerage. In the time of Q. Elizabeth, and K. James, petitions on this subject do not appear to have been referred to a Committee of Privileges, as now. And perhaps the most constitutional doctrine on these matters was laid down by the enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic Chief Justice Holt, in the *Banbury Case*, in the reign of

K. William III. There are some notices of two or three claims to Peerages in the time of the First James, which occur in a MS. volume of St. George the Herald, among the Landsdowne MSS. in the British Museum, which I do not remember to have been noticed in our printed works of genealogy.

I. Claim to the Mountjoy Barony, 1606.

On May 4, 1606, Sir Michael Blount of Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire, petitioned the King, on the death of Charles Blount, Earl of Devonshire, (and Lord Mountjoy) for the BARONY of MOUNTJOY, stating himself to be son and heir of Sir Richard Blount, son and heir of Richard, son and heir of Edw. 4th son of Walter Blount, first Lord Mountjoy. This matter was referred in the first place to the Heralds, who reported that they found great contrarieties of evidence; and that they were involved in doubts and difficulties in the attempt to ascertain this descent. This Report was signed by Camden, Segar, St. George, and five Heralds. I do not find the pedigree of the Blounts of Mapledurham entered in the Visitation of Oxfordshire, for 1634. Of this family was Martha Blount, to whom Pope's attachment has given such celebrity. They are still owners of the venerable mansion of Mapledurham, and are Catholics.



Claim to the Barony of Burgh.

In the same year Richard Burgh claimed the Barony of Burgh, as next heir male: viz. as son and heir.

of Henry Burgh, 2nd son of Sir Thomas Burgh, Kt. Lord Burgh, father of William Lord Burgh, father of Thomas Lord Burgh, father of Robert last Lord Burgh, who died in his infancy, leaving four sisters, Elizabeth, wife of George Brooke, Frances, Anne, and Catherine.

Sir John Burgh was a General in the expedition to the Isle of Rhee, where he was slain.*



Claim to the Viscounty of Beaumont.

In the same year Sir Henry Beaumont of Coleorton, in Leicestershire, Kt. claimed the Viscounty of Beaumont; as undoubted heir male of that noble family; stating that the late Queen would have settled the said Viscounty on the petitioner's late father, if some titles of land (the relinquishing his interest in which he then denied) had not been the cause to withdraw her purpose.†

Commendatory Sonnets subjoined to the first Edition of the first three Books of Spenser's Fairy Queen.



SEVERAL of the Sonnets, which were inserted in the subsequent editions, did not appear in this first edition. But among these first was the Address to the

* See *Cens. Lit.* vi. 213. 2nd edit.

† All these notices occur in *Landsdowne MSS.* 933.

Poet's Patron, *Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton*.* The following account of that brave nobleman contains some particulars not, I believe, hitherto printed.

ARTHUR LORD GREY OF WILTON married to his first wife, Dorothy, bastard, or natural daughter, to Rich. Lord Zouch, of Haringworth, by whom he had issue one daughter, Eliz. married to Arthur Goodwin, Esq. His second wife was Sibilla Jane, daughter of Sir Rich. Morison, widow of the Lord Russell, by whom he had issue Thomas Lord Grey, his son and heir, who died in the Tower, July 6, 1614, having never been married; and so the title of Lord Grey became extinct.

"Jana Sibilla vidua Arthuri Baronis Grey de Wilton, filia Richardi Morison. "Obiit inter 1 and 9 Jul. 1615."†

Thomas Lord Grey was aged 17 years, 11 months, 3 weeks, and 2 days, at his father's death, (Oct. 14, 1593;) therefore born in Oct. 1576.

In the Prerogative Office, London, is a Commission granted, Feb. 3, 1646, to the Lady Bridget Egerton, daughter of the Lord Arthur Grey, in right of her mother, Lady Sibilla Grey, to administer to the will of Arthur Lord Grey, who had been dead 53 years, and his will never proved before. The will is as follows:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton, being sick in body, but of good remembrance, thanked be God, do, Oct. 14, 1593, make this my last will and testament. First, I do commend my soul and body into the hands of God, in sure hope of a joyful resurrection, thro' Jesus Christ: and whereas if it should please God to take me now out of this

* It is the 7th Sonnet, and begins,

"Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life."

† Camden's *Annales Jacobi I.*

life, I shall die greatly indebted to her Majesty and others ; and besides shall leave my two youngest children, William and Bridget, very meanly provided for: therefore, my will and testament is, that during the minority and nonage of my son Thomas, my heir, two parts of the rents and revenues of my lands be reserved and employed towards the payment of my debts, and towards the improvement of my two younger children aforesaid. Witnesses to his will, the Countess of Bedford, Ralfe Wilkinson, Tho. Spark, Rt. Hayes."

Wm. Lord Grey, father to Arthur Lord Grey, had, at his coming to age, anno 1529, 20 Hen. VIII. the Manors of Eton, Blechley, and Fenny Stratford, Co. Bucks, Wilton Castle and Manor, Co. Heref. Kemp-ley, Co. Glouc. Hemingby, Co. Linc. but being about 1557 taken prisoner, and a ransom of 6000*l.* or 24,000 crowns, being laid on him, he greatly impoverished his estate, to redeem himself.

Arthur, Lord Grey, his son, died seized only of the Manors of Eton, Blechley, Fenny Stratford, Whaddon, and Battlesden, Co. Bucks, and Coleshill, Co. Berks. I have heard a tradition that the Greys changed with the Pigots, giving them, in lieu of their Manor of Whaddon, Kempley in Gloucestershire; and William Lord Grey became seized of Whaddon, and died 1562; as did Wm. Pigot die seized of Kempley, 1553.

On the death of Thomas Lord Grey in the Tower, 1614, aged 38 or 39, (his younger brother William having died at the age of 17, in 1605) K. James made a grant of all his forfeited estate to Sir George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, whose son, George, the 2nd Duke, sold the Manors of Eton, Blechley, and

Fenny Stratford, Jan. 14, 1674, to the celebrated physician, Dr. Thomas Willis, (grandfather of Browne Willis) at the price of nearly 20,000*l.* the rent-roll, then given in, being 850*l.* 9*s.* 9*d.* reckoning the interest in the copyhold.*

Gabrielis Harueii Ciceronianus, vel Oratio post reditum, habita Cantabrigiæ ad suos auditores. Quorum potissimum causa, diuulgata est.

Londini ex Officina Typographica Henrici Binneman. Anno cio.ia.lxxvii.

4to. pp. 68.

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THE dedication is of

*“ Gabriel Harueius, S. D. Gulielmo Leuino, Doctori Iureconsulto, et Oratori præstantissimo.”*

It begins—

*“ Mitto ego ad te, ornatissime Leuine, strenam quam ? aureamne, au argenteam, an vero ex delicatioribus istis aliquam ? Nullo modo Londinenses sunt, hæ vestræ, non nostræ Cantabrigienses strenæ. Sed ecce tibi, si Dies placet CICERONIANUM meum : non qualem tu in iisdem sedibus adumbrasti, perpolitè, illuminatèque perorantem : sed qualem ego dierum ferè quinque spacio effingere potui, omni denudatum elocutionis copia ; rerumque magis supellectiles quam verborum apparatu gloriantem.”*

\* Cole's MSS. Brit. Mus., 5821, fol. 182.

Then follows—

“ *Gulielmus Leuinus Typographo, et eloquentiæ studiosis salutem.*”

It begins—

“ Ego vero ad te, Typographe, Gabrielis Harueii strenam mitto: eam ut tu ad Ciceronianæ studiosos eloquentiæ transmittas. Si qualem a me quæris: argenteam sane, et quidem dupliciter inauratam: addo etiam distinctam gemmis, et variis emblematis insignitam.”

Harvey's Oration is, of course, prose.

*Gabrielis Harueii Gratulationum Valdinensium Libri Quatuor. Ad illustriss. augustissimamque principem, Elizabetham, Angliæ, Franciæ, Hiberniæque Reginam longe serenissimam atque optatissimam.*

*Londini ex Officina Typographica Henrici Binnemani. Anno civ. is. lxxviii. Mense Septembri.*

4to.



DEDICATION to Q. Eliz. in 52 hexameter and pentameter verses.

Then *Liber Primus* has several Latin epigrams prefixed, principally by celebrated foreign scholars, commendatory of Q. Eliz.

*Liber Secundus* is dedicated to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose crest adorns the title of the second book, and whose arms and quarterings are at the end of

it, accompanied by "Corollarium Edouardi Grantæ," on this "Symbolum gentilitium."

*Liber Tertius* is dedicated in like manner, and with similar ornaments, to Lord Burleigh.

*Liber Quartus* is divided into three parts. The first is dedicated to the Earl of Oxford, the second to Sir Christopher Hatton, and the third to Sir Philip Sydney.

This last,

"*Ad nobilissimum humanissimumque Juvenem, Philippum SIDNEIUM, mihi multis nominibus longe charissimum,*"

begins—

"Tene ego, te solum taceam, Præclare Philippe,  
Quemque aliæ gentes, quemque ora externa loquuntur?"

Then follows—

"*Elegia ad eundem, paulo ante decessum,*"

beginning—

"Sum jecur, ex quo te primum, Sidneie, vidi;  
Os, oculosque regit, cogit amare jecur."

*Gabrielis Harueii Valdinatis, Smithus; vel Musarum Lachrymæ; pro obitu Honoratissimi viri, atque hominis multis nominibus clarissimi Thomæ Smithi, Equitis Britannicæ Maiestatisque Regiæ Secretarii. Ad Gualterum Mildmaium, Equitem Britannum, et Consiliarium Regium.*

*Londini ex Officina Typographica Henrici Blunnemani. Anno ciccio.lxxviii.*

4to.



AFTER the dedication follows a leaf adorned with the arms of Smith, (now of Hill Hall in Essex).

Then comes "Gabriel Harueius ad Charites, de Smithæis insignibus," answered by "Charites ad G. Harueium."

Then comes the dedication of the *Lachrymæ*, ad Joannem Vuddum, clarissimi equitis, Thomæ Smithi, dum viueret, amanuensem, et sororis filium, beginning,

"O ego diuino si numine percitus essem  
Vudde, meosque, tuosque valerem pandere luctus."

The *Lachrymæ* are "Novem luctuosis Canticis, seu Næniis effusæ. Each Canticum having the title of one of the Muses.

Canticum VII, entitled *Calliope*, "quod est instar octo reliquorum; quodque integram totius fere vitæ Historiam, non ita multis versibus expressam, complectitur."

Then follow lines "Ad Joannem Vuddum—Charitum Hymnus—Epilogus ad Joannem Vuddum—et' Alter Epilogus, ad Ricardum Harueium—Fratrem, ac pupillum." Then "Ricardi Harueii Mercurius, siue *Lachrymæ*, a fratre, ac tutore extortæ."

These are accompanied by Sir Thomas Smith's portrait, cut in wood, to which are subjoined

"In effigiem, duo honoraria emblemata, alterum Illustrissimæ Reginæ: alterum Dominæ Russellæ, jam tum forte ad Aulam aduententis."

Lastly, a wood cut of Sir Thomas's tomb, with an Epitaph and an Elegy, by Dr. Thomas Bing, the Cambridge Professor.



*The Betraying of Christ: Judas in despaire: with  
Poems on the Passion. London, printed by Adam  
Islip; and are to be sold by Henry Toms at the signe  
of the White Beare at Sepulchres Church dore, 1598.*

4to. . 29 leaves.



A DEDICATION to the Author's "deare affected friend, Maister H. W. Gentleman," is signed S. R. the initials, it is supposed, of SAMUEL ROWLANDS, who afterwards published several little works of a much less creditable tendency. A specification of one of these will be seen in *Censura Literaria*, vi. 277; and in Ritson's *Bibliographia Poetica*, many others are enumerated. The present he professes to have written "to prevent mispent hours of idleness;" the subject being in itself "the most laudable and highest theme of man's dutiful applaud." Pity, that he quitted this Christian path of poesy, for the thorny track of a lampooner and epigrammatist: and more especially so, when he could form such an appreciation of spiritual themes, as the following Address conveys to his reader.

Courteous and wise! vouchsafe, mild censures lend;  
Let favor's boone with my endeavors beare:  
The lines included, are not meant and pen'd  
To picke a thanke with every dainty eare;  
But where the manner faileth to delight,  
The matter (lesse defective) may invite.

Who presse abroad more pamphlets now adaies,  
 Then such as borrow quills from Cupid's wings ?  
 Although there's none stand farther off from praise  
 Than those that plot downe fictions fabled things :  
 Yet of blind Cupid blindly still they write,  
 For Love's blind poets have unperfect sight.

The art of poësie, being well applide,  
 Hath Scripture's warrant to approve the same :  
 But poets shoot the mark so short and wide,  
 Not one in twenty finds a certaine aime :  
 And sure the cause is this—they shoot awrye :  
 Cupid gives aime, and he hath nere an eye.

What beauty hath been found in all the earth  
 For forme and feature, since the world began,  
 That ever liv'd, or draweth vital breath,  
 Is heav'nly faire as is the soule of man ?  
 Man's soule hath beauty that did most intice,  
 For never beauty cost so deare a price.

A price so pretious, time can nere decay it,  
 Yea, more than angels were of power to give :  
 None found in earth, in heaven but One could pay it,  
 Who gave His life that dying souls might live :  
 Unto whose love, soule's love is bound in duty,  
 'T' exclude world's love, unworthy such a beauty.

Immortall soules ! regard your sacred stile,  
 You are the 'temples of the Holy Ghost :'  
 Let not polluted thoughts that place defile,  
 In which the love of God delighteth most :  
 For you disloyal and false-hearted prove,  
 When you preferre base earth's inferior love.

Thou art an object for the angels eyes,  
 A beautie faire, for saints societie,  
 A sun ordain'd to shine above the skies,  
 A chosen pleasure for the Deitie ;  
 A glorious, bright, divine, excelling creature,  
 Of an eternall, ever-living nature.

The poem itself is divided into the following series of subjects. 1. The betraying of Jesus. 2. Judas in despaire. 3. Peter's teares at the cocke's crowing. 4. The Jewes mocking of Christ. 5. Christ's wrongfull judgement. 6. The death of Death, Sinne's pardon, and Soule's ransome. 7. The high way to Mount Calvarie. 8. Christ to the women of Hierusalem. 9. The wonders at Christ's death. 10. The funerals of Jesus.

The extract which follows is taken from the seventh of this series.

Repaire to Pilate's hall ;  
 Which place when thou hast found,  
 There shalt thou see a pillar stand  
 To which thy Lord was bound.

'Tis easie to be knowne  
 To anie Christian eye ;  
 The bloodie whips doe point it out  
 From all that stand thereby.

By it there lies a robe  
 Of purple, and a reed,  
 Which Pilate's servants us'd t' abuse,  
 In sinne's deriding deed,

When they pronounc'd ' All haile !  
 God save thee—with a breath :

And by the same, cri'de presently—  
 ' Let Christ be done to death.'

His person had in scorne,  
 His doctrine made a jest,  
 Their mockeries were a martirdome :  
 No wrongs but Him opprest.

What courage less than His,  
 Could have endur'd like shame,  
 But would with greefs of such contempt  
 Have dide t' indure the same.

But goe on forwards still  
 Where Pilate's pallace stands,  
 There where he first did false condemne,  
 Then wash his guiltie hands :

Confess'd he found no cause,  
 And yet condemn'd to die ;  
 Fearing an earthly Cæsar more  
 Than God that rules on hie.

A crowne of piercing thornes  
 There lies imbru'd in gore,  
 The garland that thy Saviour's head  
 For thy offences wore.

Whose sacred flesh was torne,  
 Whose holy skinne was rent,  
 Whose tortures and extreamest pains  
 Thy paines in hell prevent.

Follow his feet who goes  
 For to redeem thy losse,  
 And carries all our sinnes with Him,  
 To cancel on his Crosse.

Look on, with liquid eyes,  
 And sigh from sorrowing mind,  
 To see the deaths-man go before,  
 The murdering troupes behind.

Then presse amongst the throng  
 Thyselfe, with sorrowe's weed :\*  
 Get very neare to Christ, and see  
 What teares the women shed.

Teares that did turne Him back,  
 They were of such a force ;  
 Teares that did purchase daughters names ,  
 Of father's kind remorse.

Follow their steps in teares,  
 And with those women mourne,  
 But not for Christ, weep for thyselfe,  
 And Christ will grace retorne.

Joine thou unto the Crosse,  
 Beare it of love's desire,  
 Do not, as Cyrenæus did,  
 That tooke it up for hire.

It is a grateful deed  
 If willing underta'ne ;  
 But if compulsion set aworke,  
 The labour's done in vaine.

The voluntarie death  
 That Christ did die for thee,  
 Gives life to none but such as joy  
 Cross-bearing friends to be.

\* Clothing, or dress.

Up to Mount Calvarie  
 If thou desire to go,  
 Then take thy crosse, and follow Christ ;  
 Thou canst not miss it so.

When thou art there arriv'd,  
 His glorious wounds to see,  
 Say but, as faithfull as the theefe,—  
 ' O Lord ! remember me.'

Assure thyselfe to have  
 A gift, all gifts excelling ;  
 Once sold by sin, once bought by Christ,  
 For saints eternall dwelling.

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## THOMAS HEYWOOD.

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IN Brathwayte's *Survey of History, or Nursery for Gentry*, 1638, is the following marginal note, at p. 114.

“ Homer, an excellent and heroic poet ; shadowed only at, because my judicious friend, *Master Thomas Heywood*, hath taken in hand (by his great industry) to make a general, though summary, description of all the Poets' Lives ; and with far more felicity, I hope, than his mysterious *Discourse of Angels*.”\*

\* See *Restituta*, vol. ii.

## Biographiana.

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### BISHOP KENNETT'S LETTERS.

THE mind of BISHOP KENNETT was so richly stored with various learning, the result of indefatigable and never-ceasing curiosity and labour, that Extracts from a Correspondence with an intimate friend, continued through a long life, can scarcely prove otherwise than highly interesting to those who are fond of contemporary notices of the books and men of past ages.

DR. KENNETT was born at Dover in 1660, the son of the Rev. Basil Kennett; and derives his christian name of WHITE, from his maternal grandfather. He was first educated at two small schools at *Elham* and *Wye* in Kent, and thence removed to the great school of Westminster; but losing his election into the College by the sickness of the small-pox, employed the interval before he went to Oxford, as Tutor to a family nearly related to the present Editor, in the adjoining parish\* to that, from which the present Notices are communicated. In 1678 he removed to Oxford; took his degree of A. B. 1682; and in 1684, became assistant and Curate to the Rev. Sam. Blackwell, Vicar and schoolmaster of Burcester in Oxfordshire. In 1685, he was presented by Sir Wm. Glynne to the Vicarage of Ambrosden, in that county; and took the degree of

\* At Beakshorne, in the family of Mr. Tolson, who married a daughter of Sir John Roberts, of the same parish, Kt.



**A. M.** In 1699, he became D. D. and had the living of St. Botolph, Aldgate, London; and soon after Archdeacon of Huntingdon. In 1707, he preached the Funeral Sermon on the Duke of Devonshire; the same year was made Dean of Peterborough; and in 1718, on the death of Bishop Cumberland, was appointed to the See of that place; which he enjoyed for ten years. He died, 19 Dec. 1728, æt. 69. "He was a man," say his biographers, "of incredible diligence and application throughout the whole of his life; and his recreation chiefly consisted in varying the subject of his study or employment. As he had a noble library, his great delight was to be among his books; and to be rendering them some way or other useful to the world."

He was a man of general learning; but more particularly conversant in English history and antiquities.

In 1695 he published *The Parochial Antiquities of Ambrosden, &c. in Oxfordshire*, in quarto, a work which still bears a high price and reputation. In 1706 he published, in three volumes, folio, *A Compleat History of England*. The third volume, containing the reigns of K. Charles I. Charles II. James II. and William III. was entirely written by himself.

About 1713 he founded an Antiquarian and Historical Library at Peterborough, consisting of about 1500 volumes and small tracts: among which are most of the printed Legends of Saints, the oldest Rituals and Liturgies, the first printed Statutes and Laws, the most ancient Homilies and Sermons, the first editions of the English Schoolmen, Postillers, Expounders, &c. with numerous fragments of our ancient language, usage, customs, rights, tenures, and such other things as tend

to illustrate the History of great Britain and Ireland, and the successive state of civil government, religion, and learning, in these kingdoms.

In 1728 was published his *Historical Register*, folio.

A large portion of his MSS. shewing his incredible industry, were in the Lansdowne Collection, and now form part of the treasures of the British Museum. Among the rest, the volume from whence the subsequent Extracts of Letters are taken.

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*Letters of Bishop White Kennett to the Rev. S. Blackwell.*

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DESCRIPTION OF CHATSWORTH.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HAVE been at Chatsworth three days, far too short a time to take a full view of it. Had I time to call upon you, I could give you some larger accounts than this paper and my hurry will admit.

“ After the interment of William, Duke of Devon, in the vault of his ancestors, within the parish of Allhallows, Derby, on Friday night, Sept. 5, 1707, we set out the next day for Chatsworth in a coach, attended by several horsemen, old servants of the late Duke, who had been long acquainted with the country, and ordinary horse roads, and yet no one of them pretended to know a coach-way without a particular guide, and he the single person in the whole town, who dared to direct a coach. The common distance is fifteen miles north-east; we made it at least twenty-four, through Brassington, a very populous village, across moors or hills and dales, tacked together by narrow, steep, and craggy lanes. Within two miles of Chatsworth we came into Haddon pasture, (drawn up the rocky

hill by six horses with great difficulty) a very spacious field of about five hundred acres, a fat and rich soil for feeding cattle ; the greater wealth is said to be under ground in lead ore ; and as much silver money has been offered for the property of sinking mines, as should cover the surface of the earth ; but the present owner, the Duke of Rutland, refused it, and says, there may come a time when a prodigal heir of his family shall want money, and then *here* may be a fund without selling any land. At the end of this beautiful pasture there is a low rocky bottom, where on the side of the rising hill, with a steep ascent, stands Haddon House, the seat and for many years the habitation of the present Duke of Rutland : a house of no front, no uniform figure, no good avenue on any side, no manner of prospect, no walks or gardens, and to all appearance nothing but strength and privacy, no manner of beauty in it. The sight of it so near Chatsworth seemed as if it were purposely for a foil, to set off the other's beauty, as a blind defile leading to a glorious plain.

“ From hence, ascending to a ridge of hills, we came to a descent, from whence we had a full view of the house and gardens, which by the stateliness of the pile, and variety of water and wood, and the hanging of the mountains over it on one side, and the course of the river on the other, made a very pleasant and very beautiful figure.

“ Very near the house we crossed the river Derwent, and came round to the west front, which is guarded by a bas court, very spacious, fenced from the road with a foot wall of stone, 70 paces long, with iron palisade, and gates of curious work ; and at each end of the wall vast pillars of stone, with armory cut in basso relievo, and figures on the top, of great expence and show. This outer court, by two pair of winding stairs of stone, guarded with a balustrade of iron, gilded, leads up to a broad large terrace, the landing place to that front, which is more august than any one frontispiece I ever saw in England ; built of stone somewhat yellow, that wearies the eye less, and looks more solemn than the white Portland ; adorned with immense

pillars, admirable imagery, capacious windows, sashed and gilded frames, with glorious statues in stone, all so various, and yet so uniform, that a new comer is unwilling to enter the house till he has lost the door by staring upward. The portico leading into the area is not yet finished; the designs for paving and painting and carving seem to be extremely noble. You ascend by some steps into the quadrangle; the area paved with stone; in the middle a large fountain, with a marble Apollo and lyre; on each side of this oblong square is a piazza supported by double pillars of stone for walking, and for avenues to the first floor; the two ends, east and west, are garnished with niches and statues and covered armoury and other imagery, with a singular air of sweetness and greatness.

“ At first view it looks too great for the design of a private subject; it seems rather the model of a palace, becoming the greatest prince, and the effect of a public fund. The circumstances in building it are very observable. There was before a very noble old seat, built by the Countess of Shrewsbury in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and very much improved by Christian Countess of Devon, and by the late Duke's father, well described as a wonder of the Peak by Mr. Cotton in his poem. It was at first like a castle of defence in an inaccessible country, and was made a prison several years to the unhappy Queen of Scots. One apartment in the new house, answering to her apartment in the old, is called the *Queen of Scot's apartment*; and a great pile of stone in the middle of a great pool, with an area of earth on the top, and vaults underneath, is still called the *Queen of Scot's garden*; and by tradition it was the only garden she was allowed to walk in, because she had once attempted to make an escape. The Earl of Devonshire, father to the late Duke, was extremely fond of this seat: and never went to London but that on the top of the hill he would turn back, and hold up his hands to cry out, *Farewell, sweet Chatsworth*. He was always jealous that his son, the Lord Cavendish, despised this

seat, and would after his death neglect it and let it run to ruin ; for which reason he left a fund in trustees to support and keep it in repair. Accordingly at his death, the young Earl seemed to answer his father's prophetic fears of him, and had seldom patience to stay at this place, and quarrelled with his lady for making sash windows in her closet. He seemed to set his eye upon his other seat at Hardwick, in this county, a more stately house, in a better country, nearer to Nottingham. Yet his prejudice to Chatsworth wore off by degrees, and he began to be fond of it, but thought there was no need of a new house, and formed no project of it till a time the most unseasonable, the second year of King James II. when he was under a fine of thirty thousand pounds, and had broken loose from a custody in the King's Bench, and had fled hither, and was under the daily expectance of a *posse comitatus* to apprehend him, which he evaded by inviting the high Sheriff, and keeping him prisoner till he had given bond to the King to pay the money. Under these straights and confusions he laid the design of building, like a merchant that was to make the greatest shew when nearest the breaking, or a desperate gamester losing so much that he would throw at all. He treated immediately with workmen to pull down the south side of the old house, and gave them the plan of a new wing to front the gardens so noble and grand, that it looked like a model only of what might be done in future ages. He had no money in bank, rather in debt, and expected then to pay his exorbitant fine, and being tenant for life only, could charge no part of his estate ; so that had not the revolution come on, he could never have finished this first part of his design : when this was finished, he found the burden so great that he proposed to go no further ; till seeing public affairs in a happier settlement, for a testimony of ease and joy, he undertook to pull down the east side, and raise it up, in correspondence with the other ; and then said he had gone half way, and would leave the rest for his son. Upon this resolution he

stopt for some years, but then resumed courage, and began to lay the foundation for two other wings, in a model that as far as uniformity would admit should exceed the other two, and bring a front to the west much surpassing that on the south, and make the north side double rooms, whereas the other were but single. The misfortune was, that this building at different times and by different projectors had made one irregularity, that the east side was about eight foot longer than the west, by which means the north side run a little upon the bevel, though hardly visible to any but a curious eye. However, to hide this only blemish, the Duke at vast expence has on the middle of that north side raised up a capital or portico of admirable strength and beauty, carried up to the top, and so intercepting the discovery of that botch, and forming a north front, that if possible will exceed the other two.

“ While the Duke was building one side, he was continually furnishing and adorning the other with such exquisite art and profuse expense, that no one would imagine the same purse, or indeed the same age could both design and execute such a work, both without and within doors. Most part of this time he was walling and planting his gardens, and making mounts and levels and canals, &c. as if he proposed to do nothing else; and he had his agents abroad to buy up the finest pictures and statues and other curiosities at any rates; and married two sons; and purchased Berkley, now Devonshire, House in London; and lived in great plenty and pomp; and what is the worst part, is said to have lost above one hundred thousand pounds in play, while the workmen were drawing bills upon him; and yet, as he was unable to make a mortgage, so he never contracted a debt of above twenty thousand pounds, which he has ordered to be paid out of his personal estate, which, in jewels, plate, and furniture, is said to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

“ The description of the house and gardens I must leave to

another letter, to be made out of the minutes I have taken on the spot ; and conclude now with the situation of it, as much to be admired as the structure. It stands near to no roads but what are made to it ; and no one of those made ways can lead directly to the house, but by turnings and windings like an open labyrinth. The north prospect opens in a narrow vale, extending about five miles, with dark mountains on each side. The south prospect was bounded by a hill, at the end of the gardens, till by cutting through that hill with great labour and expense the view is let into another vale about six miles in length. The west prospect from the chief front is bounded with the highway, and across it a large canal, and grove, and walks, and the stream of the Derwent, and just beyond that the rising grounds stop the eye at less than half a mile's distance. The east side is shut up with a ridge of rocky mountains, that seems a wall of nature to screen the house and gardens from storms and tempests, which are very common in this country. The place is so very strange, that the glorious house looks like Art defying Nature ; and the hill above it looks like Nature insulting over Art.

“ W. K.”

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“ *March 29.*

“ SIR,

“ LET your letter this day have my due thanks. I conclude by it, you are restored to full ease, which I pray God continue. What you hear of the French fleet is agreed to be true, and we seldom report false against ourselves. This with the articles between the Pope and the French in the Gazette may a little abate our appetite for news ; though otherwise, in the Parliament, things go fair ; but where to lay the promised supply requires much wisdom to determine. All our Convocation Members past for London on Tuesday ; we yet hear nothing of them : we do suppose they will choose the old Prolocutor, which will secure their doing nothing. Dr. Mills went

up on yesterday's coach to attend his April month. Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Masters, as a delegate of the Bishop of Exeter, sat as Judge at Exeter Coll. to hear the appeal of one Mr. Colmer, expelled from his fellowship for incontinence. The Judge, after hearing, reinstated him in his fellowship, and imposed a fine on the Rector and senior Fellows, who after this did again *de novo* expel the said person, which, it is thought, will occasion much farther trouble. The lady of Mr. Warden of New College lies dangerously ill, and her life not long expected. The Lord Wenman was buried yesterday, and Sir Will. Portman, as 'tis said, on Monday. By surprize I am engaged to preach at St. Peter's to-morrow, for no other reward than the obligation of a friend. Mr. Young, now in Mr. West's shop, tells me they are all very well at Milton. With respects,

" Your obliged friend,

" W. H. KENNETT."

" DEAR SIR,

" I THANK you for letting me hear of the health I so often pray for, and of your receipt of my last, which was written indeed with more joy than I expected: for upon the first death of the Dauphin, and the prospect of a minority, or a translation of King Philip from Spain, it seemed a comfort and a glory to discover that God Almighty was opening a better way to peace. I presume Mons. Mesnager at London little expected such language at Utrecht. All the demands are good and worthy to be granted, if it were in the French power to deny them. The concern for the poor Protestants will give a blessing, I hope, to all the other articles. The French King, old or young, or middle aged, (for we know not the end of the revolution in that court) must, I verily believe, give us all we have courage to insist upon: that proud monarch shall not give peace, nor shall we basely beg it; nor shall the Swede or the



Turk, that *delight in war*, hinder it; but it shall be God's free gift, in his own surprising ways, and with his hand will he hold us up, though we should attempt to throw ourselves headlong. I have been looking back for a thousand years on the history of hereditary monarchs in Europe; and have not found any one instance in any one royal family, where three heirs male have died within one year in such order, as that every one of them died heir apparent to the crown: and perhaps the bill of mortality may increase every week by pestilence or poison.

“ It is true that Mr. Brailesford has received the congratulations of my Lord E. coming purposely to his chamber to assure him of the royal word and promise, that he shall be Dean of Wells; but still possibly under a just administration he must do the work before he have the wages.

“ We say in the Lower House, that my Lords the Bishops are in a premunire for going on in the same method where they left off; when upon the royal prorogation they ought to begin all *de novo*, as the two Houses of Parliament do; and though the Lords the Bishops have justified their practice by reasons and precedents, yet without answering their Lordships' paper, the Lower House have put the question to the Attorney General, and will wait for an answer from him.

“ I have heard from my brother at Florence: he is going to Siena, thence to Rome, and proposes his longest stay at Naples.

“ Your affec. friend,

“ W. K.”

“ *Thursday, Feb. 13, 1706.*

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I REJOICED in the letter from you: I pray God preserve us, and continue our correspondence.

“ In Convocation on Friday last we appointed a Committee to consider what it might be proper for the House to do at this

junction of a Bill depending in Parliament for security of the Church. Upon two several meetings, and long debates in the Chamber, we agreed on this report to the House, that the Committee had considered the matter to them referred, together with the present circumstances of the Bill depending in Parliament, and had not come to any resolutions what it might be proper to do at this juncture; when the report was made to the House yesterday morning, and prorogued by the Abp. to March 5th, by direction and command of a writ from the Queen.

“ The Bp. of Chester was in the House of Lords on Saturday, and well at Church on Sunday; that evening he was taken with a lethargic heaviness, which in spite of all applications increased upon him till he died yesterday about noon.

“ We must take it for granted that the Bp. of Exon is still on the road to Winchester, though it is possible for some reasons he will not have his translation till Parliament rises.

“ I hope to hear within a day or two of my brother's safety; they all tell me they cannot hurt his person unless in a jesuitical way. If he tarry, the merchants will reward him; if he come back, his governors will consider him. I beg you to pray for him. My service to my good cousin and all relations.

“ Your affect. friend  
and kinsman.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ YOURS of June 20 found me at Windsor: I wonder mine of May 5th should sleep so long upon the road; if it was mere accident, I hope it will be no more so. Since my return, I have your other of July 2nd. I join with you in a wish for an hour's conversation, to say something of unwritten tradition. No sermon printed, by which I save trouble and

envy; I know of no offence taken. I had the honour of access to my Lady M.

“ The last letter from my brother was Leghorn, June 13, N. S. wherein he says, we have continued our Sunday's exercises without disturbance from Easter to Whitsuntide; and yesterday had more communicants than could be well expected after so long an interval and disuse. Old Mr. Searle was of the number who had not received in forty years; and Mr. Derman, almost as old, who leaving England before he had received, took this first opportunity. And many other merchants seem extremely thankful to the Queen for a privilege, which their circumstances never before allowed them. Her Majesty's fleet is arrived in this sea: if we are so happy as to entertain the great commander in this port, we question not but the Envoy will soon meet him from Genoa, and that by their joint authority fit measures will be entered into for the making our innocent liberty safe and durable. We cannot fail of protection as long as her Majesty's arms shall prosper, which God grant, &c.

“ Dr. Mills died at Edm. Hall, of an apoplexy, in the morning, June 23d; the jest of the Terra Filius that he had finished his will but not his Testament is now reversed; for he died intestate, and his estate goes to two children of his father, born since his marriage at eighty.

“ By the death of old Dr. Gregory, June 22, the Rectory of Hambledon in Bucks falls to Dr. Charlette, for whom the next presentation was purchased by his father about thirty years ago. It is said Mr. Thwaites will be Principal of Edm. Hall. The Prebend of Cant. which Dr. Mills had from the Crown upon the promotion of Dr. Berenger, falls back to the Abp. who designs it for his Chaplain, Dr. Sydale. The Bp. of Ely does his homage to-morrow: his Chaplain, Mr. Clarke, is to be the next Chaplain to the Queen. Most people are given up to believe that Sir Will. Dawes will be Bishop of Chester, and Dr. Stanhope Bishop of Norwich, and Dr. Smallridge, Professor at Oxford, but I cannot think any one of them.

.. " In a Convocat. at Oxford, June 25th, a diploma for D.D. was sent unasked for to the Bishop of Llandaff. Letters past for putting off the act for want of a Professor in Divinity. Two other letters, to dispense with Mr. Egerton of Brazen Nose, and Mr. Baker of Wadham, for the degree of D.D. Mr. Fletcher of Winchester presented to the same degree. The story of the French prophets begins to make a great noise. What is said in the *Post-Boy* of this day is very true in general, though I knew nothing of its being inserted till I saw it. The design upon Toulon is in earnest carried on: we long for news.

" I thank my good cousin most kindly for her care of me: she may please to send the herbs with some small sage in a little bag or basket, not carriage paid. We are all well.

" Your affect. friend,

" Wm. KENNET."

" July 5, 1707."

" DEAR SIR,

" I GOT home very safely, I thank God, on Saturday night, and found all well, and delivered your letter to my spouse, who is much pleased with it, and returns her thanks and service. I began to repent that I had not staid some days with you; I was more than a little inclined, and if Mr. Oliver had delivered your letter before it was late at night, after Mr. Wotton had left me, I believe I had determined to come next morning to Brampton.

" I intended to have given you some little further account of Chatsworth, but I have not time at present: I can only tell a worse story. In our road to Derby, a gentleman was known to come to us, whose character was given next day in the coach in a very strange manner, and I could say nothing against it. When I came to town, one of the Society for Reformation brought me an account of the late discovery of a wicked crew

in the city of London, who by the infection of an older club at the other end of the town, commit sins not to be named. Several of them were taken up, and some convicted upon actions of assault and battery, giving the nearest attempts in evidence. Two of the unhappy persons committed for this wicked combination have hanged themselves in the Counter prison: one of them, named . . . . . Unwyn, a farmer in Colchester, the other, Ralph Shelmade, a goldsmith about Wapping. I have by me the original letter which this last wretch writ just before he executed himself. He denies the gross act, but confesses the intentions, and concludes, *Let every body take warning by me; but where they take one, they may take a hundred.*

“ I pray God reform such horrible corruption, and bless the righteous souls that must needs be vexed to dwell among them.

“ Our respects and services to you and yours.

“ Your affect. kinsman,

“ W<sup>H</sup>. KENNETT.”

“ Sept. 16, 1707.”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I WROTE to you I think on Tuesday's post, and received one from you soon after: you give so kind a character of my travelling account of Chatsworth, that it discourages me from making up the second part, but I will do it as soon as I can. I presented the Duke with the latter part of the sermon relating to his father, and I perceive his Grace did communicate it to some others, and has now sent it back by his Secretary with a very generous present. I must submit to his commands for publishing it with some other Memoirs of that noble family.

“ My Lord Abp. is never free from the symptoms at least of indisposition and decay, which I doubt not makes him more indifferent for any sort of business. Upon the death of Mr. Upman, Fellow of Eaton Coll. the Abp. wishes (what he has

long designed) that the Prebend of Westminster may fall to Dr. Bradford, an excellent man, who wants it and deserves it. But 'tis possible that Dr. Knipe may make a bolder application.

"A letter from Dr. Newton, Envoy at Florence, to a courtier here, speaks thus favourably of my brother:—"The trouble of the Inquisition is almost over, and I hope for the future we shall hear no more from them on that head. Mr. Kennett is an excellent person, if I am any judge in those matters; and if I have not any pretence either to that or any other learning, yet I am at least capable of knowing and of commending a gentleman for his modesty, his prudence, and his good-nature. At Florence and at Rome they have heard often from me on that head; and if now there is any fault to be found, it is that he deserves so much to be commended, and makes them the more jealous on that account."

"I have had this day a letter from my brother, and another from the Consul: all things are well. My brother is not fully recovered from the effects of his fever, which he is going to wash off at the waters of Lucca.

"The truth of what I wrote in my last spreads more and more: I hope the little cruse of oil came safe. I pray God increase all the comforts of you and yours.

"Your affect. kinsman,

"WH. KENNETT."

"Sept. 20, 1707."

"DEAR SIR,

"My thanks for yours of June 9th. I am going on Wednesday next for Buckden, and thence to Peterborough, and hope for an opportunity of seeing you there, or at least at Stoke. My wife is indisposed, and dares not venture down with me, which must make my residence this year the shorter.

"I am glad to hear of Mr. Chancellor's election, and of

your kind assistance in it : ' I hope my cousin Palmer was with you. Dr. Potter is invited to appear for the Diocese of Oxford ; so much light arises even in those parts.

“ I am not touched with any of the reflections on my sermon. I neither justified nor excused any vices, nor invented any virtues : I intimated his great failures, but ought not to repeat them without commission ; a small charity would at least be silent of crimes where there appeared to be a great repentance : the quarrel is not with doctrines, but with politics and persons. In Mr. Harley's absence I have gained access to his collection of MS. books and papers, which are indeed a multitude, and most of them originals. Mr. Townley the keeper is employed to buy in stock at any rate. He lately purchased the large collections of Sir Simonds D'Ewea, and what is more pity, of Bp. Stillingfleet, and is now treating for heaps of books and papers of old John Fox, which have lain buried in the country. This curiosity is indeed the liberty of any subject ; but I wish it were rather the prerogative of the Queen, especially after the purchase of Cotton House..

“ The Convocation Writ is by authority amended, having left out the word *Anglicana*, till now restored to the clause. The omission was owing to a mistake, that the Church was concerned in the Union as much as the kingdom.

“ It was an odd step taken by the Archdeacon of Canterbury, to reprove the Clergy for marrying by banns within times prohibited. The Letter of Reflections on that occasion was written by Dr. Thomas Brett, LL.D. a minister in East Kent. The Archdeacon, mistaking the writer for a French Minister in Romney Marsh, has sent an answer round in MS. like a circular letter, which I doubt is not for the reputation of Dr. Batteley.

“ We are often wishing it in my power to encourage your being here in town, where my people of Aldgate, that lately heard you, would be much better pleased than they now are.

“ Her Majesty was not disposed to go to Windsor as designed on Thursday ; but it is hoped will be able to remove thither next week. Our respects and services.

“ Your affect. kinsman,

“ W<sup>H</sup>. KENNETT.”

“ *June 12, 1708.*”

“ GOOD BROTHER,

“ I AM somewhat surprised with the sudden death of Mr. Pemberton ; though I have thought him in great measure dead to the interest and concerns of the Church ever since I knew it, which I suppose was to be imputed to his late infirmities and decays.

“ We have now an opportunity of getting a steward, who shall be a sensible and active man of business, qualified to be our counsellor, our solicitor, our clerk, our common friend and advocate for the Church ; who shall rightly understand and vigorously assert those rights of our body that are now threatened and trampled on more than ever. No interest or end in the world shall draw me in to propose or consent to any person, whom I do not verily believe able and honest to serve and protect us.

“ I think Mr. Langton to be a very honest man, but not made for the controversies we are likely to be engaged in. I shall make no objection to Mr. Sparks, because I presume his cousin Deacon will not condescend to ask any favours of us. Mr. Neale of Stanford has unhappily prevailed with the Duke of Devon. to use his authority with me for his son ; but I hope to satisfy his Grace that I must not sacrifice the true interest of my Church to please any great man, though my greatest friend.

“ My Brother here in town may well think that he might execute the place by a deputy, and reserve somewhat to help maintain himself and family : but I desire that you and my other brethren should never comply with me, when I seek my



own interest, or that of my nearest relations, against the apparent interest of the Church.

“ The person whom I judge most capable and most worthy is one no way related to me, and by whom I shall not get one penny, or one friend, but in the common good, Mr. Horsley, who will dwell near us at Dosthorp, and keep terms for us at Westminster, and will fear none of our adversaries, nor betray any one of our just claims of right. I think him to be expert and faithful beyond any I know of his profession. I dare be confident my brethren will so find him, and I hope will so think him; at least I beg they would do, as I protest I do, have no regard to private interest, but to the public good of our poor Church.

“ Brother Evans in his residence thinks the audit time enough to fill the place, and desires that Mr. Denton may keep our courts in the mean while; I agree to it, if you have no objection.

“ I hope we shall be unanimous when we meet in Chapter; and shall be glad in the mean time to have your thoughts of this matter.

“ I am your affect. brother,

“ WH. KENNETT.”

“ *Gould Square, Crutched Friars,*

“ *Dec. 10, 1709.*

“ *To Dr. Reynolds.*”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I AM well pleased with yours of October 25th. You must expect to suffer ill will and ill words from some of our warmer brethren; but I think you know *them*, or at least *yourself*, so well, as not to be troubled at them. Mr. Charie, in one letter told me, and in another to Lambeth, mentions the prospect of success for you in a pretty sanguine man-

ner. I am rather diffident; but however I have pursued the Chancellor's directions, and have sent copies of proxy to Mr. Taylor of Harlow, and Mr. Newberry of Buckden, for them to execute and return to the Chancellor; and I have sent my desires to some others about Peterborough, and have vouched that you are for the Queen, the Church, and the Constitution: they only are of a party that are against them. I wrote last post to cousin Palmer at his new living, to satisfy him in another scruple, which some neighbours had raised, as if he were to perform all legal requisites in both his churches; whereas undoubtedly it is *simplex beneficium* in law; and the one being only a Chapel of Ease annexed to the Mother Church, whatever is done in the head or principal, includes the members and appurtenances of it. If they were really two churches in the eye of the law, his presentation and dispensation would both be wrong, which, I dare say, are very right.

“ He seemed to be at a loss about compounding for his first fruits, and a delay might have exposed him to some danger; so I have taken it upon me, and have appointed the bonds and sureties to be ready on Monday morning.

“ The news is not right good from abroad; and I desire to be let into no secrets at home. But this I know, the merit of a cause is one thing, and the noise of the waves is — *another*.

“ Your affect. kinsman,

“ Oct. 28, 1710.”

“ WH. KENNETT.”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I RECEIVED your letter last night, which you forgot to date; an omission you are seldom guilty of. Till the election is over, I presume you cannot know the success; especially when the Chancellor is so much concerned to make good if possible what he proposed, and seemed too much to promise: the disappointment is to him and us, not to you. At this time, a wise and good man would be rather at his prayers and his books, than in any public disputations.

“ I have written to my cousin Palmer to this effect, That the Testimonials delivered to his Grace, in order to obtain the faculty for a dispensation, are filled up in his Registry Office, and must there remain by rule and custom. So that if other Testimonials are needful for the Bp. of Linc. there must be a like form subscribed in the country : That on Monday I compounded and gave bond for his first fruits, under the title of Rectoria de Carlton Lincoln. Dioc. Com. Leicester. Dean. Gartree, Carolus Palmer composuit cum Regia Majestate pro primitiis extend. ad xviii *l.* xvs. *xd.* Decima vide subtracta xxxvii *s.* vii *d.* reman. clare solvend. xvi *l.* xviii *s.* iii *d.* primo Aprilis prox. 4 *l.* 3 *s.* 3 *d.* primo Octob. 1711, 4 *l.* 5 *s.* 0 *d.* &c.

“ The faults on both sides, which you mention, was called Mr. H...ly's book ; it is found now to be owned by one Mr. Clements of Bristol, under the direction of Mr. H. Happy it was not published under a whig ministry, before such trial, for then it would have been produced for the rankest republican principles. Another piece in answer, called a *Supplement to the faults on both sides*, has some notable things in it. But the piece on which the party would value themselves is *An Essay towards the History of the late Ministers*, &c. supposed to be written by a Christ Church divine, in concert with a commissioner, that has art and oratory enough bitterly to promise moderation.

“ You may see by the new clergy address (without Bishops) what copies we are to write after in Convocation ; where in return the Clergy expect more than ever a nonjuring Parliament would give.

“ We think the campaign over, and the General with the taking of Aire. The Chaplain, Dr. Hare, has had a singular disrespect paid to him in his Chapter at St. Paul's, as you see in the *Post Boy* of this day.

*In nova fert animus—sed prestat componere.*

“ Novemb. 2, 1710.”

" DEAR SIR,

" I AND my wife have great reason to be thankful to you and good Mrs. Blackwell for your very kind remembrance, which we expect will be very safely delivered to us. I am very sorry you have any complaint of your old distemper, the gout. I wish it so gentle and easy as that you may desire and enjoy many years experience of it.

" The sad news from Spain may have some softening effects, if the Duke be received here with the greater respects, and a general conviction be given, that the war must be carried on with greater vigour under the same General in Flanders; and the only way to recover Spain must be to pass over the belly of France.

" The *Examiner* of Thursday last gives a foul misrepresentation of our affairs in Convocation. Perhaps the public distresses may a little more incline our members to peace and union. Their interest is a little broken by the eager competition for the Deanery of Christ Church. The Archbishop of York, E. of Rochford, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, are zealous and pressing for Dr. Smallridge; but Mr. Harley and the ladies for Dr. Atterb. so that no declaration is yet made. Dr. Sach. is said to be married to the widow Kettleby, a sister of Dr. Bowes, of 200*l.* per ann. jointure, and three or four children. He had before lost himself among the men of all parties, and it is thought he will now sink very much among the women. Sir Rich. Raynes is dead, and Sir Charles Hedges succeeds him in the office of Judge of the Prerog.

" Our hearty services and wishes of a happy year to you and yours.

" Your affect. kinsman,

" W. H. KENNETT."

" Decem. 30, 1710."

" DEAR SIR,

" I HAVE every day a less inclination to inquire after news, and so shall become a more useless correspondent with my friends. In convocational affairs we are let into no measures till they are executed. As her Majesty's gracious letter was a secret to Abp. and Bps. till it was delivered, so the licence, that is said to be now under the seals, has, I presume, been communicated to those only who are most inclined to censure and condemn others. Mr. Whiston's book, dedicated to a sitting Convocation, seems to deserve the first notice; but possibly some political heresies are worse than those that are only antichristian.

" I am heartily concerned for the peace of the Church and the honour of the Clergy: I pray God they may be secured. The debates in the House of Lords upon the affairs of Spain have been perfectly a fighting them over again. The misfortunes are declared to be owing to our English generals, and to the late Ministers. Thanks of the House were given by the Lord Keeper to the Earl of Peterborough for his good and faithful services, with intimation that no other general had received or deserved the like. The Duke seems to be reserved for quiet in the next campaign. It would be happy, if a safe and honourable peace could prevent all other operations.

" The contest for the Deanery of Christ Church between Dr. Atterb. and Dr. Smallridge is not yet determined; but they say now that Dr. A. resigns his interest to the other upon a prospect of the vacancy of the See of London, which is to carry him to Bath and Wells.

" We made a good enjoyment of your kind present, and must repeat our hearty thanks for them. My brother is not likely to return, because a successor is not thought proper at this juncture.

" Our hearty services to you and yours. Conclude this  
from Your, &c. W. K.

" Jan. 13, 1710-11.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ YOUR last letter has very good observations relating to the public. I wish the private affairs of our friends had as comfortable a prospect. All I can advise is what I know you have resolved, not to embarrass your own circumstances, not to lessen the provision for your own life, and as far as possible to consult the security of your own child and of her children. What other narrowness must happen, is what you could not help or foresee. The method presented to your son was much approved by Dr. Mead, when I mentioned it to him. He thinks it will preserve his body, if his foot can be kept sound : a question still.

“ Little news but that of addressing from some parts of the country for better principles and a new parliament. The reception has been very cold, and yet I doubt they still make the country people believe that the Queen is for them, as the late mob here were taught to think, till the guards were upon them.

“ Other arts of deceiving the people are kept up. We have been told every day of new schemes for a new Ministry. The Duke of Ormond has been going again for Ireland. Sir Sim. Harcourt has had the seals ready for him. Mr. Harley has been called to be Lord Treasurer ; and even a commission has been drawing for a new General. But excepting the place of Lord Chamberlain, by covenant to the Duke of Shrewsbury, there has been no manner of alteration, and I presume there will be none in haste. They have talked as confidently of new advancements in the Church : Dr. Lane for St David's, and Dr. Biss for Bristol, and the list filled up with orthodox Chaplains ; and yet at court no sign or token of this that we know of. On the contrary, it is the fault of Dr. Bradford and Dr. Barton that they have not yet kissed the Queen's hand, because the latter thinks he is too far in years, and the former cannot well subsist without that Prebendary of Westminster, which the Queen has promised to the Speaker's Chaplain.

“ Mr. Jones died lately at Oxford of a dead palsy : his Archdeaconry of Berks I hope will fall to Dr. West. We expect great news by the foreign mail to-morrow. The last letter from the Duke of Marlborough had this expression, That he knew not whether the French King would make peace, but he was sure he was not able to make war.

“ With great and faithful respects to you and yours.

“ *April 22, 1710.*”

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“ GOOD MR. BLACKWELL,

“ ON Thursday morning I put into a little box some few papers and pamphlets that lay nearest at hand, for a small token, or rather, a little amusement to you. I wish it were some sort of equivalent for the old funeral sermons you obliged me with : there is nothing in what I send that deserves your study, it is for your diversion only. It is my professed principle, that you ought to write and read as little as may be, and to preach not at all.

“ My brother Hinde parted from me yesterday, and is going very shortly toward Lincoln ; and has resolved to call upon you on the way, and will tell you over a hundred things in two or three hours conversation.

“ Our public affairs are in a posture of peace and quiet, that in spite of mankind will be the blessing of God upon a sober, steady prince, with a legal, faithful administration. The only cloud that can threaten much is upon the Mediterranean ; and we are trying to disperse it before it falls, though possibly it will fall only on the heads of those that raised it : it is perhaps best for some princes and prelates to have a rebuke, and then a contempt poured upon them. Italy is at a great distance ; and when it is all in a flame, we are not the next neighbour to it : oh, but our enemies talk in Change Alley of a new alliance between France and Spain, to settle the entail of each crown ; and that

one article is to give us a catholic and most christian king; and so stocks fall, and trade is gone, and what they please; to carry on the delusion of the people.

“ In ecclesiastical matters there is a hot discourse that the Bishop of Chester has finally refused to institute Mr. Peplow to the Wardenship of Manchester College; insisting on the local statute requiring a degree of at least B. D. and objecting on invalidity in such degree conferred at Lambeth; offering to prove in law that such honorary titles bestowed by the Abp. of Cant. are not a canonical, and much less a legal qualification.

“ Our hearty services to yourself and good family.

“ Your very affect. friend,

“ W<sup>H</sup>. KENNETT.”

“ May 23, 1710.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ THIS time of Convocation, with business upon royal license, is so great a burden on my time, that, between sessions and committees, and the drawing up of some papers, I have many a day not one hour left upon my hands. We are to have three synodical sessions next week, to wind up if possible before a recess at Easter: the matter will be so far prepared as to be laid before her Majesty for advice of council, and I presume no more to be done till next winter.

“ Other affairs create a thousand doubts and fears. The blow given by Guiscard had without doubt a higher aim. He himself gloried after the fact that it was designed for that R. Marlborough. He had been often at court, soliciting to see the Queen; and had been that very morning in the antichamber, and pressed for admission to her Majesty. It is said he makes no confession; but his intercepted letters sufficiently betray a designed expedition of the Pretender, which some think to be hardly laid aside; for the Paris letters own the removal of the



court of St. Germain's; and some regiments are stopt here in their design to Flanders. In the mean time the trade opens to France for good wine.

"I hope your son's recovery continues in a fair prospect, and that your good daughter is by this time well abroad. You might have freely commanded my name for godfather, if it would have been well accepted; but if reserved for a son, I hope that happy time will also come. You concluded with fears of the life of this little infant; but I hope that danger is past. We are all well, but extremely pinched at this very cold weather. Our hearty services, &c.

"Your affect. kinsman,

"W. H. KENNETT.

"*March 17, 1710-11.*

"M. Guiscard died this day in Newgate of a wound in his back, which he concealed from the surgeon, in an obstinate resolution not to live."

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"*May 5, 1711,*

"DEAR SIR,

"I HAVE yours, very acceptable, of April 30th, and heartily pray for better weather to confirm your hopes of perfect health and ease. Dyer's story of Mr. Tenison was to make a bantering story of a very good motion, to prevent, if in our power, the prejudice that will arise to the Church by exchanging the specie tythe of hogs into a stated composition for money, which would soon grow beneath the true value. Nor did that motion break in upon the debate concerning Mr. Whiston, which was fully over. The Bishop of Peterborough seems very able to hold his visitation in person. I have heard him say he entered on his 80th year in July last. The vote of accounts not duly past was rather an amusement than a matter that can ever be redressed, when a whole account of every re-

dress, when a whole account of every receiver stands charged, if there be the least sum in arrear. The Bill of Resumption was thrown out by the Lords on Thursday, upon first hearing. In a Convocation, we have been slow and not sure. The several heads in her Majesty's letter are not yet put into forms fitting to be laid before her; and I dare say some of them will remain to be adjusted next winter. The question of proceeding against Mr. Whiston was laid before her Majesty by the Bishops, with prayer to refer it to her Judges. They are said to agree, that the two houses of Convocation are no legal judicature in matters of heresy. Eight of them are of opinion that the Abp. may turn the Synod into his Court of Audience, and so determine the cause upon complaint or information, with liberty of appeal, to delegates. The other four Judges could not come up to that opinion; but think there is, since the high commission, no superior court for the trial of heretics; but they are questionable only by the proper ordinary of each diocese wherein they dwell. What can we do more than make a representation of our want of power? The death of my Lord Rochford was very sudden; while after a plentiful dinner with Mr. Roberts he came home, and upon complaint of illness in his stomach, he drank a large glass of usquebaugh, and was playing with his grandchild, when he sunk away. A blow to some party greater than was given to the person of Mr. H. who seems not to have many rivals in favour or power. We have been alarmed daily with glories from Dunkirk; but I believe it is a French feint, like the Bavarian expedition to Vienna, to disturb and divide the forces and councils of the allies. There has been this evening a hot rumour of the two armies engaged; but it seems only a skirmish in a convoy of provisions. Another story of impeaching the Earl of Godolphin this afternoon; but I suppose a political threat only. I begin my visitation on Monday se'nnight; but the roads, I doubt, are impracticable. The

unseasonable weather has so much raised all sort of provisions, that other calamities are to be deprecated.

“ Yours affect. &c.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ I HOPE you had one from me much about the same time I received yours of May 21. I have been a prisoner, I may say, a slave, in the Convocation House, and so lost my opportunity of visiting my Archdeaconry, and cannot fix a time for Peterborough till the Parliament is up, which we generally agree will be on Wednesday next. It is doing some good in Convocation, if we prevent mischief; had there been less of political views, there had been more of service to the Church. I believe there was never greater courtship paid to an English Synod or a Scotch Assembly, than has been lately paid by royal letters, and the countenance of chief ministers; but the Scots have run away with the greater reputation in it: they have a public approbation given them in the Gazette of Thursday last, which I doubt we shall neither merit nor receive.

“ Mr. Morton has been several times with me, but has not communicated any part of his papers, which are gone through the hands of Dr. Woodward, and are now passing the hands of the Rev. Mr. Stonestreet, an excellent judge of those matters. The book you mention, of the title *Expostulatoria*, cannot be thought to be Bishop Keir's, as his executor has told the world in some advertisement, where it is discovered to have been published soon after the Restoration, under the title of *Jehabod*; and I think I have read the greatest part of it in some rhetorical complaints of B. Gauden.

“ As to *dissatisfying managements*, modestly so called, they are every where a little, happy the place where least of all: we shall be accountable to God for no *management*, but that of our own time, and our own talents.

“ My poor brother, who manages away all his income in charity and books, is detained a state captive at Leghorn, because we do not care to send another protestant chaplain. I stated that matter once more in a very plain letter to the Lord Treasurer, who thereupon commanded me to attend him at Kensington this morning, and I have so done: readily admitted and very kindly received. The preamble was drawn up by Dr. Friend, assisted by Westminster scholars, in whom his law folly often shines. Upon rising of the Parliament, there is to be a great distribution of honours and places: how wise and happy are they who have deserved them? They ought rather to be debts paid for just services, than to be retaining fees. Mankind have a right to what they have earned, and covenanted for.

“ Poor Sir Hum. Mack. has been hardly dealt with in this Session, and therefore in anger calls the South Sea trade a second *mine adventure*.

“ The representation of the House of Commons will demonstrate that they would have proved all they suggest, if they had a little longer time. Even so in Convocation, we have no time to make out all, &c.

“ I am well pleased in the postscript of the good account given of your grandson. I hope you will have great and long comforts in him. My spouse is hearty in the service of you and yours.

“ *June 2, 1711.*”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ I RECEIVED yours of July 12, and the kind present of herbs from my good cousin, which is very acceptable, and I heartily thank her for it. I went at the beginning of this week with my family to country lodgings at Enfield, where by the sudden change of the weather I took so great a cold, that I returned yesterday morning with an ague

upon me that ended in a hot fit very long and severe. I am this day in good temper, and hope to escape the returns of it, and enjoy the country air again in health and ease.

“As soon as I can step out, I will order the *Post Boy* to be sent you every post: you will find more of entertainment in it, especially in our domestick affairs, than in any other paper.

“I paid for Dr. Mill's book 10s. subscription, and 20s. at delivery, in sheets, and 6s. binding. I can have the favour from Mr. Archdeacon Worth to have another on the same terms: it seems to be dear, but it is indeed a very valuable book, and I think the greatest work that was ever yet performed by any single hand. I will get one ready to send you as soon as possible.

“The passages you cite from Dr. Horneck are very profuse; nothing can excuse them but the zealous flights and raptures of that author, who did not always clothe the passion of his thoughts with propriety of words.

“We have yet no news from Toulon; but confident hopes that it will be very good.

“When the new Lieutenancy of this city waited upon the Queen this week with an address, she conferred the honour of knighthood upon two of them, Mr. Piers and Mr. Hallet.

“The death of old Sir Robert Clayton, Alderman, and representative in Parliament for this city, brings in many considerable legacies to hospitals and other charitable uses. In the choice of a new Alderman, the chief competitor is Sir William Humphrys, a worthy man. Dr. Smolt, Rector of Northchurch in Hertfordshire, and Casuistical Professor of Divinity in Cambridge, dying there at the end of last week, left 600*l.* to pious uses, 200*l.* to Clergymen's widows, 200*l.* to augment his Professorship, and 200*l.* to the public library.

“I pray God preserve your health, and that of your dear relations, to whom my great respects.

“Your affect. friend,

“W<sup>H</sup>. KENNET.”

“July 1, 1707.”

" DEAR SIR,

" I thank you for yours of Oct. 7, and for your good intention of the advice in it. You have since heard of the death of the good old Bishop\* on Thursday morning about 2 o'clock. I had never obtained a promise of that See when full, and resolved not to speak or write for it, when likely to be vacant: and so I sate still with great indifference, while I could hear the wind blowing from several quarters; but late last night the King's messenger brought an express of nomination of the Dean to succeed, with letters of advice not to disobey, and with orders to the Secretary's office for dispatch of forms accustomed in those matters. I was given to understand at the same time, that the Chancellor was to succeed in the Deanery, and a Chaplain of my Lord Sunderland in the Chancellor's Prebend, that my Lord Sunderland might appear to have the greater interest in his own country.

" I am very sensible of the burden of cares and expences that are falling on me: I really comply for the sake of my family and friends; of the latter you are chief; and it will be some comfort to live to bestow some token of old friendship. You know what hurry attends my circumstances, and will therefore excuse the abruptness of

" Your affect. friend

" Oct. 11, 1711."

" W. H. KENNETT."

" DEAR SIR,

" ATTENDANCE at Court would make a cautious, *i. e.* at some times a wise man. There is place as well as time for speaking and for holding peace. I am at liberty here at home; but not to write more than needs.

*Res nolunt male administrari.*

\* Bishop Cumberland.

“ The peace so well concerted with France seems to have some check upon it. The Lord Chancellor and Ab. had access to her Majesty, and were bid to speak, but the speech was not much altered. To enter into long debates upon it the same day, and entertain the Queen with so large a comment on her own words was found new, and pretended to be necessary. One of the first objectors against the present plan was the Earl of Nottingham, who in a full speech represented it to be false and fatal to Britain and Europe; while Spain and the Indies should continue in the family of Bourbon. The sense of that noble peer will possibly have some influence among those in your parts, who have always known him to be a friend of the English Church and Clergy: his son, and good friend, the Abp. of York, said to be all of the same opinion. The peace, I presume, now must be honourable and lasting, or separate and short. The declaration from the Court of Hanover, if the Parliament had not been prorogued, had come after their sitting. There be and there be not the *Mollia tempora fandi*; a great courtier now laid by freely told his Sovereign, that there had been a time when Prince and Ministers had miscarried, but the nation itself had never been undone. The French King is beginning a winter campaign to oblige us to a speedier peace. At present the confusions of Europe are very great, and our own sins and follies have a melancholy prospect. I pray God preserve us from our enemies, and from ourselves. I should be glad to hear of good health and peace and quiet, to you and yours.

“ Being your true and  
“ affectionate friend.”

“ Dec. 8, 1711.”

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“ Peterb. June 26, 1713.

“ DEAR SIR,

“ To hear from so good a friend is at all times a particular satisfaction to me, especially at a time when I have

but few friends : but the account of your ill health is a matter of concern and trouble to me ; and the more, because I know the comfort and support of many others will very much depend on your health and long life, which therefore I pray God restore and preserve.

“ I am heartily sorry there is no hopes of our meeting at Peterborough nor at Stoke. I am engaged upon a journey to Lincoln within this fortnight, to exchange a small Prebend at the free pleasure of the Bishop, and to carry Dr. Turner, Vicar of Greenwich, with me, to whom the Bishop has given my former Prebend of Marston St. Laurence. I must return hither for a little more residence and business ; and shall be then every post called away to London, so that I fear it will be impracticable to pay you a short visit, though I very earnestly desire to do it.

“ I thank you for leave to insert those little tracts, as your good will to the *American Library*. I have taken no money, only a book or two in specie from them who offered : I am sure you have objects enough of your charity. I want very much to talk with you upon affairs abroad and at home.

“ We are now in the midst of our audit, and to-morrow is my chief entertaining day. The six Prebendaries are now all here ; a greater favour than I ever yet had since I came to be Dean : but the adjusting of all their several pretensions does give me the more trouble. The sermon on the thanksgiving (without a rude evasion) must come to my share without providing a word for it, and under resolutions of saying nothing in it ; and among hearers that will be very ready to catch not only at what is said, but at what is not said ; and hard will it be to keep silence and to speak. I would not provoke, and I do not fear : I would be for discretion with a good conscience.

“ I dined this day with my Lord Bishop, in good health, and the old way of cheerfulness. There was one Mr. Boldro, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who came for his



institution into Clipston, in your neighbourhood, void by the removal of a worthy, honest man, Mr. Young. The next candidate for a dignity is of your county, Mr. Sub-Dean, for whom the Deanery of Westminster was lately begged with so much importunity, that a great man was forced to say it would be better to plant him nearer to his estate, and among the Clergy who are represented to be great admirers of him; and to be resolved he shall represent them in the next convocation, where Dr. H. H. will be in the Upper, and Dr. Sach. in the Lower House.

“ I have no news from London, but of the mighty rejoicings for throwing out the French Bill; yet the learned say, had it passed, we should have sooner come to a better understanding. It must be the return of sense and sobriety that will make the peace safe, honourable, and lasting to us.

“ Mrs. James, in this town, a relation of the Lady Ward, is in a very unhappy condition, of trouble of mind, and temptations to despair. I have talked with her as effectually as I could; but prayers and patience only can amend her.

“ I have no part of my family with me but my man John. My former friend, Mr. Brown, by his debts and his family disputes was forced to break up housekeeping, and to board in another private house. Upon which I put in Mr. Richardson, a Minor Canon, into the Deanery; a plain, honest man, whose wife is a very discreet woman, and provides me with all suitable accommodations.

“ You make the best and wisest excuse for my brother's long stay in France; yet I believe native air would better answer that design. Since he left Leghorn, he has drawn bills upon me for full three hundred pounds, and I expect more daily. There is something unaccountable in it: at the least a neglect and contempt of the world, as if he was not to live in it. My other brother, Godfrey, for whom I got a tolerable good place in the custom house, had been three times (since the enjoyment

of his place) released out of prison by me ; and since my coming down, the first news that followed me was that he is again laid up upon two several actions, for about 40*l.* and unless I discharge him, he will be turned out of his office, and must lay and starve. I only mention these little troubles as a remembrance that they are our portion in this life, and have the best effect when they make us look upward with content and resignation to God.

“ I have sent the five pounds for the good widow by your servant: her yearly pension for life is 2*l.* 10*s.* to be received upon certificate of her life about Easter : I shall be always ready to assist her at your desire. I should have been glad to have heard better of the confirmation of the health of your son Palmer, for your good daughter's sake : if the son be diligent and sober minded, and can be sometimes under your eye and direction, he will the less want completing at a more public school. To you and very good Mrs. Blackwell the most hearty wishes and services of

“ Your affect. friend and kinsman,

“ WH. KENNETT.”

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“ SIR,

“ Yours this morning deserves and has my hearty thanks ; but a perfect answer to your learned intimations requires thoughts and enquiry more than at present I can bestow, and so I adjourn it till the next. The preaching of Dr. Sherlock, and the other suspended Divines, by your postscript I suppose you know proceeds not from any reconciliation to the oaths, but a point of law, that deprivation from benefice takes off suspension from office : the surprize is, that the Dr. appealed to the authority of his superiors for allowing and advising to this practice : this seems to argue the consent of the King, and the sense of the Judges ; and in this indeed the Royal mercy seems

to be great; for it yet holds, that the suspended Bishops have orders to keep their respective seats, and a promise to enjoy their temporalities, which may be done without dispensing power, for being lapsed to the King he may assign the profits as he pleases. This sweetens many humours, and does not sour mine.

“The prevailing news is now, the dissolution of the Parliament, which letters public and private agree to be done by proclamation on Thursday night, with summons of a new appearance on the 20th of March, to sit in the King’s absence. This latter circumstance seems a little odd, that his Majesty should trust a body of men with a supremacy in his absence, before he knows the faces or affections of them. But I suppose new measures may be taken as new occasions shall arise. Mr. Wright, recorder, and Mr. Howard, are said to be already soliciting an interest in the town; and it is enough likely the two former members may be excluded. For the University we shall resolve to seek no farther; and for the county most of us in black wish for Sir R. S. again; but instead of Sir S. C. one that is more our own.

“Here is an answer to Dr. B.’s measures, &c. which I desire Mr. West to send, because methinks it keeps up such notions as were once thought old and true. Let this bring to yourself and two dear friends the constant respects of

“Your obliged friend to serve you,

“WHITE KENNETT.

“Feb. 8, 1689.

“If the reports be all true of the weakness and desertion in K. James’s army, it will leave no room for honour in the expedition now resolved on.

“This evening I hope carries me to Amersden. Earl of Rochester and Duke of Gordon have kissed the King’s hand, and are both to have places of trust, as letters say: it is strange, especially of the latter.”

*" Oxon. April 5, 1690."*

" SIR,

" YESTERDAY, Mr. Cave, his wife, and brother, with your wife and daughter, dined with the Rector of Lincoln, at whose lodgings I waited on them after dinner, and in the evening they were all pleased to take coach from Edmund Hall. Mr. John Cave delivered me the enclosed, and desired me to send it. Mrs. Blackwell desires you to expect her return at the beginning of next week. The news is now more afraid of the French landing about Kinsale. The number one letter makes five, another eight thousand: but perhaps they cut off one half before a battle. Most agree their fleet to be more than forty men of war; exceeding ours by a full half. Some private letters talk of great damage already done by them, in taking several of our ships laden with provision; and a report goes of a ship, laden with clothes for ten thousand men, carried into King James by the treacherous commander of it. There are great fears of much farther mischief to be done by the French fleet. It is said Sir John Lowther, upon computation of past charges, has reported the crown two millions in debt; for which credit is to be given upon the King's revenue for one million, and twelve hundred thousand to be raised by a poll, and other measures of farther advance to be considered of. Several in Lancashire and those parts are seized for promising horses to the service of King James; and many of the old officers are brought up prisoners to London for promising the same interest. Mr. Stafford, with the same old madness, in the lobby, distributed many papers of his own, by way of advice, to recal the former King.

" Here is a posthumous tract of Bishop Overal upon the Convocation, licensed and prefaced by the Abp. of Cant. in June, 1689, with the pictures of the author and prefacer, price 6s. 4to. and a small 8vo. of Five Letters, against the inspiration of the Scriptures, translated from the French, who seem to intend first to conquer Christianity, and then Ireland. Our

members of Convocation are all returned. I hope before Easter to discourse with you upon a better prospect of things.

" Your obliged friend to serve you,

" WHITE KENNETT."

" Feb. 9, 1711-12.

" DEAR SIR,

" My writing more seldom is not owing to any alteration in my esteem and respects, but a sense that freedom is more fit for private conversation. It is perhaps a needless complaint that letters are frequently opened, and sometimes laid by; and perhaps it is as frivolous advice not to write news by the common methods of conveyance, but I still desire to hear often of your good health and happiness. On the death of Dr. Graham, the Deanery of Wells was talked of for Dr. Mosse, upon which hangs a tale, &c. The Bishop of Norwich's sermon, on 30th January, was complained of in the House by the Earl of A. and so no question of thanks for it. Some who have read it, pretend to say it is so inoffensive, that it will be shortly published; but whether by the Bishop himself, or by a Divine of the Church of England, I cannot tell. The ball designed on Thursday night at the Duke of M. for entertainment of Prince E. was prudently forbid, though we hope no harm was meant in it: fears and suspicions naturally fall upon us. We have no news to be known from Utrecht. Her Majesty was this day at the House to pass several bills, but no occasion of speaking. Our greatest blessing is her Majesty's good health; and our greatest hopes that all may end in peace and charity. Our hearty respects and services to you and yours.

" W. K."

“ DEAR SIR, .

“ I SHOULD be glad to hear of health and happiness to you and yours. I had lately a letter from Mr. Palmer, which seemed to argue better health and spirits than I could have expected after such a long and dangerous state of pain and anguish.

“ The Holland mail last night seems to bring news of the perfect recovery of the French King, at least his friend Abel tells us so : but still others think that his death may be concealed for common reasons of state ; and the rather, because the Paris Gazette, brought over by this mail, says not one word of his sickness or recovery, of which last it would have boasted. However, as our divisions made the French offer the most insolent proposals at Utrecht, so the confusions in the French court, upon the Dauphin's death, have inspirited the English, as well as other allies, to make very honourable demands for the peace and balance of Europe ; which are come over in writing by this mail ; and that which chiefly relates to us, that Majorca and Minorca shall remain for ever to the Crown of Great Britain ; all other parts of Italy and the whole West Indies to the Emperor, with freedom of trade to the marine powers ; Old Spain to King Philip, only the ports of Cadiz and Gibraltar to have English garrisons, paid by the Spaniards, with open trade, &c. and it is now generally believed that these terms must be accepted by the French in their present posture of affairs, whether their King be the old man or the infant. God's mercies to this church and kingdom are exceeding great ; and his signal providence, which has hitherto restrained our enemies from prevailing over us, will not so much as suffer us ruin ourselves.

“ Mr. Jaubman arrived safe at Leghorn, upon which my brother is removed a while to Florence, and designs for Naples, Rome, Padua, and Venice this summer, with hopes of reaching home before Christmas. The grief of the merchants at his

departure, and their generous respect paid to him, as reported from other hands, was very extraordinary. The first application for the Deanery of Wells was in behalf of Dr. Swift, which when wisely rejected, the second is for Mr. Brailesford, Chaplain to the Duchess of Newcastle, in hopes of the match.

“ Our services to my good cousin. I desire to know how to dispose the remainder of your money in my hands, in tea or books, or what she and you please.

“ I am, dear Sir,

“ Your most affect. friend and kinsman,

“ W<sup>H</sup>. KENNETT.”

“ Feb. 23, 1711-12.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ I had sooner acknowledged the receipt of yours, if I could make you any return worth reading; but a little out of the town is so far out of the world, and all reports come down hither like the river itself, with windings and turnings, and tides high and low. I was called a second time to preach a Spittal sermon at St. Bride's, on Tuesday, (the Bp. of Lichfield on Monday, Dr. Linford on Wednesday); but at dinner I could learn nothing but patience, only a general surmise that peace must follow, if the fourth Dauphin and the Pretender were dead, and King Philip inclined to resign to his father-in-law; which for some days has been the common speculation of the town.

“ When on Tuesday last by laudable custom their LL<sup>as</sup> the Bishops, dined at Lambeth, the chief discourse was of the great offence given by the sermon of Dr. Brett, asserting the invalidity of lay baptism, and extending it to the foreign churches, as well as to our dissenters at home. The Bishop of Sarum opened the matter of complaint with some warmth: the Lord Archbishop of York expressed himself heartily against it;

and the Bishop of Ely with more than usual resentments of the danger and pernicious consequence of it. The Archbishop of Canterbury produced the other sermons of like nature, preached at a visitation in the diocese of Exeter, and read some expressions in it, which were very harsh, and intended to have said more, if the Bishop of Exeter had been present, by whose command, at request of the Clergy, the said sermon was printed. Their Lordships seemed to agree, that some public notice ought to be taken to prevent the farther scandal that would otherwise be given abroad and at home by such uncharitable and dividing doctrines: only the Lord Bishop of London seemed to fear, that a public notice would but increase the noise which might otherwise sink and die sooner of itself. Upon which his Grace of Canterbury observed, that it was too late to stifle such a noise as had already spread so far, and had filled the heads of so many people with doubts and scruples about their baptisms, that it was high time something should be done to convince them that such a call to be rebaptized was never the sense or the practice of the Church of England: and though some persons, he heard, had been publicly baptized again (after a baptism by dissenting teachers) in some of the city churches, particularly Mr. Laurence who has been so zealous in drawing others into the same practice; yet he could not believe that the Clergymen who did it had any leave for so doing from the Bishop of the diocese, which yet they ought to have obtained. Asking the Bishop of London whether in such case he ever gave leave for baptizing an adult person, who had been before baptized in any separate way: his Lordship said no: and was pleased, for satisfaction of the Bishops, to repeat his denial of it, and to purge himself from countenancing any such thing. After which the Archbishop of Canterbury declared his intention, that in his triennial visitation, to begin in June, he would send instructions for his Clergy to this effect, that he had hitherto instructed them with a discretional power to baptize adult persons without giving him particular notice;



yet upon some new notions, now advanced, he must think fit to require, that when they have any person of riper years to be baptized, the rubric must be observed, *and timely notice given to the Bishop*. His Grace hoped their Lordships would do something of the like kind; or else if such doctrines and practice were not solemnly disowned, the Church of England would soon come to be called *A new church of Anabaptists*. It was at last agreed that some representation of this matter should be made in Convocation, and begin from the Upper House. The form or draught whereof is expected to be brought by his Lordship this day to Lambeth, and we shall hear more on Wednesday next. This is all I remember, and I think I well remember. Our hearty respects.

"Your affect. friend,

"W<sup>H</sup>. K."

"April 26, 1712."

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"July 11, 1712,

"DEAR SIR,

"Dr. Smith is the more welcome to us for coming from your house, and bringing your servant and letter with him. He finds us, I thank God, in good health: my wife, her daughter, with my boy and girl, all delighted with horse races, and other diversions of this place. I am very sorry you have suffered so much in your own health and ease, but I am glad it has brought you to a custom of riding out; which I hope by degrees will make all other physic needless. If I had been alone, I would have paid you a visit, and then many things would have easily occurred to us. As to what you well suggest, the *Flying Post* is not so full as the hearts and eyes of very many at home and abroad: it is no doubt an intended pretension, and a happiness that we do not know the issue of it. We know a person whose father was a convert, and so was the mother.

“ The case of Mr. Whiston and Convocation was plainly this : the censure of him was delivered for royal approbation. The paper was dropped, and no intimation of desiring another copy, or any further proceeding : I doubt the only use to be made of us is to play with us and make us scratch and bite when and where the masters please. As to the constitution, it seems to me a judicial infatuation on Mr. Whiston to put his doctrine upon that issue of matter of fact, that he has found out a *new gospel*. Let people judge of his doctrine as that fact is true or false. The only danger is, that the world is prepared for believing any thing but truth ; and if the boldest heretic had but one great man of his side, the nation should run into addresses for him. It is with truth even as it is with peace, they who would most effectually promote it shall be called the enemies of it. Where are we ? in a world where nothing can be depended on but a future life ; in the way to it little comfort but prayers and books.

“ The Bishop of Lincoln made an excellent charge, but the Clergy generally thought it was in favour of the dissenters, because against rebaptizing the foreign protestants, and thousands of our own countrymen. I am very glad his Lordship was so kind to Mr. Palmer, and his lady so civil to your good daughter. I hope not the less respect on account of my frequent mention of them. We staid two nights at Buckden in our way hither.

“ My brother in his last advices was at Naples, not in sound health, but hoping for benefit from that air, and proposing to return about Christmas by the way of Holland, or the smoother way of France.

“ I keep no political correspondence from London, and am at a very great distance from court. I know not so much as whether we are in a state of war or peace, who are our enemies, or who our allies. Yet in *nova fert animus* ; for fancy and speculation ——— was a pigeon-house, and Dunkirk will be a mouse-trap.

“ I had your kind letter at London. As to money for tea, I think the account about even. Our very hearty respects to you and good Mrs. Blackwell : we are much wishing that you could both give us one week of your company at Peterborough ; none more welcome.

“ Yours, W. K.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ I have staid longer than I had otherwise designed in this place, by reason of an infectious distemper that has reigned in London, though short and safe to most that have suffered by it. It has spread I find into other parts, and has reached to this town, where very many have felt the like effects of three days feverishness, with cold and pains and general hoarseness. Dr. Smith, who was so kind as to continue with us, is but just recovered from it by bleeding and gentle sweating. A maid servant is now down, and we are apprehensive it will go through the family : if it please God we continue well ; we intend to be going toward London before the end of this week. It has been some trouble to me that I could not pay a visit to you, and enjoy what I always found an agreeable conversation. I could not however leave the country without sending over Mr. Brown with all our respects and services to inquire after the welfare of you and yours ; who I hope will return with a good account of your health and ease.

“ I have nothing to communicate but prayers and assurances of great esteem and friendship. I know very little how the world goes above and abroad. Our peace with France seems to be a resolution that nothing can interrupt ; but how far our allies will comply, or a victorious enemy accept of their compliance ; or how long they would bear a necessity put upon them, I know not ; and indeed none but God knows the con-

sequence of these things. I was troubled to hear of the death of my good friend Dr. Woodward, at Maidstone, who had enjoyed that favour of remove from Poplar but a short time: he was a truly pious, painful man. I hear that at the request of the town, the Archbishop has given that church to the Curate, Mr. Wellar, a Fellow of St. John's in Oxford. The Bishop of Lincoln has given the Archdeaconry of Stow to Mr. Eachard, a good writer and worthy man. The three Deaneries, I presume, are still vacant; that of Wells is said to be promised to Dr. Swift; and to make the speaker easy, his Chaplain, Mr. Kimberley, is said to be assured of Lichfield, in addition to his Prebend of Westminster. A Prebendary of Windsor, Mr. Hartley I think, formerly Master of Merchant Taylor's school in London, is lately dead, and makes way they say for Mr. St. John, the youngest Chaplain to the Queen. The good old Bishop here is very hearty; but has had a domestic misfortune in the separation of his daughter from Mr. Bennet at B. wherein I have endeavoured to do good offices, but I doubt to little purpose. Dr. Smith thinks of going towards Lincoln on Tuesday, and intends to call upon you in his return. Sir Erasmus Norwich, passing through this town, sent his servant late on Wednesday night, and was going so early next morning, that I could not wait upon him.

“I should be glad to hear of the perfect recovery of Mr. Palmer, and the health and happiness of your good daughter and the children, and of their return to Stoke. We all again heartily join in our true respects and services to you and good Mrs. Blackwell: if I can do any good office in London, let me freely know it.

“I have preached twice this day, and must not be ashamed to own myself very weary and faint. I hope God's good providence will allow us another meeting next summer: the less hopes of public happiness, the more need of private friendship,

“I am your affect. friend, W. K.”

“*Peterb. Aug. 24, 1712.*”

“ DEAR SIR,

“ WHISPERING may separate chief friends, but distance never can. I think of you very often : I converse with you sometimes upon my table : and I would write more frequently if I knew how and what. I need not tell you I was sick of the town, and the disagreeable noise in it ; and am settled in a little country cot, with a book and a garden : when I walk a little farther, I can find myself in a wide field, on the wrong side of the hedge, and can just overhear the prattling of some that pass by. But, alas, not only every new company makes a different report, but the very same folks every step they take contradict themselves : *now* a separate peace already made ; then a few trifles to be adjusted ; then to be proclaimed to-day, and then to-morrow ; *now* again no peace ever meant, but generally the D—h are fully in it, and we and they can draw by cables all the world after us ; *then* a peace for ourselves, with room for a postscript to others, is a wiser way, and fittest for the empire ; *then* a farther suspension of arms is more expedient, and let us stay awhile, quoth Burleigh, that we may make an end the sooner ; *now* waiting only for a renunciation to be made in a Cortez ; then no such thing meant, but on condition of Charles first renouncing Spain and West Indies ; *now* M. P—r, the greatest minister in France ; *then* his title of plenipotentiary a blunder, to be corrected in a new edition ; *now* Dunkirk a garrison entirely English ; *then* the townsmen to command the harbour against the Dutch ; *now* our army to be still kept up in Flanders ; *then* the very guards to be re-trenched at home ; *now* Parliament to meet and address for peace ; *then* to come better in the rear with C——— ; *now* breach and bloody bones, betwixt men and women ; then cement and union more fast and strong, because more necessary to be one and all ; *now* the Duke of Gloucester ; then plainly the King ; then no body, and Protestant succession very safe ; *now* at Windsor indisposition and danger ; then health and vivacity in the happiest degree ; *now* the Duke of D——— ; then

his footmen only. In a word, by the common chat I hear thus, *en passant*, the world turns upside down every day or two; and yet not the fault of the world, but of their heads that turn it, or turn with it. When I was a boy, I thought the old hall was in a rapid circulation, when it was only my own heel that had put my own head into such a dance.

“I have not only read that the word of King William was steady; but I have really by me a true copy of the last prayer of Oliver Cromwell, 2 Sept. 1658, the night before he died, wherein one petition is, *Bless this people; give them rest, and bring them to a consistency*: but the ill luck is, one of his confessions is verbatim thus, *I am a poor foolish fellow, O Lord!*

“Gr. Oct. 25, 1712.

“The Duke of M. is said to have asked, and obtained leave of her Majesty to travel for his health.

“There have been long some few pint bottles of the best Florence designed for you; but the present mistress of them says it was not good to send them till cool weather: and now she desires a promise from you, that no bottle shall be opened without your taking one glass of it. I pray God give you health and ease: I shall be glad to hear of them, &c.”

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“DEAR SIR,

“Yours of Jan. 12 came sooner than by the former direction by way of London. We are here in good peace and quiet. The late scuffle was only the madness of some butchers to the Moscovite gentlemen, who sojourn here, to observe shipping in the river. I have kept chamber for two days; but hope the cause of it, a sore throat, is going off: the rest of the family are tolerably well, only my son is under some symptoms of consumption, which will hinder his return

to Hitchin; and a great comfort to me if it hath no worse effect. You have not lately mentioned your grandson, who, I hope, promises a great and long blessing to you and his other friends. The late Chaplain at Leghorn is confined there by importunity, and by real indisposition. He has drawn a bill upon me for 200*l.* besides a like sum he received at parting with that very kind factory; and will so come home not twopence the better as to this world, but rich in contempt of it. The Dignities lie dormant: the chief concern is to reward the confessor, Dr. S—ll, and support Dr. E—l: no other merits are comparable to theirs.

“ The Dutch, so often said to be come into our measures, are still disputing a thing or a word in almost every article; and seem to think it will be a good grace to appear to be brought in by necessity and last resort. It is feared the Emperor is become very insolent, and will treat with France and Spain, exclusive of the maritime powers and Protestant interest: Strasburgh, Alsace, and Italy to him; Flanders to King Louis; entire Spain and West Indies to King Philip, are confidently said to be the terms that the Pontiff and Jesuits negotiate for extirpating the north heresy, and restoring divine rights to Great Britain. The needless appearance of the French Legate, both in the gallery of the House of Commons, and even near the throne, on Tuesday last, raised indignation and mutterings truly English. The manner of proroguing, which the whigs call without reason given or consent asked, and that for so long a time in so nice a juncture, has given the faction another handle, nay, has put some of the best friends to the government out of humour: it will be found very hard always to please the people. If we have not our desired peace before the time of meeting, it is thought some will be afraid of the meeting even of this very Parliament; for Mr. H—n has been very obstinate and very free; Duke of Argyle extremely angry; and even Lord Peterborough talks strange things; and some weak tory.

members of each house are frightened into an apprehension that they have been deceived. So variable are we, that popery and arbitrary power may be again made a scarecrow. The Bishop of Sarum has published as it were his dying speech in a preface, bolder than the Bishop of St. Asaph, and yet it is thought it will give less offence.

“ Our praying and our doing good will be the best way of bringing peace and quiet to our own conscience at least.

“ I am your most

“ faithful affect. friend.”

“ Jan. 17, 1712-13.”

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“ DEAR SIR,

“ I AM engaged to thank you for your good letter of Jan. 29: the only displeasing part of it is the account of the severe returns of your old distemper: spring and fall will always be the most trying times to you. If you find yourself unable, or but unwilling to adventure a journey to Peterborough this summer, I desire you would spare yourself from any uneasiness or danger. Your residence in such circumstances may well be excused: I shall be the greatest sufferer in the want of your company. As to the dilapidations, they were actually surveyed, and found to be about 18*l*. which I believe is necessary to be laid out this spring. You had best acquaint Mrs. Balderston with the matter of fact, and with your resolution to have a due recourse to law, if she does not make satisfaction within a month after your writing to her.

“ You would do well to order a present of your very useful tracts to Sir David Hamilton at his house in Bow Lane.

“ I have accepted the resignation of the Vicarage of Mr. Stiles, though in strict justice I might have taken advantage of the lapse, and leave the presentation to the young lady, from whom I have not yet heard.



" Polebrook is fallen to me, and I hope I may honestly dispose of it to a worthy person, for the comfort of my family not yet provided for. Mr. Gibson is still with me, and very helpful and agreeable to me.

" Upon the sudden death of Dr. Adams, his good living of St. Bartholomew, behind the Exchange, was given by my Lord Chancellor to his Chaplain, Mr. Feers; the Living of Hornsey by the Bishop of London to Dr. Lewis Atterbury; the Canonry of Windsor was begged by General Wade for his brother; and the Provostship of King's College in effect declared for Dr. Snape, to the great offence of the court, who would have taken it much better to have had an election for Dr. Waddington, late Fellow, who is able, and would have been willing, to have been a benefactor to their new projected buildings, for which Dr. Adams came up to ask for the King's bounty: but that College will do just as your Lincoln College did at Oxford, renounce a benefactor. The poor Provost was a sad instance how little good great preferments will do an improvident man; who, after great misfortunes in his family, (two sons distracted, and one child blind) has not left them one groat.

" A sermon shall come to you by the post. I heartily pray for the good estate of yourself and family, and that you may live to see your grandson in a creditable call to the bar, and a gainful reputation in the practice of the law. Our kind services to all of you.

" I am, dear Sir,

" Your affect. friend and brother,

" Feb. 6, 1719-20.

" W. H. PETERBOR.

" Our public prospects are all very happy.

" On the supposed death of the Primate of Ireland, the Bp. of Gloucester seems willing to accept of that honour."





**Microcosmos.\*** *The Discovery of the little World, with  
the Government thereof.*

MANILIUS.

*An mirum est habitare Deum sub pectore nostro ?  
Exemplumque Dei quisque est sub imagine parvâ.*

*By John Davies.*

*At Oxford, printed by Joseph Barnes, and are to be solde  
in Fleete-streete at the signe of the Turke's head by  
John Barnes, 1603.*

4to. pp. 300.



THIS bulky volume by Davies of Hereford, has been noticed in the *Censura*, ii. 209. but is now introduced into *RESTITUTA*, for the purpose of inserting several stanzas from the Preface, in celebration of some personages of much celebrity at that period ; and particularly of Lord Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare

\* Bastard, in his *Chrestoleros*, 1598, has the following epigram :

*De Microcosmo.*

Man is a little world, and beares the face  
And picture of the universitie :  
All but resembleth God, all but his glasse,  
All but the picture of his Majestic.  
Man is the little world, (so we him call)  
The world the little god—God, the great all !

Davies, in his *Scourge of Folly*, addressed an epigram to Bastard of eight and thirty lines : and Harlington paid him an epigrammatic tribute.

and other poets,\* who had unhappily been drawn into a rash revolt with Lord Essex, Sir Chr. Blunt, &c.

Daniel has a very spirited epistle addressed to Lord Southampton on the same occasion.

A time there is for all things under sunne,  
 A time for mirth as well as to be sadd ;  
 The time for mirth is now, e'vn now begun,  
 Now wisest men with mirth do seeme starke madd,  
 And cannot choose—their hearts are all so gladd.  
 Then let us be merry in our God and King,  
 That made us merry, being ill bestadd :  
*South-hampton* up thy cappe to Heaven fling,  
 And on the violle there sweet praises sing :  
 For he is come, that grace to all doth bring.

If thou didst fault, judge Heav'n ! for I will spare thee,  
 Because my faults are more than can be cast :  
 It did to greater glorie but prepare thee,  
 Sith greater vertue now thereby thou hast.  
 Before our troubles, we seeme goodnesse past,

\* Nash, in his dedication of "The Life of Jacke Wilton," 1594, to Henrie, *Earl of South-hampton*, says, "A dero lover and cherisher you are, as well of the Lovers of Poets, as of Poets themselves. Amongst their sacred number I dare not ascribe myself, though now and then I speak English. That smal braine I have, to no farther use I convert, save to be kinde to my frends, and fatall to my enemies." "All that in this phantasticall Treatise I can promise, is some reasonable conveyance of history and varietie of mirth. By divers of my good frends have I been dealt with to employ my dull pen in this kinde, it being a cleane different vaine from other my former courses of writing. How well or ill I have done it, I am ignoraut of it—the eye that sees round about it selfe, sees not it selfe)—only your Honour's applauding encouragement hath power to make mee arrogant. Incomprehensible is the height of your spirit, both in heroical resolution and matters of conceit. Unrepriveably perisheth that booke whatsoever to wast paper, which on the diamond rocke of your judgement disasterly changeth to be shipwrackt. Of your gracious favor I despaire not, for I am not altogether Fame's out-cast."

But cold affection's water cooles the heate  
Which youth and greatnesse oft too much doth wast :  
And Queenes are coy, and cannot brooke the sweat  
That such heate causeth, for it seemes unsweete.\*

But yet thy worth doth wrest from what soere  
Thereto oppos'd, by unseene violence :  
Acknowledgment of what in thee is deere ;  
That is, the glory of much excellence,  
Fitt for the use of high'st preheminance.  
The world is in the wane, and worthy men  
Have not therein in each place residence :  
Such as are worthy should be cherisht then,  
And being overthrowne, rais'd up agen.

*Pembrooke* to court, to which thou wert made strange,  
Goe ; doe thine homage to thy Soveraigne :  
Weepe and rejoyce, for this sad-joyfull change,  
Then weepe for joy ; thou needst not teares to faine,  
Sith late, thy eyes did nought else entertaine.  
If I mistake thee not, and thy best part,  
Thy vertues will thy Liege's favour gaine :  
For vertue vertue loves, as arte doth arte,  
Then will we love thee (Lord) for thy desart.

Thy sire and grand-sire were two mighty peeres  
That were strong trustie pillars of this state :  
Thou hast what they had, thy want is but yeeres :  
Yet art in thee doth time anticipate,  
And makes thee, being young, in old estate :  
For lo, thy judgment's joints are strongly knitt,  
And in arte's limbecke, thy all-learned pate,  
Wisdome extracts the quintessence of wit,  
To make the same for hie employment fit.

\* Davies would probably have been more courtly, had Elizabeth been then living.

*Mount-joy*, let joy now mount as high as Heav'n,  
 For now thy long left land is Heav'n become :  
 Come, come away, the foe to flight is driv'n,  
 Hasten thy coming : hie, O hie thee home,  
 That *joy*, though nought else can, may thee orecome.  
 Muses' deere love, *Mecænas* to their loves,  
 Thy King unto this kingdom now is come ;  
 And like the sunne, in our new heaven moves  
 To comfort thee, and all, that glorie loves.

Meeke-hearted *Worcester*, friend of humanity,  
 Honor'd for honesty so rightly honored ;  
 God's white gift, *Whitegift*, glory of prelacy :  
*Buckhurst*, our treasurer, royally treasured  
 With richest rules of rules : *Egerton* famouzed,  
 For love to equity ; chiefe Justice of the land :  
 Bold *Popham* resolute, for thy friend, thy head :  
 Strive, strive, O strive to make fast peace's band,  
 That you, obeying, may in peace command ;  
 So you by it, and it by you may stand.

Greate-hearted hero, great *Northumberland*,  
 Furnisht with all that may make great a peere ;  
 And *Tethys*' true love, ven'trous *Cumberland*,  
 Together with the rest to England deare.  
 Deere peeres, let now your peerelesse joy appeare.  
 Go, lords, go meete your *sans peere* Sovereigne :  
 And tell him yee are his, while he is here ;  
 And when he leaves the earth for heav'nly raigne,  
 You and yours will be his, whiles they remaine.

Then, lively image of our world's perfection,\*  
 Our little world's great paragon of fame,  
 Both taking being by the Heav'n's direction,  
 In one selfe wombe, that both should be the same  
 In spirit, vertue, nature, and in name,

\* Sir Philip Sidney.

This world begins to cotten\* now for thee,  
 For whom the world, sometimes, was much to blame :  
 Vertue, deare *Sidney* !† now advaunc'd shall be,  
 Sith vertue knows no partiality.

Thou, virgin knight,‡ that dost thyselfe obscure  
 From world's unequall eyes, and faine wouldst dye  
 Ere thy name should be knowne to worlds impure,  
 Now shew thy selfe ; thou canst not hidden lie  
 From our new world's desert-out-searching eye.  
 Great *Sidneies* love, true prooffe of thy great worth,  
 Live now ; for now thou must not living die ;  
 Vertue must use thee, then (Dyer, knight) come forth  
 To haile thy vertue's loadstarre from the north.

And Albion's Scæva,§ whose crosse-wounded corse  
 Like an embalmed dead corpse in aspect,  
 Twenty times dead, yet still hast vitall force,  
 And so dost couzin death, through death's defect ;  
 Yet scorn'st, nay hat'st thy life, in fame's respect  
 Up with thy coat of steele, it's time for thee ;  
 No foe is now in field, and in effect  
 Thy veines are dry, thine eyes do dimly see ;  
 Then joy in peace, with life at last agree.



From two epigrams in the *Scourge of Folly*, [1611]  
 it appears that John Davies had two brothers, James  
 and Richard, who like himself were both “ Masters in  
 the arte and faculty of Writing.” Some ingenuous and

\* To cotton, cement, unite. Dr. Johnson gives an example from Swift.

† Sir Robert Sidney.

‡ Sir Edward Dyer.

§ Sir Edward Wingfield.

respectful lines were addressed, at the end of *Microcosmos*, to his celebrated namesake, afterwards Sir John Davies, the poetical judge; who is often confounded with the poetical writing-master, as the latter anticipated. Those lines have been printed in *Censura*.




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THE following Sonnet occurs before “*The most honorable Tragedie of Richard Grenvile, Knt.*” by Jarvis Markham, 1595.

*To the right honorable Henrie Wriothesly, Earle of Southampton, and Baron of Titchfelde.*

Thou glorious Laurell of the Muses' hill;  
 Whose eyes doth crowne the most victorious pen:  
 Bright Lampe of Vertue, in whose sacred skill  
 Lives all the blisse of eares-inchaunting men:  
 From graver subjects of thy grave assayes,  
 Bend thy coragious thoughts unto these lines;  
 The grave from whence mine humble Muse doth raise  
 True honor's spirit in her rough deseignes:  
 And when the stubborne stroke of my harsh song  
 Shall seasonlesse glide through almightie eares,  
 Vouchsafe to sweet it with thy blessed tong,  
 Whose wel-tun'd sound stills musick in the sphears;  
 So shall my tragick layes be blest by thee,  
 And from thy lips suck their eternitie.

J. M.





*The Mastive; or Young Whelpe of the olde Dogge.\**  
*Epigrams and Satyrs.*

—*Verba decent iratum plena minarum.* HORAT.

*London, printed by Tho. Creede, for Richard Meighen  
 and Tho. Jones, and are to be solde at St. Clement's  
 Church, without Temple Bar.*

4to. 34. leaves.



AN advertisement, subscribed H. P. has made Mr. Warton divided in his opinion, whether to ascribe this production to Henry Parrot or Henry Peacham. The former appears to be the writer or compiler to whom they appertain: and to him are also to be imputed "*Epigrams*," 1608, "*The More the Merrier*," 1608, and "*Laquei Ridiculosi*," 1613. The date of the present publication has been assigned to the year 1600, and probably with sufficient internal evidence. Heywood, our earliest epigrammatist, seems spoken of as coeval with Churchyard; but he had a right to be considered as anterior.

*Heywood* was held for Epigrams the best,  
 What time old *Churchyard* dealt in verse and prose.

The term *dealt* is peculiarly appropriate; for the works of the old court-poet were so numerous, that he

\* Goddard published a book of epigrams and satires, entitled *A Mustif-Whelp*, which probably followed these.



may be regarded as a wholesale dealer in the literary wares of his day. I proceed to extract a few, and a few only will bear extracting, from these Epigrams.

*Subito responsio levi.*

A doctor being ask't—what meanes he knew  
Were such as best to *opening* physicke drew?  
He, not to seeke for sudden answer, sayes—  
There's nothing better than a *bunch of kayes*.

*Ut tempora, mores.*

In times of yore was neither bond nor bill,  
For each would then his word by word fulfill:  
Till when crept in this strange catastrophe,  
As some for conformation wrote *per me*;  
Which now, say scriveners, *non est ita mos*,  
It must be *noverint per presentes nos*.

*Huic habeo non tibi.*

Eye on thee, Milo, how the poore abhorre thee,  
That still wilt answer them—I have not for thee:  
When all thy kindred knows, who thee condemn,  
Thou hast it for thy drabs, but not for them.

*Chara nimis amicitia:*

Milo thinks much I should his love inherit,  
Saying—It's more than my deserts can merit:  
Indeed he speaks *probatum est* unto me,  
For 'tis so great, as 'twould in time undo me.

*Nimis docuit consuetudo.*

Old Fuco's board is oft replenished,  
But nought thereof must be diminished;  
Unless some worthless upper dish or twaine:  
The rest for service still again remaine.

His man, that us'd to bring them in for show,  
 Leaving a dish upon the bench below,  
 Was by his master (much offended) blam'd,  
 Which he, as brief, with answer bluntly fram'd—  
*'Tath bene zo often broft avore this day,*  
*As now chad thoft it zelfe had knowne the way.*

The following may slightly remind of the quibbling  
 Epitaph on Fair Rosamond.

*Rosa omnibus olet.*

Rose is a fayre, but not a proper woman;  
 Can any creature proper be that's common?

Martial, Harington, and Prior, may be recalled by  
 the following.

*Tua logice nostra.*

Lucas on's lady lays a foule objection,  
 Saying—she weareth not her own complexion:  
 But then her Ladyship may say he lyeth,—  
 I'st not her owne, I pray you, which she buyeth?

Three Satires,\* and a “*Paradox in praise of Warre,*”  
 follow the Epigrams: from the *Paradox* these are some  
 of the best lines.

Safety from worldly danger makes men thinke  
 They that stand fast on earth, shall never sinke.

\* In the second of these, the author thus speaks, or makes another speak,  
 of his book:

Next after him, your country-farmer views it,  
 It may be good (saith he) for those can use it;  
 Shew me King Arthur, Bevis, or Syr Guye:  
 Those are the boökes he only loves to buye.

'Tis fearlesse Peace makes pleasure man's chief God,  
 We want both sight and feeling of War's rod.  
 That land more happie is that War doth nourish,  
 Causing the world in better state to flourish.  
 For danger makes us feare a sudden end,  
 Fear sads the soule, because it did offend.  
 The feare of danger makes each man prepar'd,  
 And of his ill past life to have regard.  
 Danger calls Conscience to a strict account,  
 Repentance makes a heavie soul to mount.  
 'Tis soft Security lulls men in sinne,  
 That only covet but earth's joyes to winne :  
 'Tis idle Peace that breeds in us such faction  
 As kills at home, for want of forraine action.  
 The valiant man doth hence his fame increase,  
 Maintains himselfe by Wars, grows poore by Peace.  
 Hence flowes the fountains of detected vice,  
 Sloath, lust, deceit, and filthie avarice,  
 Extortion, usurie, and gain's excess,  
 Griping the living of the fatherless.  
 For this all-wishing gold is of that force  
 As muffles Justice, and exiles Remorse.  
 Gold, in these times, can turn the wheele of fate,  
 And make them best belov'd, deserve most hate.  
 Gold can make Peace, joyn hands of deadly foes ;  
 Gold can make Warre again, wound Peace with blowes :  
 'Tis Peace that makes this Indian gold ador'd,  
 This golden calf idolatriz'd, abhorr'd.  
 Gold in the soule breeds such an alteration,  
 As men desire it more than their salvation.  
 Peace makes Religion faint, and not regarded,  
 Vertue a beggar, Learning unrewarded.





*The Passion of a Discontented Mind.*

*London, printed by Nicholas Okes for Samuell Albyn,  
and are to be sold at his shop in Chancery-lane, neere  
the six Clarkes office, 1621.*

4to. pp. 24.



WITHOUT dedication or preliminary matter of any kind, this scarce and pathetic poem thus commences.

From silent night, true register of moanes ;  
From saddest soule, consum'd with deepest sinnes ;  
From heart quite rent with sighs and heavy groanes,  
My wailing Muse her wofull worke begins :  
And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,  
Sounding nought else but sorrow, grieve, and care.

Sorrow, to see my sorrow's cause augmented,  
And yet lesse sorrowfull, were my sorrowes more ;  
Griefe, that my griefe with griefe is not prevented,  
For griefe it is must ease my grieved sore :  
Thus griefe and sorrow cares but how to grieve,  
For griefe and sorrow must my cares relieve.\*

Thou deepest Searcher of each secret thought !  
Infuse in me thy all-affecting grace ;  
So shall my works to good effects be brought,  
While I peruse my ugly sinnes a space,

\* This stanza has a quibbling quaintness, which is not by any means the character of the poem.

Whose staining filth so spotted hath my soule,  
As nought will waste, but teares of inward dole.

O that the learned poets of this time,  
Who in a love-sick line so well indite,\*  
Would not consume good wit in hatefull rime,  
But would with care some better subject write:  
For if their musicke please in earthly things,  
Well would it sound, if strain'd with heav'nly strings.

But woe it is—to see fond worldlings use,  
Who most delight in, things that vainest be;  
And without feare, worke Vertue's foule abuse,  
Scorning soule's rest, and all true piety:  
As if they made account never to part  
From this fraile life, the pilgrimage of smart.

O why should man, that bears the stamp of Heaven,  
So much abuse Heaven's holy will and pleasure?  
O why was sense and reason to him given,  
That in his sinne cannot containe a measure?  
He knowes he must account for every sinne,  
And yet committeth sinnes that countless bin.

The following stanza may recall to mind the opening of a beautiful apostrophe in Cowper's *Task*—"O for a lodge in some vast wilderness!"

O that I were remov'de to some close cave,  
Where all alone, retired from delight,  
I might my sighes and teares untroubled have,  
And never come in wretched worldlings sight,

\* This seems aimed at the amatory sonnetteers, who flourished with a fashionable predominance, after Spenser had put forth his *Amoretti*, Daniel his *Delia*, and Constable his *Diana*.

Whose ill bewitching company still brings  
Deepe provocation, whence great danger springs.

The contagious influence of evil society is indeed of much greater danger than is commonly conceived; for as has been well remarked by a very ingenious pen—"Human minds form an atmosphere, which is to our souls what the air is to our bodies; if salutary, it gives nourishment; if otherwise, disease." The author's concluding stanzas agree with the tenour of his commencement, and declare the poem to have been, what gives it a superior interest to most poems, and what indeed its internal evidence attests—the heart-bred production of a pensive Muse, speaking the real language of inward sorrow, of an awakened conscience and a repentant mind. It closes thus:

No farre-fetcht story have I now brought home,  
Nor taught to speake more language than his mother's,  
No long done poem is from darknesse come  
To light againe—it's ill to fetch from others.  
The song I sing is made of heart-bred sorrow,  
Which pensive Muse from pining soule doth borrow.

I sing not, I, of wanton love-sicke laies,  
Of trifling toyes to feede fantasticke eares;  
My Muse respects no flatt'ring tattling praise;  
A guilty conscience this sad passion beares:  
My sinne-sicke soule, with sorrow woe-begone,  
Lamenting thus a wretched deed misdone.





*The Tryall of Travell: or 1. The Wonders in Travell.  
2. The Worthes of Travell. 3. The Way to Travell.  
In three bookes epitomiz'd. By Baptist Goodall,  
Merchant.*

*They that travaile downe to the sea in shipps, and passe upon the  
great waters, such see the workes of the Lord, and his wonders in  
the deepe. Psalme cvii. 24.*

*Ignoti nulla cupido.*

*London, printed by John Norton, and are to bee sould  
by James Upton, at his shop in Poule's Church-  
yard, at the signe of the Fox, 1630.*

4to. 40 leaves.



THIS volume may be said to be dedicated in a praise-worthy manner, and (from the character of the patroness) with venial ostentation,—“To the thrice noble and illustrious Lady, prime seate of all princely worth, great honour of travell, patterne of piety and patience, Elizabeth, Queene of Boheme, Countesse Palatz of the Rhine, Duchesse of Bavary, Marchionesse of Moravy: in hope of her honourable acceptance, with wishes of joyes externall, eternall.” These wishes were little realised in her earthly life; but the piety of this suffering princess, leaves a trust that they will all have been accomplished in futurity. An address follows the dedication—“To all the sonnes of noble travaile, whether merchant, martiall, or maryne negotiators.” This

is written in a style that may be termed the affectedly obscure, and quaintly pompous. I cite the first portion.

“ To you, the lively characters of my Muse's epitome, as more due, I present her: not for shelter, but survey. Her sonets are, in short, the trophes of your travails; antidots against oblivion, and the aconite of skillesse censure. Therein may ye revise the wonders once viewed, the worths preconceived, with the wayes of travaile traced already: so doing, scan how short you are of what may be, as well as revive time of that hath bin. Action is proper to you, speculation to schollers. What they ænigmatically peruse, you personally visit. Now, although she can neyther much augment your notions, nor yet fortifie your judgements by these her primortives, so subalter-nate to your sufficiencies; yet hapily, in the garden of her diversities, some flowers may [be] selected, no lesse delectable then profitable, if not serve they as scuchions pendant, in memory of more juditious observations: or ever dure they as pledges of an unlimited love to all the noble sonnes of travaile,” &c.

A metrical prologue follows this address; and then the long poem commences, which takes an irregular survey, geographical and historical, from the creation of the world to later periods of time and place. Little more than the labour of the author will now admit of commendation. His verse is prosaic oft in its structure, and has the disadvantage of being most incorrectly printed, both as to orthography and punctuation. The discovery of America by Columbus is thus adverted to.

While latelie, lo! as lightning, travils flyes,  
And then a fourth America descries,



With worldes of wealth and mines of ore replete,  
 And all but man, wild man, there uncomplete,  
 Sweet trees, rare gummes, rich ores and silver sands,  
 In length and breadth surmounting other landes.  
 Collumbus and Magellian prowdly venterd,  
 Then Drake, Vesputius, and our Forbish enterd :  
 Peruana and the Mexican, are cleard,  
 But the fourth regiones what they are unheard,  
 The worlds of wealth thence to our lands accrue,  
 And the many fertile colonies insue,  
 In many large discoveries is declared,  
 And therefore shall in my discourse be spared.

These worthies are again introduced farther on, with  
 some slight historical notices.

Now should I downe to moderne times retire :  
 To tell the tith would Illiads require.  
 That Cordelien his travailes in the East,  
 And Edwards too thence Saladine supprest,  
 Wann much of that ould Holy Land againe,  
 Wherein both travaild, undergoing paine.  
 Our Black Prince battailes in the Spanish warr,  
 And conquests Poicters tell his Father's share.  
 Henry of Monmouth rare victorious actes,  
 Our Glousters, Warwicks, Huntington's high facts,  
 In travaile each for countrie to proceed.  
 Eliza was victorious indeed !  
 Much of her father, Heurie's fame, France sayse—  
 Both sure a spurr to our declining daies.  
 Forbish, brave Drake, and Candish, hand in hand  
 With Willowbey's high ventures grast our land.  
 But now, by tripple tye; our peace combind,  
 Elizaes second,\* acts her part behind,

\* This *Eliza's second*, was the amiable Queen of Bohemia.

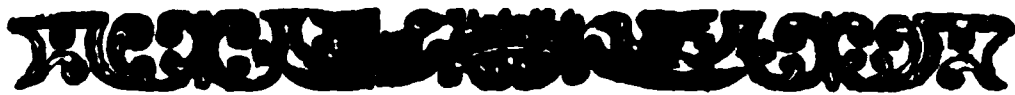
Through Paltz, then Bearne, (oh ! fate) she makes retire,  
In spite of foe, with patience past admire.\*

I extract only one more passage, where the author aims to be most poetical.

——— Man, the industrious bee,  
Wise travailers sucke, and hive up swavity ;  
Bade, spider like, suck poison to devoure.  
Travaile is as the rose, a curious flowre :  
None can come neere its colloures, curious sents,  
Delicious rosall rites, and ornaments :  
The base neerelesse † to venome vertues change,  
And if growe worse by travaile, tis not strange.  
Not that the venome in this rose doth grow,  
For tis of natures sweets most rare we show ;  
But that the others humour poysonous  
Converts these sweetes to aconita thus.—  
Mans ages, childhood, youth, and mid age hye,  
To sum at death account of destiny :  
Which destiny, in secret set by God,  
From all beginnings sealed by his word,  
Proceeds in progresse with unknown envent ;  
Man cannot stop his Maker's just intent :  
He cannot hast his fate, it keepeth pace,  
Nor stayes while periods added to the race.

\* Admiration.

† Nevertheless.



*St. Paules-Church, her bill for the Parliament; as it was presented to the King's Majestie on Midlent-Sunday last; and intended for the view of that most high and honorable Court, and generally for all such as beare good will to the reflourishing estate of the said Church. Partly in verse, partly in prose. Penned and published for her good by Hen. Farley, author of her Complaint.*

*For the Lord will comfort Zion, and repayre all her decayes. Hee will make her desert like Paradise, and her wilderness like the garden of the Lord. Mirth and joy shall bee found there, thanksgiving and the praise of melody. Isaiah li. 3.*

*Anno Dom. M. DC. XXI.* -

4to. 20 leaves. No printer's or publisher's name.



THE above motto from the prophet Isaiah is on a label in a wood cut, proceeding from the mouth of a preacher at St. Paul's cross; which at the close of the tract is inserted with a different motto. The book is inscribed to the High Court of Parliament, and the contents are so oddly compounded, that a list of them may afford the best analysis of the publication.

S. Paules to the Booke.

The Booke to Paules.

S. Paules her Reply.

The Author breaking forth in joy at this conference, speaks in behalfe of the Church and himselfe.

Before S. Paules doth speake any more, she approveth how shee may speake, &c. though but stone, &c.

A Posie of sundry flowers and herbes, gathered out of the Garden of God's word, knit up together, and set in the frontispiece of this worke, for the smell of every good reader, as a sweet odour to the rest that followes: it being full of divine caution and example.

A parallel of present time with times past: or, of a good king living, with a faithfull good king long since deceased. [*i. e.* king Josiah.]

A prayer or petition for the king, prince, &c. and directed to the King of kings.

Another prayer or petition for the king, prince, &c. and directed to the Prince of princes.

A petition to the king's majestie only.

St. Paules her conceipt after this petition.

Here followeth a petition written in my name, and presented to the King, two dayes before his Majestie came to visit me: viz. on Friday the 24 of March, 1619. But the Master of Requests then attending, tooke it away from his Highness before he could reade it, as many things had beene so taken before, to the great hindrance and grieve of the poore author.

The author's conceipt written under his petition.

A petition to the prince.

A petition to the right honourable the Lords of his Majesties most honorable Privy Councill.

St. Paules concludeth in an extasie, alluded to the sense of hearing; being as it were ravished with joy of her hopefull successe.—Thus much (for the most

part) of what was given to the king, on Midlent Sunday.

Here follow other things of the author, done long before, and not impertinent to that which is herein intended: that is, to stirre up good mindes to set forwards a good worke.

viz.

Certaine additions,  
Voyces and visions,  
Speeches and parley,  
Twixt Paules and Farley,

As they have been given to the king at sundry times,  
but not till now published.

The King's chest and the Queene's chest, (in verse).

The prologue, (in verse).

The humble petition of H. F. for S. Paules Church in London.

This following I gave to his Majesty when he tooke coach at Theobald's, in his Highnesse progresse to Scotland; as my faithfull Farewell, or faire wish to the good successe of his sacred Majestie, and of all his noble, reverend, and worthy followers, &c.

Ride on with honor, mighty King!

With princely high renowne,  
From London unto Edenburgh,

Thy native seate and towne:  
And blessed be thy Majestie

In every place thou goest,  
Unto the joy of man and boy,  
From highest to the lowest.

Ride on, yee noble lords also,  
 God bless you and our Master ;  
 And in the progresse, as yee passe,  
 Defend you from disaster.

And Trinity in Unitie  
 Be still your guide and glory ;  
 That of this time each penne may rime  
 A pleasant progresse story.

And ride yee on, yee rev'rend ones,  
 For you are for our soules ;  
 And when you are at Edinburgh,  
 I pray remember Paules :  
 For shee will pray both night and day  
 For your prosperitie ;  
 Because your words much helpe affords  
 In her necessitie.

Ride on likewise, yee worthy knights,  
 With jovialty and pleasure ;  
 And see you have a noble care  
 To bring againe our treasure.  
 Your fealty and loyalty  
 The Lord will ever blesse,  
 And for the same you shall get fame,  
 And heavenly happinesse.

So ride you on, his officers,  
 And yeomen strong and trusty ;  
 Some guard before and some behinde,  
 Be valiant, bold, and lusty.  
 Yet see you be for courtesie  
 In Scotland well commended ;  
 That love and peace may still increase  
 Untill the world be ended.

And as in progresse, so in regresse,  
 O let us ever pray—  
 That God will blesse his Majestie  
 And Queene and Prince alway :  
 That north and west, and south and east,  
 His glory wee may sing,  
 And nights and dayes give thanks and praise  
 For James our sacred King.

Now followeth a welcome to his Majestie, as I intended  
 to present the same at Windsor, but was hindered  
 of my purpose.

This following is another Christmas caroll, which I gave  
 to his Majestie on the Christmas-day next after his  
 Highnesse returne from Scotland.

After this carol, several short copies of verses make  
 their appearance: one of which, spoken by Zeal, attests  
 the popular eagerness for sights in that day.

To see a strange out-landish fowle,  
 A quaint baboon, an ape, an owle,  
 A dancing beare, a gyant's bone,  
 A foolish ingine move alone ;  
 A morris dawle, a puppit play,  
 Mad Tom to sing a roundelay ;  
 A woman dancing on a rope,  
 Bull-baiting also at the Hope ;  
 A rimer's jests, a jugler's cheats,  
 A tumbler shewing cunning feats,  
 Or players acting on the stage ;  
 There goes the bounty of our age.  
 But unto any pious motion  
 There's little coin, and lesse devotion.

This singular and scarce volume closes with a postscript, in verse, to the courteous and charitable reader, in which he liberally declares:—

A scholler I confesse I'm none,  
By reading or by art :  
But truly I love every one  
That is so, with my heart.




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*Sertom Poeticom, in honorem Jacobi Sexti serenissimi, ac potentissimi Scotorum Regis. A Gualtero Quinno Dobliniensi contextom.*

[Wood cut—the arms of Scotland, with the initials I. R.]

*Edinborgi excudebat Robertus Waldegrave typographus Regius, 1600. Cum Privilegio Regali.*

In 4to.



OBSERVING in a former N<sup>o</sup> (VII. p. 320) of the *RESTITUTA*, some account of “The memorie of Lord D'Aubigni, renewed” by Walter Quin, in 1619, I am induced to send some notice of another work by the same author, and which is probably his earliest publication. A work which, should it be inferior to the former in point of merit, at least equals it, I will venture to say, in *rarity*.

The little which is known of the history of the author may be stated in a few words; yet more particu-



lars concerning him might be gleaned, were it of much importance. He was a native of Dublin, as appears from the title of the above work, and elsewhere. He came over to Scotland before the end of the sixteenth century, most likely to enable him to pursue his academical studies with greater success under some of the learned professors of the even then celebrated Universities of that country. Shortly after his arrival in Scotland, he was appointed to an official situation in the family of King James. Gratitude to his royal master seems to have dictated the present work.

*Qui tibi plus reni quàm cunctis, optime Regum,  
Debeo post Superos, quos bonitate refert,  
Grati animi saltem specimen dare gestio; nulla  
Sors, &c.—Ad Sereniss. Regem Epigramma.*

When James succeeded to the English throne, Quin necessarily accompanied the family thither; and where, to all probability, he continued till his death.

Although we do not find any marks of brilliant genius in his writings, yet there appear indubitable proofs of his learning in them. In the situation which he held for so many years, he acquired the friendship of most of the eminent literary persons who were accustomed to frequent King James's court, as well in Scotland as in England.

I shall here give some account of the contents of this rare volume, and take notice of some others of Quin's Sonnets, to be found elsewhere. I would have extracted some of the English Sonnets from the present publication, had it not been for extending the present to too great a length; but may offer them for insertion in a future number.

**I. Ad sereniss. Regem Epigramma [Auctoris] 14 lines.**

**II. Prefatio.**

**III. Anagrammata, in nomen serenissimi Regis  
Carolus Jacobus Stuartus.**

1. Cultu, Aura bis Rosa Scotus. Epig. 14 lines.
2. Clarus Scuto Abavis ortus. Ep. 20 l.
3. Orta salus ubi tu coruscas. Ep. 12 l.
4. Victor salvus, caro stabo. Ep. 10 l.
5. (In English) Claimes Arthurs seat. A sonnet,  
14 lines.
6. (En Francois) Qui est la? Arthus sacré. So-  
net, 14 lines.
7. (Nella lingua Toscano) Ama l'accorto, guisto  
Re. Sonetto, 14 lines.

**IV. Anagramma in nomen illustr. Principis  
Henricus Fridericus Steuartus.**

1. Arthuri in sede futurus crescis. Ep. 20 l.
2. Suis charus fidenter recturus. Ep. 14 l.
3. Fierce, hardi, earnest, true. A sonnet, 14 l.
4. Fruict herité rendras. Ep. 14 l.

**V. { Elizabetha Stvarta.  
{ Salvтары, et beata.**

*Epigram.*

Nympha Caledoniæ natarum maxima Regis  
Optatum et felix nominis omen habet.  
Namque SALVTARIS ferturque BEATA futura  
Nomine, cum Diuis laudem habitura parem.

2. A blest sweet heart. Sonnet, 14 l.

VI. De illustr. Principe primum ex arce Sterlincensi  
in publicum prodiunte. Ep. 12 l.

VII. In dies natales sereniss. Regis—Reginæ—Prin-  
cipis, &c. 28 lines.

VIII. De tumultibus aliquot regis sereniss. virtute, elo-  
quentia, et prudentia sedatis.

*Epigramma.*

Manibus ore canem infestum, rectoque trifauci  
Tres tribus Heroes perdomuere modis.  
Robore prostratum domuit Tirinthius Heros,  
Invitum subigens vincula dura pati.  
Sic demulsit eum dulcedinè carminis Orpheus,  
Stratus vt illius sterneret ante pedes.  
Illum Anchisiadi subiecit prouida cura,  
Offas in rabidam conjiciendo gulam.  
Macte Heros animi, tribus his heroibus vnum  
Te triplici hac præstas tu quæque laude parum ;  
Magnanimum pectus, facundum os, prouida cui mens,  
Æmula dat Stygii monstra domare canis.

IX. Carmen gratulatorium coram sereniss. Rege in  
gymnasio S. Servatoris Andreapoli recitatum.  
108 lines.

X. Ad Deum opt. max. ob. sereniss. Regem e variis  
periculis—ereptum. Hymnus, 68.

XI. [XVII.] Epigrammata de multis notatu dignis,  
quæ in sereniss. Regis periculo, et liberatione  
contigerunt.

XII. In anagrammat. Victor saluus, carus stabo. 12 l.

XIII. Ad illustrem Equitem Thomam Areskinum. 10 l.

XIV. Ad clar. Equitem Hugonem Herisium, ser.  
Reg. medicum, 10 l.

XV. Ad nobilem Equitem Johannem Ramisalum,  
8 lines.

XVI. Of the danger wherein his Maiestie was lately  
at Saint Iohnston, and of his happie deli-  
verie. A Sonnet, 14 l.

XVII. To the Duke of Lennox. 14 l.

XVIII. To the Earle of Mar. 14 l.

XIX. To Sir Thomas Areskine. 14 l.

XX. To Sir John Ramsay, Knight. 14 l.

XXI. To Sir Hughe Herreis, Knight and Phisician  
to his Maiestie. 14 l.

XXII. Aux Chevaliers, qui ont aidè a sauuer la vie a  
Sa Maiestie. Sonet, 14 l.

Some encomiastic verses to Sir Wm. Alexander's  
(afterwards Earl of Stirling) Darius, are the next which  
occur, and are as follow :

*A Sonnet.*

When as the *Macedonian* conquerour came  
To great *Achilles* tomb, he sigh'd and said ;  
Well may thy ghost, braue champioun, be appai'd  
That *Homer's* Muse was trumpet of thy fame.

But if that Monarch, great in deedes and name,  
Now once againe with mortall vaile arrai'd,  
Came to the Tomb where Darius hath bene lai'd,  
This speech more justly sighing might he frame :

My famous foe, whome I lesse hate than pittie,  
 Even I, who vanquish'd thee, envie thy glorie,  
 In that such one doth sing thy ruines storie,  
 As matcheth Homer in his sweetest dittie;  
 Yet joye in that he *Alexander* hight,  
 And sounds in thy ore throw my matchless might.

---

*Ejusdem in nomen Authoris Gulielmus Alexander:  
 Anagrammata.*

*I, Largus melle exunda..*

TETRASTICHON.

*Cum tibi det, Genius, Musa, ingeniumque, Poesis  
 Floribus e varijs Attica mella legas;  
 I, largus melle exunda, mellitaque funde  
 Carmina: sic facias nomine fata iubent.*

These lines, prefixed to "*The Tragcdie of Darius*," first appeared in the edition of "Edinburgh, printed by Robert Waldegraue, Printer to the King's Maiestie, 1603," 4to. and to the subsequent editions of the same, Lond. 1604, 4to. which makes the first of the same noble author's "*Foure monarchike Tragedies*," Lond. 1607, 4to. and in the same, Lond. 1616, 8vo,—in his "*Recreations with the Muses*," Lond. 1637, folio, &c.

When the whole "tribe" of poets were employed in writing "funerall elegies—mournfull teares—and dolefull lamentations" on the premature death of *Prince Henry*, Quin's Muse did not remain unemployed, but joined his poetic brethren in commemorating this public calamity; which to Quin was also a private loss, in the death of his princely pupil. How

much Quin wrote on this occasion, we have no means now of ascertaining. Four of his poems are printed at the end of "*Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the distillation of teares shedde for the vntymely death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus. By Joshua Sylvester. [Colophon] London, printed by Humphrey Lownes, 1612.*" In 4to. a small work of sixteen leaves, ornamented with all the insignia of mortality. A third edition of these *Lachrymæ* was published (separately, besides being included in the folio editions of Sylvester's works,) with additions, in 4to. n. d. but Quin's were omitted.

The first is "The Prince's Epitaph, written by his Highn. seruant, Walter Quin."

Lo here intomb'd a peereless Prince doth lie,  
In floure and strength of age surpris'd by death,  
On who, while he on earth drew vitall breath,  
The hope of many kingdoms did relie ;

Not without cause : for heauens most liberally  
To him all Princely vertues did bequeath,  
Which to the worthiest Princes here beneath,  
Before had been allotted seuerally.

But when the world of all his vertues rare  
The wished fruit to gather did expect,  
And that he should such *glorious workes* effect,  
As with the worthiest fame might him compare ;  
Vntimely death then from vs did him take ;  
Our losse, and grieve, heauen's gaine, and ioy to make.

II. Idem in obitum eiusdem serenissimi Principis. 12  
lines, beginning—

Occidit ante diem iuuenum flos, gloria stirpis  
Regalis, Patriæ spes, columnæ suæ.

III. Stances du mesme Autheur sur le mesme sujet.  
76 lines.

Tant plus qu'un bien est grand, &c.

IV. Del medesimo sopra il medesimo suggetto. Sonnetto, 14 lines.

Il fior' de Prencipi nel fior' de gl' anni,  
Et delle nostre speranze, ora è colto  
Dalla spietata morte (ahi lasse) e tolto  
A noi dolenti e miseri Britanni. &c.

The first two of these four last-mentioned sonnets occur in a small pamphlet, entitled "*Mausoleum, or, The choicest Flowres of the Epitaphs, &c. on Prince Henric. Edinburgh, Andro Hart, 1613,*" 4to. and are signed "W. Q." and "Walter Quin."

Next in order of time follows "*The Memorie, &c. of Lord D'Aubigni, renewed,*" &c. as already referred to, and of which an extended account is to be found in the pages of *RESTITUTA*.

Ten lines in Latin, prefixed to Sir Thomas Herbert's Travels, signed "Walt. O—Quin, Armig." cannot surely be ascribed to our author.

The congratulatory poem there mentioned, entitled "*Gratulatio quadrilinguis in nuptiis Caroli I. et Pr. Henr. Mar. Fr.*" 4to. not having met with, I cannot give any account thereof, but suppose it was the last of Quin's publications; a poet, who appears to have written with equal ease and success in the Latin, English, French, and Italian languages.\*

June 1, 1815.

\* The Editor has not been able satisfactorily in all cases to read the MS. of this article: which yet, as it gave an account of a very rare book, he was unwilling to omit.



*The practise of the Diuell.*

¶ *The auncient poisoned practises of the Diuell, in his Papistes, against the true professors of Gods holie worde, in these our latter dayes.*

*Newlie set forth by L. Ramsey.*

Pro. iii.

¶ *Withdraw no good thing from them that haue neede, so long as thine hund is hable to doe it.*

James iv.

¶ *Therefore to him that knoweth how to doe good, and doth it not, to him it is sinne.*

*Imprinted at London for Timothie Rider.*

In 4to. C 2. being 10 leaves. Black letter.

This work by Laurence Ramsay was probably printed before the year 1590.



IN "The preface to the earnest, and loving readers," the author, after observing that "Sathan, the auncient enimie to all mankinde, hath ever since the beginning sought by all meanes possible, to obscure by his practises and policies the pure and true light of the Gospell, and hath (almost) by his subtile inuentions, infected the whole worlde, with the sinke of all iniquities," goes on to mention some of his "knaueries" and other tricks, and ends thus, "Wherefore, as in a myrrour, I



deliver this vnto thee, (gentle and louing Reader) manifesting by this my emulation, most of his legerdemaynes, against God, and our lawfull Kings and Gouernors. Farewell. L. Ramsey."

"The practise of the Diuell," in which the author makes the Devil to relate his thoughts, devises, &c. all *in propria persona*, extending to 82 stanzas, written in the septenary measure,

Spytefully complayning, in euery condition,  
Against all the world, and all States resident.

After many invocations, and some advice for the English papists to

Out with your Portises, and defende my kingdome !  
Your Grayelles, and Antyueners, Legendare and all,  
Crosse, Cope, and Candlestick, is else lyke to fall,

and likewise to .

Beswinge them with holy Water, and ring out your Bels,  
Blinde them with Pardons, disple downe theyr sinne,  
Bleare them with Idols, &c.

continues,

¶ Stand to it *Stapleton, Dorman, and Harding,*  
And *Rastall*, that rakehell, to mainteyne my order :  
*Bonner* and *Gardener*, are worth the regarding,  
For keeping my articles, so long in this border :  
O *Story, Story*, thou art worthy of Recorder,  
Thou stoodst to it stoutly, against God and King,  
And at *Tiborne* desperatly, gaue me an offering.

¶ Frier *Forrest*, and all his mery mates,  
Dyd yeeld me the like, with heart and good will :

They puld of their Cowles, and hangd alt saue the pates,  
 In honour of me, and thought it not yll :  
 And Sir *Thomas More*, likewise at Tower hyll,  
 Lost ther his head, for denying the King,  
 To be supream head, and for no other thing.

I extract other two stanzas from this curious performance.

¶ Suffer all sclaunder, against God and his trueth,  
 And prayse the olde fashion, in King *Arthurs* dayes :  
 Of abbaies, of monasteries, howe it is great rueth,  
 To haue them pluckt downe, and so the eldest sayes :  
 And howe it was merrie, when Robin Hoods playes  
 Was in euerie Towne, the morrice and the foole,  
 The May poll, and the Drum, to bring the *Calse* from  
 schoole.

¶ With Madge, Madge, and Marian about the poll to dance,  
 And *Stephen*, that tall stripling, to lead Volans dale :  
 With roging Gangweeke, a goodly remembraunce,  
 With banners all a flount, with cakes, cheese, and ale,  
 With beades in euery hand, our prayers stoode by tale.  
 This was a merie world, talke among your menny,  
 And then of good egges, ye might haue twenty for an  
 penny.

The poem continues in such like strains, setting forth the Devil's deceitful practices upon credulous men, who (the author says) would believe

—— that sprites doe walk, if one doe crye bot, boe,

or things still more absurd. It concludes with the following pathetic farewell address :—

Farewell my Babes, and newe borne Apostates,  
 Farewell my Papistes, and whoremonger Villaines,  
 Farewell all Epicures, and all drunken balde pates,  
 Farewell my Chaplaines, most filthy fountaines,  
 Farewell my dissembling Knaues, that heaps like mountains,  
 Farewell my Hypocrites, fraught with adulation,  
 For I must to hell, to prepare your damnation.

\* \* \*

July 1, 1815.

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*Doctor Merrie-man: or Nothing but Mirth. Written  
 by S. R.*

*At London, printed for John Deane, and are to be sold  
 at his Shoppe at Temple Barre, under the Gate,  
 1609.*

4to. pp. 24.

1080

THIS is spoken of as a popular book in Fitz-geffrey's *Satires*, 1620. It was reprinted in 1623 and 1681; and may with probability be attributed to that versatile writer, Samuel Rowlands, who turned his pen "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," as his occasions served. Works of a satiric kind convey more of the manners perhaps of the times when they are written, than most other time-serving productions: but as the vices of men become the more prominent characteristics of human nature to a keenly penetrating eye, an immoral exposure of them is likely to be attended with little beneficial effect on the mind of the reader. The

present performance is less epigrammatical than narrative and sarcastic: humour of a particular cast pervades the various tales. A specimen or two may suffice.

One dying, left three sonnes,  
Whom he advice did give  
Of what profession to make choyce,  
Whereby they best might live.

Unto the first he sayd—  
*Law* will be good for thee :  
I know, as long as there be men,  
Some wranglers still will be.

The second he did wish  
A *Channon's*\* life to chuse :  
For when that others weepe and mourne,  
Why thou shalt singing use.

And to the third he sayd—  
*Phisicke* for thee is fit,  
For earth will smother all the faults  
Physitions doe commit.

The following is not only archly humorous, but illustrative also of the masculine costume of the author's age.

A citizen, for recreation-sake,  
To see the country would a journey take  
Some dozen mile, or very little more ;  
Taking his leave with friends two months before,  
With drinking healths, and shaking by the hand,  
As he had travail'd to some new-found-land.

\* Or Canon's.

Well : taking horse with very much ado,  
 London he leaveth for a day or two :  
 And as he rideth, meets upon the way  
 Such as (what haste soever) bid men *stay*.  
 " Sirrah ! (says one) stand, and your purse deliver :  
 I am a *taker*, thou must be a *giver*."  
 Unto a wood hard by they hale him in,  
 And rifle him unto his very skin.  
 " Maisters, (quoth he) pray heare me ere you go :  
 For you have rob'd more now than you do know.  
 My horse, in troth, I borrow'd of my brother :  
 The bridle and the saddle, of another :  
 The jerkin and the bases\* be a taylour's :  
 The scarfe, I do assure you, is a saylour's :  
 The falling band is likewise none of mine,  
 Nor cuffes ; as true as this good light doth shine.  
 The sattin-doublet and rays'd velvet hose  
 Are our church-wardens—all the parish knows.  
 The boots are John the grocer's, at the Swan :  
 The spurs were lent me by a serving-man.  
 One of my rings, (that with the great red stone)  
 In sooth, I borrow'd of my gossip Jone :  
 Her husband knows not of it. Gentlemen !  
 Thus stands my case :—I pray shew favour then."  
 " Why, (quoth the theeves) thou need'st not greatly care,  
 Since in thy loss so many beare a share.  
 The world goes hard : many good fellowes lacke :  
 Looke not, at this time, for a penny backe.

\* These have been conjectured to mean a kind of loose breeches, and also the housings of a horse: either of which may be meant in the present passage. Capt. Grose and Mr. Steevens could not determine with any degree of precision what *bases* were. See notes of the commentators on Shakspeare's use of the term in *Pericles*, act ii. sc. i.

Go, tell, at London, thou didst meete with foure  
That, rifling *thee*, have rob'd at least a score."

¶

---

*Times Anotomie. Containing the poore Man's plaint,  
Brittons trouble and her triumph, the Popes pride,  
Romes treasons and her destruction. Affirming, that  
Gog and Magog both shall perish, the Church of  
Christ shall flourish, Judeas race shall be restored,  
and the manner how this mightie worke shall be ac-  
complished. Made by Robert Pricket, a Souldier;  
and dedicated to all the Lords of his Majesties most  
honourable privie councill.*

*Multis pateo, non multis loquis.*

*Imprinted at London by George Eld, and are to be sold  
by John Hodgets. 1606.*

4to. pp. 64.

~~~~~

THIS author (as one of the Harveys had done in Queen Elizabeth's time) seems to have given offence to the privy-counsellors of James, by his interposition about certain political events, which involved the statesmen of the day in some legal perplexity. Whether this got vent to the world in a piece called "*The Souldier's wish*," or in another, called "*The Souldier's resolution*," both published in 1603, I do not possess the means to ascertain; but I more than suspect it was conveyed in the latter. The following extract from a

dedication to the present work sufficiently appears to record the circumstance of his interference with state concerns. It is addressed to the Lords of the Council.

“ The last untimely fruit which by a publicke print I rashly published, gave just occasion to procure your dislike ; and my amisse* therein was greater than at first I could conceive ; for it is an evill not to be borne with, when the greatest (much more, when so meane a subject as my self) shall dare to call in question things formerly determined by the justice of the law, judgment of the honoured peeres, and prudent wisdom of a kingdome’s most honourable councellors : and too high doth their presumption climb (especially in a cause of so great consequence) whose words would seeme as if they did desire so to extenuate an offence, as that in respect of the offender, opinion should be taught eyther to taxe the lawe with crueltie, or the state with inhumanity. He therefore whose actions shall but beare a show, as if they were directed unto some such purpose, justly deserveth to be punished. And yet, may it please your Honours, I must needes confesse my punishment was compounded of an absolute *lenitie*, without (in the least sort) being mixt with any appearance of *severitie*. And, as I am in this respect bound unto you all, my Lords ; so principally my thanks must humbly runne, unto the right honorable the Earle of Salisbury, by whose love and bountie my cause was favorably censured, my liberty procured, and my wants relieved. Concerning the worthinesse of whose ever honourable disposition I would largely speake, but that I know true honoured vertue, whose ever constant wisdom and approved judgement labour-eth to performe each vertuous and well commended office ; so as it cannot, but by a certaine kinde of supreame excellence,

* *Culpability, fault.* Mr. Todd has introduced the word, as it is used in this place, for a noun-substantive, in his valuable edition of Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary.

worthily deserve world's praise, yet will it not indure to heare it selfe praised."

The nobleman, here complimented, was secretary Cecil, created Viscount Cranbourne in 1604, and Earl of Salisbury in 1605.

The author soon after passes on to notice the present production.

" In this little worke, which I have called *Times Anotomie*, the first part wherof was finisht by me almost two years since, I doe with a religious anger chide the violent and presumptuous rage of unrul'd abuses ; because I greeve to see the grosse impieties which our time commits. Briefely, therefore, I have anotomis'd those evils which do afflict the world ; and in the prosses* of my booke's discourse, my reprehensions may peradventure be accounted round and sharpe. But corsive† useth not to be applied unto the flesh that is sound, and where it hath no power to touch, it procures no smart."

Against the see of Rome, which is treated as Babylon, he levels the main artillery of his satiric powers, both in a prose epistle to the reader, and in the body of his poem. The introduction to the latter is not without merit, and contains an allusion to both his above-named productions, and to one (it would seem) which preceded those, in praise of Queen Elizabeth.

Even in the time when joy and sorrow met,
When present woe did present joy beget :
When eyes and hearts did make an equall choice
To weepe, to mourne, to triumph, and rejoice :
When Heaven tooke hence, and yet unto us sent
Most cause of grieve, and cause of most content.

* Process.

† For corrosive ; or what we should now term *caustic* or *escharotic*.

Then, in that strange, worst, best, and happiest time,
 A *Souldier* sung *Love's song*, in unsmooth'd rime :
 Yet by his words it might be plainely scene,
 He prais'd the vertues of a *Maiden Queene* ;
 Whose majestie in glory now excelling,
 Leaves glorie's fame on earth, to keepe her dwelling.
 A poore man's love her grace would well requite,
 But now, poore men in vaine love's songs indite.
 The Muse, by whom her vertues most are prais'd,
 Shall least thereby from woe to weale be rais'd.
 When matchlesse worth is wrapt in leaves of lead,
 The living they forget the worthiest dead ;
 No vertue can itselſe continuance give,
 It is the pen that makes all vertues live :
 And pens, I know, will mount her praise so high,
 That in this world her fame shall never die.

My lines, alas ! from worth do differ farre,
 I do confesse they most unworthy are :
 And yet my love as well desir'd to sing
 The praises of the world's admired King.
 A *Souldier's Wish*, I'm sure, wisht all things well ;
 His wish, his want, did in strange sort compell.
 Yet he resolv'd :—a *Resolution* fram'd,
 For which 'gainst him God's foes have chiefly aim'd.

Theological and secular concernments mingle in the mind of the author, with very sensible reflections upon both.

All sorts can prate, and talke of things divine,
 In fewe or none a righteous life doth shine.
 What Adam lost, all human race did lose,
 And what he kept, that for our part we choose.
 Will to do good, that force in Adam died,
 Since when, that grace was to his seed denied.

So in ourselves since every action staines,
 That to do good in us no power remaines,
 We are restor'd by our Redeemer's hand;
 Not of ourselves, but by His grace we stand.
 Then let the souls of righteous men expresse
 That in their Christ doth live their righteousness.

Who to good fame by golden steps can mount,
 Him doth this world for worthiest man accompt.
 Let vertue in a poore man cleerly shipe,
 A guilded gull is counted more divine.
 A sattin sute, bedawb'd with silver lace,
 Beyond desert doth vildest clownship grace.
 Honest, if poore, he this reward must have,
 Hang him—base rogue, proud beggar, impious knave!
 Rich let him be, and who can hurt him then?
 Knaves, wrapt in wealth, are counted honest men.

The following lines, which relate to himself and his profession, are interesting.

The Souldier, which doth scorne the lye to take,
 Should scorne as much himselfe the lye to make.
 The open fields to me is made my bed,
 A banke of earth a pillow for my head.
 In shadie groves and solitary places
 My steps do make their sorrowes mournfull traces.
 Imprisonment, woe's wofull habitation,
 Hath forc't my Muse to secret contemplation.
 In winter-nights, when I a Souldier was,
 Alone my Muse should private motions toss.
 When in the warre, I warre's attire did beare,
 My books to me most kinde companions were;
 And some sad hours on skie-born books I read:
 Amongst the starres an humble path I tread.

An awful warning to his Country is given in the following striking passage.

Great Britaine, know—a time will come to thee,
 In which thy sinne shall sharply punish't be ;
 Therefore *repent*—least judgements follow fast ;
 First plague, then death, and use of swords at last.
 Be reconcilde :—though God will not abhor thee,
 Yet He prepares an angrie judgement for thee.
 Thy pride, and proud contempt of God's pure word,
 Makes Heaven 'gainst thee to draw a wrathfull sword.
 Heaven's gracious God ! be pleasde, for thine elect,
 Fair Albion's good with safetie to protect :
 Direct us so, that we to Thee may turne,
 That then 'gainst us Thy wrath may cease to burne.
 Great Britaine ! doe not thou despair but mourne,
 In sorrow let repentant robes be worn,
 That when thou fight'st for thy Redeemer's name,
 Thy deeds in warre may dignifie thy fame.

The concluding portion of this poem is directed against the perpetrators of the gunpowder-plot, and its ascription to papal influence, as

—— the seede that semynaries sowe,
 And as the fruit that from their labours growe.

A “Song of rejoycing,” for the deliverance therefrom, closes this volume of varied execution, but of reputable design.

¶





Elizabetha Triumphans. Conteyning the damned practices that the divelish Popes of Rome have used ever sithence her Highnesse first comming to the Crowne, by moving her wicked and traiterous Subjects to rebellion and conspiracies; thereby to bereave her Majestie both of her lawfull seate and happy life. With a declaration of the manner how her Excellency was entertained by her Souldyers into her campe royall at Tilbery in Essex: and of the overthrow had against the Spanish Fleete.

Briefly, truly, and effectually set forth; declared and handled by J. A.

Post victoriam gloria.

At London, printed by Thomas Orwin for Thomas Gubbin, and Thomas Newman. 1588.

Quarto. 22 leaves.



THIS has been reprinted in Mr. Nichols's collection of the *Progresses and public Processions of Queen Elizabeth*, and again in a volume of blank verse, written before Milton's, and selected by Dr. Percy. But as the first of these publications is now become very scarce, and as only four copies are said to be preserved of the second, the poem may admit of a short notice here.

The author signs himself *Ja. Aske*, at the end of a dedication "to the right worshipful Julius Cæsar, LL. D. chief Judge of the Court of Admiralty, and one of the Masters of the Requests to the Queen." In

a preface which follows, to the gentle reader, he calls the book his "first worke," and himself "a yong versifier." An acrostic on his Latin title thus succeeds :

Elizabeth, sole rectrix of this land,
Long time with thee hath rained happy Peace :
In all thy deedes assisteth Pallas hand,
Zenobia-like, thy fame shall never cease.
All other soyles throughout the wondrous world
Behold and see thy sweete prosperitie :
Even by thy force of late they soone were thrald,
That falsly bragged of their deitie.
Honour, with peace, prosperitie, and fame,
Accord with thee, and highly praise thy name.

Triumph, O English people ! leap for joy,
Redouble oft the lawding song ye sing :
In praise of her who banisheth annoy
Unto Jehovah's altars offerings bring ;
Mir, frankinscence, with every sweetest flower :
Play on your timbrels, let your cornets sound ;
Heave up your hands to Him that giveth power,
And did of late your threat'ning foes confound :
No traytors be, but honour still her name,
Sithence, for her sake Jehovah wrote the same.

In an early part of the poem, our vestal Queen is thus noticed for her natural gifts, linguar attainments, and personal beauty.

The royall state of famous English soile,
 Right happy made by this their noble Queene,
 Adorn'd with all the gifts which Nature can
 Bestowe on any of her deerest nimphes,
 So deare a darling is Elizabeth !

Renowned Queene of this renowned land,
 And thrise renown'd by this her Virgin-Queene ;
 A Maiden-Queene, and yet of courage stout,
 Through wisdom rare, for learning passing all.
 Her mother-toong is not her only speach ;
 For Spanish, Greeke, Italian, and French,
 With Romans toong, she understands and speakes.—
 Her comely stature doth not beauty want,
 Ne beauty is from seemely favour barr'd ;
 But both of them do (in the hiest degree
 Conjoynd together) beautifie her port.

A particular report in verse is made of the Queen's speech at Tilbury to her *Serjeant-Major*, meaning probably her Major-General or Commander in Chief, the Earl of Leicester. It closes,

Say, Serjeant-Major ! tell them from ourselfe,
 On kingly faith we will performe it there.



*Wit's Bedlam, where is had, ♦ Whipping cheer to cure
 the Mad. ♦ The Booke. ♦ Those Epigrams faine
 would I owe, ♦ Where every word is a word and a
 blow. ♦ Reproofes where they are well deserv'd must
 be well paide. ♦*

*At London, printed by G. Eld, and are to be sould by
 James Davies, at the Red Crosse nere Fleece street
 Conduit. 1617.*

Small 8vo.



THIS, though not announced in the title-page, is the presumable production of Davies of Hereford, the poetical writing-master, of whom an account may be seen in Wood.* It is marked like most of his productions by a mediocrity of talent, which leads one to hope that he was more successful in forming letters than in combining words.

A few specimens, as the book is scarce, may be acceptable. Part of it seems only *compiled*.

Against Gaulus, the writing country scholemaster.

Gaulus, thou writ'st thy selfe my *scholer* ; and
 'Thou sai'st thou dost it scholars so to get :
 But for thine owne, thou still dost shew my hand,
 So thou deal'st plain, thou can'st not counterfeit.

Of Julia's Bookishness.

Julia is bookish ; and doth study still
 To fashion nature's favours to her will.
 Her *mirrour* is her *book*, her time to pass,
 And so she ever studies on her *glass*.

The following may recal to mind the link-boy's repartee to Pope the poet.

Of a crook-back, that desired an upright judge to right his wrong.

A crook-back pray'd a judge to right his wrong ;
 Whereto the judge reply'd—" I would I could !
 But oh ! you have been wrong your selfe so long,
 That now I cannot right you, though I would."

* *Ath. Oxon.* L.

Of Wolfangus' his great nose and thin beard.

I muse Wolfangus' beard so thinly grows :
 Yet 'tis no marvel, having such a nose !
 For being huge, it yields such shade and breath,
 That nought can prosper, growing underneath.

To the following he has little claim, as it will be found in a less contracted form among the poems of uncertain authors, annexed to Lord Surrey's; and it is cited by Mr. Warton as the earliest pointed English epigram that he remembered.*

Fast and Loose.

Paphus was married all in hast,
 And now to wracke doth runne :
 So, *knitting* of himselfe *too fast*,
 He hath himselfe *undone*.

Of one that lost a great Stomach.

Marc swears he hath lost his stomach : then, if one
 That's poor hath found it, he is quite undone.

These are selected as some of the least exceptionable epigrammatic points, from between three and four hundred.

¶

* *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, iii. 55.





The Forrest of Fancy. Wherein is conteined very prety Apothegmes and pleasant Histories, both in meeter and prose, Songes, Sonets, Epigrams and Epistles, of diverse matter and in diverse manner. With sundry other Decises, no lesse pithye then pleasaunt and profytable.

*Reade with regard, peruse each point well,
And then give thy judgement as reason shall move thee;
For eare thou conceive it, twere hard for to tell,
If cause be or no, wherefore to reprove me.*

Imprinted at London by Thomas Purfoote, dwelling in Newgate Market, within the New Rents, at the signe of the Lucrece. 1579.

4to. 58 leaves.



THE rarity and curiosity of this production may render a detailed notice of it suitable to RESTITUTA.

After the preceding title follows this explanatory

Epistle to the Reader.

“ So variable are the minds of men, gentle Reader, and so diverse their opinions, that amongst twenty it is harde to fynd twaine that agree all in one thing. For commonly, that which one man lyketh, another loatheth; that which one man praiseth, another reproveth; that which one man desyreth, another disdaineth; and whatsoever pleaseth one, doth as much displease another. The yong man taketh pleasure in all youthfull exercises, as daunsing, synging, playing on instruments, dallying

with daynty dames, and such like; whereby his pleasure may be procured and increased, without respecting any perill that may issue thereof. The aunciente syre, whome experience hath taught to be more wise and wary of such vaine vanities, hath an eye to his profit, and rejecteth pleasure as a thing unprofytable. The couragious captayne accompteth it for his greatest glory to be in the field, marching among his men of warre, or skirmishing with his enemies, to trie his strength and courage with the hazarde of his life, for the furtheraunce of his fame and increase of his commoditie. The man likewise that is inclyned to learning, is alwayes best at ease when he is settled in his study, there to tosse and turne his bookes, perusing the workes of auncient wrighters, whereby he may in tyme be able both to profite his countrey and purchase such prayse to himself as is due to his good desyres. But as these great clarkes doe not all delight to study one onely science, but some apply themselves to devinity, some to philosophie, some to phisicke, some to astronomy, and some to every one of them alike, not making any speciall choyse of eyther of them: so likewise the common sorte, whose learning nor capacity cannot attaine to the full perfection or perfecte understanding of such deepe misteries, have their severall delightes, as well in reading such workes as are in their vulgare tongue as in any thing else. For one will peruse pleasant histories, and other poeticallyl devises; this man merry tales, and other like toyes; that man devine and morrall matter; every one severally, according to his severall affection and naturall inclination: and there is no man, be he never so well stayed, that will addict himselfe to one thing onely, and refuse all other. For as the stomacke is quickly cloyed with feeding continuallye uppon one kinde of meate, so is the mind greatly greeved to bee alwayes musing uppon one matter, and therefore desyreth change.

Which considered, after I had gathered together in one small volume diverse devises, as well in prose as meeter, of sundry

sortes and severall matter, which at idle times (as wel to sharpen my wits and shake of sloth, as to satisfye my friendes that had occasion to crave my helpe in that behalfe) I have heretofore, as occasion served, diversely framed, supposing the same to be fitte for this present time, and agreeable with the mindes of moste men, I have (as well for the disordered placing of every particular parcel thereof, being rudely and dispersedly devided, as also for the severall fancies therein contained, fit for every degree, and agreeable to their diverse affections) thought good to name it *The Forrest of Fancy*. And so causing it to be imprinted, I doe here, friendly reader, present it unto thee, as a gift of my good will, desiring thee to accept it. And though my yong yeares and small experience will not permit me to wryghte so pithily as some have done heretofore, whose worthy works are extant, and in great estimation; yet considering that I have not done it either for gaine or glory, but partly to make myselfe more apte in other matters of more importance wherein I maye happen hereafter to be imployed, and partly to procure thy pleasure and profite, which may easilye be obtained, if thou doe duely consider and rightly conceive of that which shall be offered to thy view. I beseech thee, conster my doinges to the best: take this my small labour in good parte: amende the faultes escaped. Let my good meaning serve to excuse my rashnes, in presuming thus boldly to publish a thing of so small valew: and vouchsafe me thy friendly assistaunce against the slandrous reportes of envious Zoylus and his mallicious mates; and in so doing, thou shalt incourage me hereafter to search my wits, and apply my travaile to contrive something more worthy thy reading."

The heads of the severall pieces, or "particular parcels" of the book, are as follow.:

1. A moral of the misery and mischief that raigneth

amongst wicked worldlings, with an admonition
to all true Christians to forsake their sinne and
amend their manners.

(Extends to 3 pages in this measure)

The usurer now doth use his trade,
The landlord raise his rent :
The prowling lawyer playes his part,
The truth to circumvent,

2. After the death of Oedipus, king of Theabes, his two
sonnes, Ethiocles and Polinices, striving whether
of them shoulde succede him, in the ende it was
agreede that they should raigne by course, one
yeare the one, the next yeare the other. But
Ethiocles rainging fyrst; when his yeare was ex-
pired, [he] woulde not give place to his brother
Polinices, which caused him to write unto him
in effect as followeth.

(verse. 5 pp.)

3. A warning to yong men to flye the flattery and shun
the deceiptes of dissembling dames.

(ver. 6 stanzas; the last is here extracted.)

Youth bends his net to catch the pray,
Which some injoy that take no paine;
He toyles, yet seeth every day
His labour wasted all in vaine.
He beates the bush, and in meane space
Another beares the byrdes away;
He fiercely doth pursue the chase,
Whilst others doe possesse the pray.

And so the end of lovers gaine
Is loathsome labour for their paine.

4. A plaine description of perfecte friendship.
(as follows.)

True friendship unfained,
Doth rest unrestrayned,
No terrour can tame it :
Not gaining, nor losing,
Nor gallant gay glosing
Can ever reclaime it.

In paine and in pleasure,
The most truest treasure
That may be desyred,
Is loyall love deemed,
Of wisdomesteemed,
And chiefly required.

Finis.

5. An invective against covetous persons.
(16 lines.)

6. Of fayned friendship.
(6 lines.)

7. The commodites of mariage.

If mariage bring a wife,
The wife good children bringes,
Those children happy life,
Of happy life love springes;
Of love eternall joy,
Of joy doth health proceede,
Of health long life for aye :
Loe, this is mariage meede.

In contrarium.

If mariage bring a wife,
 The wife ill children bringes,
 Those children endles strife,
 Of strife all hatred springes,
 Of hatred care and greefe,
 Through care doth sicknesse come,
 Through sicknesse death in breefe :
 Lo, this is all the somme.
 Finis.

8. Of the wickednesse of women, and howe prone they are to the provocations of the flesh.
(ver. 36 lines.)
9. What small trust there is to be reposed in friendes or kinsfolkes.
(ver. 2 pp. Æsop's fable of the lark and her young ones.)
10. A letter written by a yong maiden to a lover of hers, wherein she detecteth the trechery of many men and their great dissimulation.
(ver. 1½ p.)
11. A yong man enamoured of a very fayre gentlewoman, declareth the dollorous passions that he suffereth for her sake, and craveth mercy at her handes.
(ver. 14. seven-line st.)
12. Certaine verses written in commendation of the nut cornell. [kernel.]
(1½ p. 14 st.)

The philbert-cornel is a dish
 for any princes meete,
 And they that of the same will tast
 shall find it wondrous sweete.

13. A lover having long concealed his love, at the last
 revealeth it, and craveth favour at the handes of
 his beloved mistres.

(próse. 1 p.)

14. A lover, whose friend for his sake was frowardlye
 delte withal, writeth unto her to perswade her
 with pacience to suffer it for a season.

(ver. 2 pp.)

15. An admonition to maisters, how they should be-
 have themselves towards their servauntes.

(ver. 3 six-line st.)

16. A yong man finding her to whome he had plighted
 promise to be fraught with another mans fruicte,
 writeth unto her as followeth.

(ver. 1½ p.)

Pr. All is not gold that glistereth fayre,
 Nor all thinges as it seems to be;
 Fayre hangings hide the dusty wall,
 So doth the bark the hollow tree.

17. A letter written to a yong widdowe that was before
 matched with a very olde man, perswading her
 to make choyce of one whose yeares weare more
 agreeable with her oupe.

(pro. 3 pp.)

18. A pretty fancy of the fynding of a whyte, wherein is collourably included the course of a captive lover, in purchasing his desyred purpose.

(ver. $4\frac{1}{2}$ pp.)

19. How Altamenes having unawares slaine his oune father, Cartereus, died for sorrow, when he had knowledge thereof.

(ver. $1\frac{1}{2}$ p.)

20. The author writeth this in commendation of his mistresse.

(ver. 2 pp.)

21. An exhortation to pacience.

(ver. 5 st.)

Pr. When griping greefes do greeve the minde,
The meetest meanes that men may finde,
Which God and nature hath assignde,
Is pacience well applyde :
For pacience puts all paine to flight,
Yea, pacience makes the hart delight,
And doth revive eche dulled spright
By reason's rule and guyde.

22. A lover, writing to his chosen friend, who for his sake susteyned much sorrow, exhorteth her to continue constant, and patiently to tollerate her present adversity, in hope that better happes will insue.

(prose. 3 pp.)

23. The aucthour, wrighting to a friend of his that was toward mariage, exhorteth her to make choyce of a wyse and verteous person.

(10 st.)

6th St.

Bewty doth fade, when crooked age creeps in,
And like a flower, the sommer season past,
Mixt with the cold, when winter doth begin,
Doth wither soone, and weare away at last;
And sicknesse makes the mighty man agast,
And takes from him all strength and courage quighte,
But vertue still abides in perfect plight.

7th St.

In welth or wo, in paine or pleasure still,
Vertue remaines without reproof at all:
Not dreadfull death that doth the carcas kill,
The power of vertue may in ought appall;
It lives with praise, and never perrish shall:
For after death, his glory resteth rife,
That, whilst he livde, did leade a vertuous life.

24. Of the great patience and clemency of King Antigonus.

When as Antigonus did heare
His souldiers cursing him apace,
Because that in an evening darke,
He led them through a myry place,
That thence they hardly could escape,
He came himself to them unknown,
And very well did help them out:
Which friendship when he had them showne,

He said—now curse Antigonus,
 That led you lately in the myre ;
 But pray for him that helpt you out,
 According to your hartes desyre.

25. What misery and misfortunes mankinde is continually subjecte unto.

What kinde of state can any choose,
 but he therein shall fynde
 Great bitternesse and endlesse woe,
 to moove his troubled minde.
 In field much toyle, at home great care,
 and feare in forrein lande,
 If ought we have by fortune lent
 in youth, dame Follyes bande
 Doth hold us fast, her she imbrace,
 and wisdomes lore do leave,
 In age doth sicknesse us assayle,
 and so our strength bereave.
 In marryage is unquietnesse :
 in lacking of a wife
 All sollitary we remaine,
 and leade a loathsome lyfe:
 If God to us doe children sende,
 we have continuall care ;
 If none, then are we halfe dismayde ;
 farre worser doe we fare.
 Therefore, one of these twaine is best
 desyred for to be :
 Not to be borne, or else to dye,
 before these dayes we see.

Finis.

26. A lover, having long concealed his love, at the last

revealeth it, and craveth grace at the handes of
his beloved mistresse.

(58 lines, same measure.)

27. Certaine verses written in commendation of the
rose.

(6 seven-line st.)

Pr. As sundry sortes of men in world there be,
So sundry mindes in them also remayne,
And in one point they sieldom do agree,
That one thinkes good, another thinketh vayne :
That one desyres, another doth disdayne :
And I, that doe in flowers great pleasure take,
Desyre the rose, my uosegay sweete to make.

2nd The vallyaunt man doth most delight in warre,
The coward craves to live at home in peace,
The astronomer to view each twinckling starre,
The covetous carle his substaunce to increase,
The prisoner pore doth covet most release ;
But I, that do in flowers, &c.

28. The lover after long absence having renewed his
love, by beholding the bewty of his beloved
mistresse, sueth unto her for grace, for the ap-
peasing of his passyons.

(prose. 1 p.)

29. Of a souldyer who for covitousnesse of a little mo-
ney, lost his own lyfe.

(24 lines. altern. ver.)

30. The complaint of one Sidaspo, who was inflamed
with love, through the beauty of his servaunt
Aletha.

(altern. ver. 2 pp.)

31. A letter which the said Sidaspo sent to his servaunt
Aletha. (ib. 2 pp.)

32. The abject lover complaineth of the crueltye and
disdainefull lookes of his lady.

(ib. 4 pp.)

33. A commendation of the cock. (5 st.)

1st St.

Who can such worthy praises give
unto the cocke as he
Deserve to have? now surely none:
for fyrst of all, we see.

2nd

How carefull of our healthes he is,
who, least we should be harmde,
At midnight with his crowing oft
doth warne us to be armde.

3rd

And at the dawning of the day,
to letify* our minde,
He doth the lyke, and biddeth us
good-morrow in his kinde, &c.

* To gladden or rejoice. *Latificare. Lat.*

34. A commendacion of the robin redde brest.

(32 st.)

It was so sweete a melody,
 that sure I thought some Muse,
 Or else some other heavenly wight
 did there frequent and use.
 But as I cast mine eye asyde
 on braunche of willow tree,
 A little robin redbrest then
 there sitting did I see.
 And he it was, and none but he
 that did so sweetely sing ;
 But sure in all my life before
 I never harde the thing,
 That did so much delight my hart,
 or causde me so to joye,
 As did that little robin's song
 that there I heard that day.

35. The long acquainted lover writeth to his beloved,
whose grace he desyred.

(4 six-line st.)

36. Of one Urbina, a virgin vestall, taken in adulterye.

Urbina, a virgin vestall, in adultery being taken,
 With roddes about the cittee was whipped therefore,
 And of all her friendes then being forsaken,
 Was buried alive, whome none did deplore.
 And of the adulterers that did her deflower,
 The one did slay himselfe that present hower,
 The other the overseers of the temple, then,
 Caused to be executed in the market place,

That he might be a warning to all other men,
To teach them the path of vertue to trace.

37. Of one Cianippus, who in his dronkennesse deflowred his owne daughter Ciane. (7 st.)
38. Of one Ceselius Bassus, a Carthagenian, who deceived the emperour Nero. (9 st.)
39. The lover, weried with long love, taking assurance of succour, induceth his lady to receive him to her service. (pro. 1 p.)
40. The lover having long time loved a fayre gentlewoman, at whose handes he had reccived small hope of obtaining his purpose, wrighteth unto her as followeth. (pro. 1½ p.)
41. The lover being promised a resolute aunswere to that he desyred, wrighteth to his beloved mistresse in this manner, wherein he perswadeth her to pittie his passions. (pro. 1 p.)
42. The tragedy of Mcliager, sonne to Oeneus, king of Calcedonia.
(altern. ver. 4 pp.)
43. A letter written by one to a ritche widdow, whercin using earnest perswations he soliciteth his sute, and craveth to be accepted.
(pro. 2½ pp.)

44. The first letter written to the same widdowe, extolling her vertues, which he allegeth to be the cause of his ardent affection, he requyreth marriage of her. (pro. 1 p.)
45. A yong gentlewoman writeth this for aunswere to a gentleman's letter, that craved her love, and exhorteth her to keepe promise with him; wherein excusing her selfe by her over yong yeres, and his unhabillitye, she prayeth him to cease of his sute. (altern. ver. 3½ pp.)
46. A. B. wrighting to his sister, C. B. admonisheth her of such thinges as he fyndeth amisse in her, and instructeth her how shee should behave herself to preserve her good name. (pro. 2 pp.)
47. The lamentable complaint of a lover who, notwithstanding his diverse daungerous travailes and continual sorrow sustained, coulde fynde no favor at al at her hands that was the causer of his calamity, but cruell contempt, to countervayle his curtesy. (16 seven-line st.)
48. A yong man, being in love with a fayre gentlewoman that was but his equall, desyreth to be accepted for her husband. (pro. 1½ p.)
49. C. D. being enamored of a fayre and vertuous yong gentlewoman, he craveth speedy comfort.
(pro. 1½ p.)

50. The lover perceiving the love of his beloved mistress not to be so perfect as before time it had bene, wrighteth unto her as followeth.

(pro. 2 pp.)

51. A lover being doubtfull of the good will of his ladye, by meanes of the mutabilitie that many times he founde to be in her, craveth more assurance at her handes. (pro. 1½ p.)

52. The auctour writing to his sister that was towardes mariage, teacheth how to make choise of a husband, and howe to behave herselfe beeing a wyfe. (pr. 3¼ pp.)

53. A pore yong man being vehemently vexed for the love of a fyre [fyne] yong gentlewoman, craveth her favour for the conservation of his lyfe, almost consumed. (pro. 1¼ p.)

54. How foolish women are, in the choyse of their lovers. (8 st.)

Pr. The smith whose toyling trade
besmeard his face with sweat,
And made him like a Croyden knight,
with working in the heate.

3rd Vulcanus had to wife
the lady cheefe of love,
Whose passing bewty peerlesse was,
as Paris plaine did prove.

55. Damon wrighteth to his friend Sulippo, exhorting him to seeke preferment whilst the time serveth.

(pro. 1 p.)

56. Varinus having found in the night time that which plesed his fancy, he commendeth it much, and craveth to be accepted for her servant whom he intyrelly loved. (altern. ver. 2½ pp.)

Varinus commendeth the night-time.

Though many much mislike the long
 and wearie winter nights,
 I cannot but commend them still,
 For diverse dere delightes.
 The night we see brings silver sleepes,
 sleepe courseth care away ;
 Cares being cast from out the mind,
 there harbours happy joye :
 Where joye abounds, there health hath place ;
 where happy helth doth bide,
 There life lasts long ; this prooffe shewes plaine,
 and may not be denyde :
 Lo, this the happy night procures,
 which wrought my wished will,
 Therefore I must before the day
 Preferre and praise it still.

57. A pore yong man being in love with a ritch gentlewoman, fynding it somewhat difficult to obtaine any favoure at her handes, sought to suppress his fond affection, but could not ; wherefore he wrighteth unto her in effecte as followeth.

(pro. 1½ p.)

58. The great love that Itaernes wyfe bare to her brother.

When Itaernes, with all his famely,
 Were taken captive by Darius army,
 And cast into prison with great extremity,
 His wife every day
 Came to the king's gate making pittifull mone,
 That these her plaints to take pittie upon.
 At last he was moved with mercye alone,
 As wrighters doe say :

In so much, as one unto her he sent,
 Who willed her then, with right good intent,
 In the king's name to cease to lament,
 And freelye to chose
 The delivery of one, and she should him have :
 Then she above the rest her Brother did crave,
 Whose life and liberty she most sought to save,
 To lessen her woes.

The king then wondring that she would prefer
 Her Brother before the rest that were there,
 Yea, before her husband and children most deare,
 This aunswere she gave,
 An other husband I may get, quoth shee,
 And other children, if God's will it be,
 But my parentes being dead, more bretheren than he
 I never can have.

59. A lover, that stoode at an uncertaine staye, wrighteth this for aunswere to a letter that he receyved from her whome he loved.

(pro. 2 pp.)

60. The straunge pangs of a pore passionate lover.
(a sonnet.)

Not as I am, nor as I wish to be,
But as false Fortune frames my froward fate,
Even so I am, not bound nor fully free,
Not quite forlorne nor yet in quiet state.
I wish for death, and yet the death I hate;
This life leade I, which life is wondrous strange,
Yet for no life would I my lyfe exchange.
I seeke the sight of that I sigh to see;
I joy in that which breedes my great unrest:
Such contraries doe dayly comber me,
As in one thing I find both joy and rest,
Which gaine he gets that is Cupido's guest:
For whome he catcheth in his cursed snare,
He gives great hope, yet kils his hart with care.

61. Of the thankfulnesse of a dragon towards a man
that had brought him up. (altern. ver. 4 st.)

62. R. D. being inflamed with the love of a very bew-
tifull gentlewoman, by a sodaine view that he
tooke of her, doth colourably declare his case
unto her. (quatrains. 2½ pp.)

63. An aunswere to a letter that was not onely darke,
but also so disordered, as their could no sence
be perceived in it. (quatr. 2 pp.)

64. Wrighting to a speciall friende of his, that was
somewhat greeved in minde, for certaine trou-
bles that were happened unto him, geveth him
such friendly consolation as was requisite for
one in his case. (pro. 3 pp.)

65. A yong gentleman, whose love was hindered by falce reportes, wrighteth to his lady, that had promised her good will, so her friendes would agree unto it. (pro. 2 pp.)

66. T. O. being enamored of a ritch yong gentlewoman, as well through the report of her vertues, as for that which he himself had seene in her, wrighteth unto her in this maner.

(pro. 1½.)

67. Seigneur Francisco Vergelis, for a fayr ambling gelding, suffered one Seigneur Richardo Magnifico to talk with his wife, who gave him no aunswere at all, but he aunswering for her in such sort as if she herself had spoken it, according to the effect of his wordes it came afterwards to passe. (pro. 7 pp.)

68. Theodore enamored of Maister Emerie's daughter, that was his maister, got her with child, for the which he was condemned to be hanged; and as he was whipped through the streetes to the place of execution, being knowne to his father he procured his pardon, and so Theodore married the maide whom he had before deflowred.

Whereby is signified the diverse dangerous and troublesome accidentes that dayelye happen unto us, by the power of love and frailty of fortune, the only tormenters of man's life.

(pro. 9 pp. This is a half historical love tale. Most of the other prose pieces are epistolary.)

69. One named Salard, departing from Genes, came to Montferat, where he transgressed three commaundementes that his father gave him by his last will and testamente, and being condemned to dye, was delivered, and retourned againe into his owne countrey. (pro. 13 pp.)

Pr. Righte happye and blessed is that chylde, which with dutifull reverence sheweth himselfe obedient to his parentes: for in so doing, he fulfilleth the commaundement that God hath given him, and shall therefore live long upon the earth, having good successe in al his affayres; where contrariwise the disobedient childe is alwayes accoumpted miserable and moste unhappy; for commonly his enterprises have an evil and wicked end.

At the close of this narrative and of the book itself, appears this colophon:

L'acquis Abonde.

FINIS. H. C.

Mr. Warton considered these initials as appertaining to HENRY CONSTABLE: but this perhaps proceeded from the difficulty of finding another coeval claimant, as there is nothing in the style which assimilates it to the poetical production of that author, published about fifteen years afterward, unless it be the sonnet extracted at p. 474. At the same time it may be observed, that the early and later productions of any author do not form an infallible criterion for judging of their personal appropriation.



The laudable Life and deplorable Death of our late peerlesse Prince Henry, briefly represented. Together with some other poemes, in honor both of our most gracious Sovereigne King James his auspicious entrie to this Crowne; and also of his most hopefull children, Prince Charles and Princesse Elizabeth's happy entrie into this world. By J. M. Master of Artes. London, printed by Edward Allde, for Thomas Pavier, dwelling neere the Royall Exchaunge, at the signe of the Cats and Parrat. 1612.

4to.



POSTHUMOUS testimonials to the talents and virtues of that very promising Prince, Henry Frederick, heir-apparent to the crown of our first James, were so numerous, that a mere enumeration of them would run on to considerable extent. The present is one of the most rare; and is inscribed by its author, James Maxwell, to "peerlesse Prince Henrie's deere brother and sister, Prince Charles and Princesse Elizabeth, Infants of Albion, of greatest hope." A few lines follow "to the reader," in which Henry is compared to four of his regal namesakes.

Lo! heer's the pattern of prince Henrie's parts,
 Of Henrie's foure the faire epitome:
 Learn'd like the *first*, stout, toward th' hope of hearts;
 Like to the *fift*, once chiefe of chivalrie;
 Like to the *sixt*, devoute, milde, innocent;
 Like to the *seav'nth*, wise, thriftie, provident.

After the principal poem in the “memorable life,” &c. of the Prince, an Epitaph is given “in *his owne foure languages.*” These are English, French, Latin, and Greek. Then succeed—

1. A poeme shewing how that both Theologie and Astrologie doe pronounce the time of his Majesties entring to this Crowne, to be auspicious and happy.
2. A poeme shewing the excellencie of our Sovereigne King James his hand, that giveth both health and wealth; instanced in his curing of the king's evill by touching the same, in hanging an angell of gold about the neck of the deceased; and in giving the poorer sort money, towards the charges of their journey.
3. A poeme representing a mysticall May-Pole of a palme-tree from holy Palestine, decored with a May-crowne of sweet cedar from Mount Lebanon, and over-topt with an olive plant from holy Mount Sion. Presented in heart's earnest wish on May-Day, (being the holy day of S. James, the son of Marie, once the most holy Bishop of the Holy Land, so highly renowned for his integritie and chastitie,) unto King James, the sonne of Marie, Lord of the Holy Iland: simbolising with the other both in name and notable parts. Planted in the mids of his Spring-garden of S. James, there perpetually to spring and sprout, untill Prince Charles his hopefull hand quicken this conceite.

4. A Congratulation of the most hopefull Prince Charles his auspicious entrie into the world, and nativitie, which was the 19 of November, 1600, being the festivall-day both of S. Elizabeth, the renowned daughter of Andrew, King of Hungarie, and the eve of the commemoration of S. Edmond the Martyre, once the most Christian King of East England; and the third day after the Coronation-day of the most renowned Princesse Elizabeth, our late Queene of famous memorie.

5. A Congratulation of the happy birth of the most gracefull Princess Elizabeth, which was the 19 of August, 1596, being the festivall-day of the holy Matrone and Martyr S. Thecla, and the next day after the Commemoration of the most religious and renowned Empresse S. Helen, daughter of Coilus King of Britanie, and the mother of the first Christian Emperour Constantine the Great, who was borne in the ancient and honorable citie of Yorke.

From the latter tribute to that most amiable but ill-fated Princess Elizabeth, afterwards Queen of Bohemia, the following stanzas are extracted.

Muse ! sing the birth of lov'd Elisa's grace,
 The flowre of virgins, whom the virgin-signe,
 When as the sunne did there begin his race,
 Sent to the light : both did their force combine
 With Venus, who in that signe hath her house,
 To grace us with a virgin vertuous.

Eliza's birth was on S. Thecla's day,
 That matchles matron, that rare martyr'd wight,
 Whose constant faith and fervent zeale for ay
 Shall be extoll'd, and had in honor's height :
 And now methinks her pietie and faith
 Doe all revive in grac'd Elizabeth.

Methinks I see Eliza in her prime
 Begin to follow the religious path
 Of that princesse, still honor'd to this time,
 Under the name of Saint Elizabeth ;
 Who was the daughter of faire Hungarie,
 As shee's the daughter of great Britainie.

A parent to the poore Eliza was,
 Nine hundreth soules she daily did maintaine :
 This worlde's wealth she did esteem but trash,
 True godliness was aye her greatest gaine ;
 To fast and pray, to helpe the poore in neede,
 To salve* the sicke, the fatherlesse to feede.

St. Hellene, once a daughter of this Ile,
 King Coilus childe and great Constantine's mother,
 Whose praise was spread from Calvarie to Kyle,
 For pietie was even such another :
 Eliza's grace first saw faire Phœbus' raye
 The next unto St. Helen's holy day.

* To *salve* a sore, was a frequent poetic mode of phrasology, when the ideal wound of a lover was sought to be cured by kindness.



FRAGMENTUM POETICUM.

THE following fragment occurs on an old b. l. leaf, in a folio volume of Miscellanies in *Bibl. Soc. Antiq.*

The orthography has been modernized, out of compliment to the morality of this relique.

Sustain, abstain, keep well in your mind ;
 Bear and forbear, have ever in remembrance :
 For ye shall thereby great quietness find
 In all your life,—whatsoever doth chance :
 And make you to be esteemed verily,
 Among all other, for the most happy.

Bear trouble and pain, bear slander and blame,
 Bear words displeasing, be they never so sour ;
 Forbear in any wise to others to do the same ;
 Forbear to revenge, though it be in your power,
 Let never your anger remain with you an hour :
 Forbear your own pleasure, bear your neighbour's misery,
 And you of all other shall be most happy.

If ye be gainsaid, forbear for a season,
 Forbear to resist, when you think to offend ;
 Bear others' ignorance, forbear your own reason,
 Till occasion be given you them to amend,
 Then utter your wisdom, as God shall it send.
 Observe your times, and forbear discreetly,
 And ye of all other shall be most happy.

Bear Christ's cross, when it is laid on your back,
 That is to say—all manner of adversity ;
 Which when you in your own person do lacke,
 Help other to bear, that overladen be ;
 Bear with them that bear with all humility ;
 So shall this word be verified accordingly,
 That ye of all other be the most happy.

Forbear rash judgment, till the truth be tried,
 Forbear all hastiness, speak words of charity,
 Forbear extreme punishment, though the fault be spied,
 Too much in all things is counted iniquity.
 Temper your acts with sustain, abstain,
 Bear, forbear,—and then shall ye truly
 Of all living creatures be the most happy.

No author's or printer's name or place, or other indication of person or time ; but certainly ancient.

*A Prince's Looking Glasse, or a Prince's Direction ;
 very requisite and necessarie for a Christian Prince
 to view and behold himselfe in : Containing sundrie
 wise, learned, godly, and princely precepts and instruc-
 tions, excerpted and chosen out of that most Christian
 and vertuous ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΟΝ ΔΩΡΟΝ ; or his Majestie's
 Instructions to his dearest Sonne Henrie the Prince :
 and translated into Latin and English verse (his
 Majestie's consent and approbation beeing first had
 and obtained thereunto) for the more delight and
 pleasure of the said Prince now in his young yeares ;
 By William Willymat.*

Prov. xxii. 6.

*Instrue puerum, pro ratione viæ ipsius ; et quum valde senuerit, non
 recedet ab eâ.*

Phocilide.

Dum tener est natus, generosos instrue mores.

Printed by John Legat, printer to the Universitie of Cambridge, 1603, and are to be sold in Paul's Churchyard at the signe of the Crowne by Simon Waterson.

4to. 47 leaves.



THIS work is a scion from the "*Kingly Gift*" of King James to his son Prince Henry, printed at Edinburgh more than two years before his accession to the throne of England, which it was thought by Archbishop Spotswood more to have facilitated than all that was put forth by other writers in the royal favour. In the opinion of the great Lord Bacon, the book was excellently written, and the learned Sir Henry Savile extolled it as superior to any similar work which had then been produced. Willymat gives it no less courtly praise, in his dedication to the Prince of Wales, wherein he thus explains the course he had taken in his extractings.

"Your Father's booke (savouring of no small paines, diligence, and vigilant reading,) after that it came to my hands here in England, since the decease of our late soveraigne Queene Elizabeth, my wits were so ravisht therewith at the first reading, that I againe and againe read it over; and yet, not sufficed therewith, I tooke pen in hand, and as my slender wit and abilitie served me, I excerpted, and here and there picked out, briefly as I could, the fittest and principallest precepts and instructions, and those severally have I translated into Latine and English verses; every sentence into a tetrastick Latine, and an hexastick English; which in that suddaine phylauticall heate of my spirit, I have caused here to be published, and presumed very boldly, like a

blind Bavius, to commit them to the shrouding of your princely wings," &c.

"The first specimen which presents itself may convey an adequate notion of the whole.

1. *Præceptum, Deus cognoscendus, amandus, gratiæ Deo agenda.*

Sit tibi cura Deum cognoscere prima potentem,
Proxima sincero complecti cordis amore ;
Quo te majori Deus insignivit honore,
Is sibi vult tanto referatur gratia major.

1. Care first, my sonne, your God to know and love,
Which rules all things from azurde skies above ;
Who as He hath you brought to glorious throne
Of regall state, above the rest alone,
So doeth He still expect of you, justly,
Redoubled thanks, from heart unfainedly.

These precepts are divided into three books: the first extending to 31, the second to 103, and the third to 35. Then follow "certaine epithetes and excellent titles, wherewith Julius Pollux, who was governour to the Emperour Commodus in his young yeares, set forth and described the properties of a good King, applied to the name of Henry Frederick, the most noble Prince of Wales." And the volume is closed with this parting tribute of valediction, of compliment, and of apology.

The Author his Vale to the young Prince Henrie.

Farewell, young Impe ! * of Brittish soyle the stay,
Read, see, and tread your Father's chalked way ;

* This serves to confirm a remark of Dr. Johnson, disputed by Ritson, that *imp* was anciently a term of dignity. See note on Shakspeare, *Love's Labour Lost*, act i. sc. ii. Mr. Steevens traced the word as meaning a *ghost*, in its primitive sense, but a *son*, in Shakspeare. See *K. Henry V.* act iv. sc. i.

O, how much then shall God us in you blesse!
 Tongue, scroll, and quill, cannot the same expresse.
 Heire of your Father's crowne, by nature's course,
 Heire to his vertues, these precepts you force.
 Farre spread your roote and branches of your line,
 Long may they bud like stems of some faire vine:
 So shall our seede no lesse your fame adore,
 Than wee your parent's names have done before.
 O noble Prince! pardon I pray, the while,
 My bould attempt, harsh verse, and ruder stile.



The Proposal of William Laycock, of the Inner Temple, London, Gent. Humbly recommended to all such persons, who are generously inclined to encourage Arts and Learning, and in order thereunto for raising a Fund for the buying up of a stock of scarce stitcht Bookes and Pamphlets; amongst which all bookish Gentlemen well know that there are to be found abundance of excellent Tracts and Discourses, not treated of in larger books.

(folio, 4 pp.)



THIS occurs in *Bibl. Harl.* 5946, among Bagford's Collections concerning the History of Printing. The following items are extracted from this bibliographical curiosity, as exhibiting hints of such an assemblage of tracts as the Harleian library itself can hardly be supposed to have comprised.

“ That the said Laycock (by marrying the daughter of Wm. Miller, late of London, stationer,) became intrusted, in the year 1693, to dispose of the said Mr. Miller's stock, which chiefly consisted of loose papers and pamphlets, and by the assistance of Charles Tooker, bookseller, the said Laycock did digest the said stock of pamphlets into such exact order and method, by way of common place and alphabet, that the said Laycock could find without any difficulty any thing contained in the said stock, though it was but a single sheet of paper in the said stock, which did consist of above 2000 reams of sticht books, or loose papers. And the said Laycock, having sorted and digested the stock as aforesaid, met with that encouragement from the Public, that he did exercise the said trade of selling books and pamphlets for the space of 7 years. But in the year 1699, or thereabouts, a Creditor of the said Mr. Miller's (by his illegal practices and severe prosecutions, both in law and equity, against Susanna Miller, administratrix to the said Wm. Miller) did rend and tear all the said stock in pieces, by virtue of two executions illegally obtained against the said administratrix; by which means, the said employment is absolutely destroyed; and so good an undertaking of the said Laycock, of great expence and seven years labour, totally blasted. So that the public thereby have received a great detriment for the want of such a general collection: the usefulness of which will appear more at large by the following particulars.

I. *Imprimis*. In reference to all such reverend divines who are disposed to write upon, or know what has been written in controversies betwixt the Church of England and the Church of Rome, between the Church of England and the Dissenters, and betwixt Dissenters among themselves, relating to doctrine and discipline, pro and con,—as the Presbyterians, Independents, Anabaptists, Brownists, Familists, Arminians, Calvinists, Antinomians, Socinians, &c. with choice tracts upon practical divinity, sermons preached on all manner of subjects and occa-

sions. For want of such a repository, the learned are now at a very great loss.

II. As to such noble statesmen and worthy senators, who were for collecting divers curious treatises of the polities, power, jurisdictions, privileges, practices, preeminency, orders, punishments, fundamental constitutions, laws, &c. of Parliament: the power of bishops sitting and voting in capital cases, narratives of proceedings, debates, passages, transactions, reasons of parliaments, heads of conferences, &c. Kings and queens of England, chancellors, judges, recorders, &c. speeches in parliament upon various occasions: great variety of speeches made by Oliver protector, Digby, Hampden, Deering, Pym, &c. about the attainder of the Earl of Strafford, ship-money, &c. votes of parliament, orders and ordinances of parliament, remonstrances, representations, declarations, proposals, addresses, messages, petitions, &c. of parliament: and in fine, whatever had been said or done in the like cases and circumstances of any emergency that should or might have arisen. Such a collection might have been very grateful to the greatest of the most august assembly to have looked into.

III. That as to such persons who were so curious as to dive into the private intrigues of state, by examining into the several revolutions of government, that have happened in England, with great variety of pamphlets, treating of the different constitutions of government, and containing the most considerable passages relating to the ecclesiastical, civil, and military affairs of the nation, which were transacted in the time of King Henry the VIII. Queen Elizabeth, King James the I. King Charles the I. King Charles the II. King James the II. and King William the III. such variety of tracts of that kind were contained in the said stock, as could not be found or obtained in any collection in Europe, not only useful but necessary for the perusal of all such, who should have un-

dertaken to have written any history of England, ecclesiastical or civil.

IV. As to the mathematicians, or such as are lovers of those sciences, a great variety of mathematical tracts on several select subjects: viz. architecture, mechanics, optics, longitude, latitude, triangles, quadrant, circles of the proportion, of the variation of the magnetical needle, of navigation, dialling, surveying, guageing, arithmetic, algebra, &c.

V. As to merchants and other traders, a collection of tracts relating to trade and improvement, plantations in Virginia, Carolina, Jamaica, New England, Pensilvania, Summer Islands, Bermudas, Newfoundland, Tobago, &c. East India and African trade, and joint stocks trade between English, Dutch, French, Spanish, Portuguese, &c. in the West Indies, consisting of sugars, fishery, wool, cloth and linen manufacture, soap, salt, leather, cochineal, indigo, all sorts of spices and fruits, exchange of money, building and increasing of shipping, &c.

VI. As to gentlemen who delight in husbandry, a great collection of tracts about planting, timber-trees, gardening, ordering of fruit trees, flowers, improvement of silk-worms and bees, planting and graffing, raising of vineyards, improvement of ground by draining of water, sowing the ground with cinquefoil, trefoil, clover-grass, rape-seed, lin-seed, mustard-seed, turnip-seed, hemp-seed, &c. mending of high ways, making rivers navigable, with books of angling, fowling, hawking, horsemanship, making of hop-gardens, employing the poor in various sorts of manufactures and arts, domestic and foreign.

VII. As to the citizens of London, a very curious and choice collection of ancient and modern tracts, all relating to the city of London, viz. as to the liberties, usages, and customs of the city of London, and of particular companies and corpor-

rations ; as to the by-laws, guild-hall proceedings, acts of common council, orders made by the mayor and aldermen, in order to redress several grievances ; as to the excess in wearing of apparel, tippling on sundays ; about watermen, carmen, coachmen, &c. All the arguments used, pro and con, relating to the city-charter about the *quo warranto* ; several tracts about the rights of elections, as mayors, sheriffs, members of parliament, &c. Some papers treating about the disbursements, about St. Paul's church, letters patent for the building of the same, with proposals for insurance from fire, &c. and most things that were extant, relating to the honour and antiquity of the said august city.

VIII. As to common lawyers, a very fine collection of common-law tracts, wherein arguments, pleas, readings on several statutes, arguments on trials, judgments on the bench given of *Habeas Corpus's*, writs of inquiry, and of irregular proceedings at law, charges at several assizes and sessions, order of keeping court-fees, precedents of bankrupts, special arguments on writs of errors and demurrers, proposals for regulating the court of chancery and exchequer, proposals for registering of wills and conveyances, with an account of the office of Lord High Chancellor, &c.

IX. As to the civil lawyers, a collection of divers civil and common law treatises, viz. of excommunication, marriages, divorce, about patronage, bastardy, alimony, advowsons of the rights of tithes, &c. as also the proceedings of the ecclesiastical commission of Magdalen College, the suspension of the bishop of London, and the debates about the rights of convocations, &c.

X. As to such gentlemen, who delight in reading of ceremonies at coronations, as well of kings beyond sea as at home, treaties of marriages between great persons by proxy, and entertainments of kings and princes, ambassadors, instalments of the

garter, ceremonies of the feast of St. George at Windsor, manners and forms of the processions of great funerals, creation of knights of the bath, London triumphs and ceremonies of the pageantry of the Lord Mayor's show, from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the year 1702."



A briefe Treatise agaynst certayne Errors of the Romish Church. Very plainly, notably, and pleasantly confuting the same by Scriptures and auncient writers. Compiled by Gregory Scot, 1570. Perused and licensed, according to the Quenes Majesties injunction, 1574.

Imprynted at London by John Ardeley.

Small 8vo. pp. 31.



AFTER this title, the printer addresses the Christian reader in six eight-line stanzas.

—Prayse thou God, for this his light,
Which in our dayes doth now so shine,
Who open'd hath the myndes and syght
Of many learn'd, for profyt thyne :
To God alone therefore resigne
These prayes due, and not to men ;
Yet in thy praiers have in mynde
Their good estate, and thanke God then.

The treatise itself is directed against these four reputed errors in the doctrine of the Romanists.

1. Images and Idolatrie.
2. The sacrifice of the Masse, and adoration of it.
3. The praying to Saintes.
4. The justification of Workes.

The following passages are taken from the latter.

Your Romish church doth falsely teach
in workes of men to trust ;
And righteousness in vaine to seeke
through merites of the just.

But Scripture teacheth contrarie,
that righteousness is none
Whereby man can be justified,
in workes that here be done.

But righteousness, that shall avayle
and ever more remayne,
By faith in Jesu Christ his death
alone we do obtayne.

Before God he is justified
whom God for just doth take,
And doth acquit as innocent
even for his mercies sake.

This justification then is wrought
when God doth sin forgeve,
And doth impute Christ's righteousness
to such as do beleve.

If any thing be worthy praise,
 if any worke be good ;
 By grace the same is wrought in us,
 The praise is due to God !

His Holy Spirit doth give the grace
 all godly workes to chuse ;
 It is his only gift also
 that synne we do refuse.

Were it not to great injurye
 Inheritance to clayme
 Of lands or goods, that were but lent
 awhile to use the same ?

No lesse trespass it is to God
 to challenge as our right
 The power to worke a godly worke,
 which is His only gift.

A free gift is our righteousness,
 obtayned all by grace ;
 Least any man should boast him selfe,
 Our workes here have no place.

For where to workes reward is due,
 there grace is none at all :
 The worke once done, the workman may
 by right for wages call.

So make you God in debt to man,
 if that without delaye
 The hyre that we have labour'd for
 He do not trulye pay.

But our inheritance in Heaven
 by promise free we have ;

Mercy doth measure all reward,
no merits can it crave.

As Jacob did his father please,
the garment having on
That was his brother's, and thereby
the blessing gat anon :

So in God's presence when we shall
at any time appeare,
Christ's righteousness the garment is
that we must only weare.

¶

The Love of God
Here is declared, if you wyl rede ;
That God doth love this land indede,
By felynge his rod.



WHETHER this be the whole or the fragment of a bl. l. tract, on four leaves, is somewhat doubtful; but the latter may rather be inferred, as there is no signature on any of the leaves, nor any printer's name. At the close it is denoted to be the product of Wylliam Samuel; who (according to Herbert, iii. 1597) published an abridgment of the Psalms in Sternhold's metre, and was minister of Christ Church.

The following lines are taken from the commencement.

England is blest and loved of God ;
who can the same deny ?

For she hath felt his loving rod,
because she went awrye.

The word so frely taught and preacht,
as no land had it more :
When teachers truelye truth them teacht,
they set by it no store.

They kept it not in hart and minde
to lead therby theyr lyfe :
If they had been to God so kynde,
then had not come the stryfe.

It closes with the following stanzas.

Let all degrees upon their knees,
thus pray with one consent,
That He which sees our miseries,
May better be content.

Now to conclude my metre rude,
but matter true and just,
Se you repent your lyfe myspent,
or els be sure and trust,

That God wyl strike and strike again
a sharper stroke then this—
That you shal fele with greater payne
be sure he wyl not mysse.

¶



Lucan's first Booke of the Civill Warr betwixt Pompey and Cesar, Englished, by Chr. Marlow.

At London, printed by P. Short, and are to be sold by Walter Burre, at the signe of the Flower de Luce in Paules church-yard, 1600.

Quarto.



THIS was inscribed (seven years after the melancholy death of the translator) by Thomas Thorpe, "to his kind and true friend, Edward Blunt," in a vein of much quaint familiarity, dry humour, and shrewd sarcasm on the mock patrons of former times.

" BLOUNT,

" I propose to be blunt with you ; and out of my dulnesse to encounter you with a dedication in the memory of that pure elementall wit, Christopher Marlow ; whose ghoast or genius is to be seene walke in the churchyard, in (at the least) three or four sheets. Methinks you should presently looke wilde now, and grow humorously frantique upon the tast of it. Well ; least you should : let mee tell you—this spirit was sometime a familiar of your own, *Lucan's first booke translated* : which, in regard of your old right in it, I have rais'd in the circle of your patronage.

But stay now, Edward, if I mistake not, you are to accomodate yourselfe with some fewe instructions, touching the property of a patron, that you are not yet possess of ; and to study them for your better grace, as our gallants do fashions. First, you must be proud, and thinke you have merit inough in you, though you are ne're so emptie. Then, when I bring you the book, take physicke and keep state. Assigne me a time by

your man to come againe : and afore the day, be sure to have changed your lodging. In the meane time, sleepe little ; and sweat with the invention of some pittiful dry jest or two, which you may happen to utter, with some litle (or not at all) marking of your friends ; when you have found a place for them to come in at. Or if, by chance, something has dropt from you worth the taking up ; weary all that come to you with the often repetition of it. Censure scornefully inough ; and somewhat like a travailer. Commend nothing, least you discredit your (that which you would seeme to have) judgement.

These things, if you can mould yourself to them, Ned ; I make no question but they will not become you. One speciall vertue in our patrons of these daies I have promist my selfe you, shall fit excellently ; which is to give nothing. Yes : thy love I will challenge as my peculiar object both in this, and (I hope) manie more succeeding offices. Farewell ! I affect not the world should measure my thoughts to thee by a scale of this nature. Leave to think good of me, when I fall from thee.

Thine in all rites of perfect friendship."

Marlow's translation is made in blank verse. The general exordium and assigned origin of the Pharsalian civil wars is rendered with much spirit. It opens thus :

The causes first I purpose to unfould
Of these garboiles,* whence springs a long discourse,
And what made madding people shake off peace.
The fates are envious. High feats quickly perish :
Under great burdens falls are ever greevous.
Rome was so great, it could not beare itselfe.
So when this world's compounded union breakes,
Time ends ; and to old chaos all things turne :

* Stanyhurst, in his wild version of part of the *Æneid*, uses this term for warfare, and was satirised for it by Hall.

Confused stars shall meete, celestiall fire
 Fleete on the floods, the earth shoulder the sea,
 Affording it no shoare; and Phœbe's waine
 Chace Phoebus, and inrag'd affect his place,
 And strive to shine by day; and, ful of strife,
 Dissolve the engines of the broken world.

The forced reconcilment and quick disunion of
 Cæsar and Pompey is well told.

Cæsar and Pompey's jarring love soon ended;
 'Twas peace against their wills. Betwixt them both
 Stept Crassus in; even as the slender isthmus
 Betwixt the Ægean and the Ionian sea,
 Keepest each from other; but being worne away,
 They both burst out, and each encounter other.

¶

*The Soule's Conflict with itself, and Victory over itself,
 by Faith. A treatise of the inward disquietments of
 distressed spirits: with comfortable remedies to esta-
 blish them.*

*Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bounti-
 fully with thee.*

*By R. Sibbes, D.D. Master of Katherine Hall in Cam-
 bridge, and Preacher of Grayes Inne, London.*

The fourth edition.

London, printed for R. D. and sold by T. Williams, 1651.

8vo. pp. 606.



THE humble and pious author of the above treatise, says the late Vicar of Shiplake,* was bred in St. John's College in Cambridge, where he was eminent for his preaching. In 1618 he was, for his excellent talent that way, chosen preacher of Gray's Inn, and elected Master of Catherine Hall, to which he was a great benefactor. He found that society in a declining state; but it revived and flourished under his care. He was author of several books of practical divinity; of which his "*Bruised Reed*" was most celebrated. To that Mr. Baxter tells us, he in a great measure owed his own conversion. This circumstance alone might have rendered his name memorable. *Mr. Granger adds to this report, that his principal work is a "*Commentary on the first chapter of the second Epistle to the Corinthians*," printed in 1655, folio.

The present production, though less consequential in bulk and appearance, may be no less deserving of commendation by those who read with a view of obtaining spiritual improvement from the writings of spiritually-minded men. Dr. Sibbes is decidedly of the latter description; for of him it has been fairly said, that he was "a divine of good learning, and thoroughly acquainted with the Scriptures; that he was of a most humble and charitable disposition; and that his works discover him to have been of an evangelical heavenly spirit: the comforts of which he enjoyed at his death, A. D. 1635, in the 59th year of his age.†

This publication, though posthumous in its appearance, had been fully prepared by its author for the

* See Granger's *Biog. Hist. Eng.* ii. 175.

† Neal's *Hist. Purit.* ii. 280.

press; and his address to the reader is dated from Grayes Inne, July 1, 1635. Some Latin lines, by the well known Edward Benlowes, "In opus posthumum," and a copy of English verses, by the still more distinguished Francis Quarles,* precede the treatise itself. The latter I transcribe, as they are creditable to the ingenuity of that long slighted poet.

On the Worke of my learned friend, Dr. Sibbes.

Foole, that I was ! to thinke my easie pen
 Had strength enough to glorify the fame
 Of this known author, this rare man of men ;
 Or give the least advantage to his name.
 Who think by praise to make his name more bright,
 Shew the sun's glory by dull candle-light.

Blest saint ! thy hallow'd pages doe require
 No slight preferment from our slender lays :
 We stand amaz'd at what we most admire ;—
 Ah, what are saints the better for our praise !
 He that commends this volume, does no more
 Than warm the fire, or gild the massie ore.†

Let me stand silent then. O, may that Spirit
 Which led thy hand, direct mine eye, my breast,
 That I may reade and do, and so inherit
 (What thou enjoy'st and taught) eternall rest.

* See Letters by the late Mr. Jackson of Exeter.

† This is much in unison with Shakspeare's thought :

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
 To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
 Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

Aristotle might haply here have been introduced by the commentators :
 c. g. "They who demonstrate plain things, light a candle to see the sun."

· Foole that I was! to think my lines could give · · · ·
· Life to that work, by which they hope to live.

· · · · · FRA. QUA.

The author's account of his own work runs as follows:

"I began to preach on the text (Psal. xlii. 5.) about twelve years since in the city, and afterwards finished the same at Grays Inne. After which, some, having gotten imperfect notes, endeavored to publish them without my privity. Therefore, to do myself right, I thought fit to reduce them to this forme. There is a pious and studious Gentleman of Grays-Inne, that hath of late published observations upon the whole Psalme, and another upon this verse very well; and many others, by treatises of Faith* and such like, have furthered the spiritual peace of Christians much. It were to be wished that we would all joine to do that, which the apostle gloried in—"to be helpers of the joy of God's people."† Some will be ready to deprave the labours of other men; but so good may be done, let such ill-disposed persons be what they are, and what they will be, unless God turn their hearts: and so I commend thee, and this poore treatise to God's blessing."

I subjoin a short extract or two; but they will very imperfectly convey its general value, as a work of pious reflection, and argumentative disquisition.

"Our life is nothing but as it were a webbe, woven with interminglings of wants and favours, crosses and blessings, standings and fallings, combat and victory: therefore, there should

* One of these was written by the Rev. John Rogers, minister of Dedham in Essex: but I cannot point out the two writers previously alluded to.

† 2 Cor. i. 24.

be a perpetual intercourse of praying and praising in our hearts. There is always a ground of communion with God in one of these kinds, till we come to that condition wherein all wants shall be supplied; where indeed will be only matter of praise. Yet praising God in this life hath this prerogative—that here we praise him “in the midst of his enemies:” in heaven, all will be in consort with us.”

“When conscience, joining with Satan, sets out thy sin in its colours: labour, by faith, to set out God in his colours; infinite in mercy and loving kindness. Here lies the art of a Christian. It is divine rhetorick thus to perswade and set downe the soul. Thy sins are great, but Adam’s was greater; who being so newly advanced above all the creatures, and taken into so neare an acquaintance with God, and having ability to persist in that condition if he would; yet willingly overthrew himself and all his posterity, by yielding to a temptation, which, though high, (as being promised to be like unto God) yet such as he should and might have resisted. No sin we can commit, can be a sin of so tainting and spreading a nature: yet as he fell by distrust, so he was recovered by trusting; and so must we, by relying on a second Adam, whose obedience and righteousness from thence reigns,—to the taking away not only of that one sin of Adam and ours in him, but of all; and not only to the pardon of all sin, but to a right of everlasting life. All the aggravations that conscience, and Satan helping it, are able to raise sin unto, cannot rise to that degree of infiniteness* which God’s mercy in Christ is of.”

¶

* Bishop Hall, in his *Balm of Gilead*, breathes a congenial whisper of encouragement to penitent believers and converting Christians. “Had we to do with a finite power, we had reason to sink under the burden of our sins: but there is neither more nor less to that which is infinite. Let thy care be, to lay hold on that infinite mercy which lies open to thee. Enlarge thy bosom to take in this free grace, and close with thy blessed Saviour; and with Him, and in Him, possess thyself of remission, peace, salvation.”



Stanley's Remedy: or the way how to reform wandring beggars, theeves, highway robbers, and pick-pockets: or, an abstract of his discoverie; wherein is shewed, that Sodome's sin of Idlenesse is the poverty and misery of this kingdome: By some well-wishers to the honour of God, and the publicke good, both of rich and poore.

London, printed for the good of the Poore, 1646.

Quarto, 6 pp.



"THIS little work, says Sir F. M. Eden, which (owing, as may be supposed, to its scarceness) has seldom been quoted, contains several not incurious particulars relative to the circumstances of the poor in those unhappy times."*

On the back of the title is this announcement:

"The recantation and conversion of Mr. Stanley, sometime an inns of court gentleman, afterwards by lewd company became a highway robber in Queen Elizabeth's reign: having his life pardoned, he loathes his wicked course of life, and writes to King James; shewing a means of remedy, how the Poor of this kingdom may be greatly relieved, by the means of work-houses, in all cities, market-towns, and all able parishes in the kingdom; and how by this means wandering, begging, idleness, and an untimely shameful end will be much prevented amongst many: idleness and prodigality being the grand causes."

* *History of the labouring Classes in England*, i. 165.

A recent inquiry, instituted by the House of Commons into the professors of mendicity in the metropolis, may render the mention of this tract acceptable to some readers of *RESTITUTA*. The following, relating to the hardships of the poor, is noticed by Sir Frederick Eden.

*Greevous Grones for the Poore, done by a well-wisher,
&c. By M. S. Lond. 1622.**

¶

S. BRANDON'S Epistle of OCTAVIA to ANTONY, 1598.



THE following lines from this production combine metrical grace with moral merit.

The more a man excels in wit,
And ill imployes the same ;
The more do all men him detest,
That love a vertuous name.

The rose and lylie cannot long
Content and please the sight ;
No golden day could ever scape
The darke ensuing night.

When this so much desired sunne
Shall but displease thy sight,
And all things else shall seem to want
The taste of sweete delight :

* Vide Eden's *Hist. ut supr.* i. 154.

When all the creatures of the earth
 Cannot procure thine ease ;
 And friends, with showers of vaine-shed teares,
 Cannot thy greefe appease :

When tyrannizing paine shall stop
 The passage of thy breath,
 And thee compel to sweare thyselfe
 True servant unto death :

Then shall one vertuous deed impart
 More pleasure to thy minde,
 Then all the treasures that on earth
 Ambitious thoughts can finde.

The well spent time of one short day,
 One hour, one moment, then
 Shall be more sweet, than all the joyes
 Amongst us mortal men.

The following is taken from Antony to Octavia.

A fault doth never with remorse
 Our mindes so deeply move,
 As when another's guiltlesse life
 Our error doth reprove.

O how can he be ever brought
 To thinke another true,
 Who through the guilt of his owne minde
 The other's life doth view ?





From *ARMIN'S Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, 4to.

DESCRIPTION OF WILL SOMMERS.

WILL SOMMERS, borne in Shropshire, as some say,
 Was brought to Greenwich on a holy day,
 Presented to the King; which Foole disdayn'd
 To shake him by the hand, or else asham'd;
 How er'e it was, as ancient people say,
 With much adoe was won to it that day.
 Leane he was, hollow-eyde, as all report,
 And stoop he did too; yet in all the Court
 Few men were more belov'd then was this Foole,
 Whose merry prate kept with the king much rule.
 When he was sad, the King and he would rime:
 Thus *Will* exiled sadnesse many a time.
 I could describe him as I did the rest,
 But in my mind I do not think it best:
 My reason this,—how er'e I doe descry him,
 So many knew him, that I may belye him;
 Therefore to please all people, one by one,
 I hold it best to let that paines alone.
 Onely thus much,—he was a poore man's friend,
 And helpt the widdow often in the end.
 The King would ever graunt what he did crave,
 For well he knew *Will* no exacting knave:
 But wisht the King to doe good deeds great store,
 Which caus'd the Court to love him more and more.



Description of Jemy Camber, a Scottish fool.

FROM THE SAME.

THIS fat Foole was a Scot borne, and brought up
 In Sterlin, twenty miles from Edinborough,
 Who being but young, was for the King caught up,
 Serv'd this King's father all his life time thorough.
 A yard high and a nayle, no more his stature,
 Smooth fac't, fayre spoken, yet unkinde by nature.

Two yards in compasse and a nayle, I reade,
 Was he at forty yeeres, since when I heard not
 Nor of his life or death, and further heede
 Since I ne'er read, I looke not, nor regard not :
 But what at that time *Jemmy Camber* was,
 As I have heard I write, and so let passe.

His head was smalle, his hayre long on the same,
 One eare was bigger than the other farre ;
 His forehead full, his eyes shin'd like a flame ;
 His nose flat, and his beard small, yet grew square ;
 His lips but little, and his wit was lesse,
 But wide of mouth, few teeth I must confesse.

His middle thicke, as I have said before,
 Indifferent thighes and knees, but very short ;
 His legs be square, a foote long and no more ;
 Whose very presence made the King much sport :
 And a pearle spoone he still wore in his cap,
 To eate his meate he lov'd, and got by hap.

A pretty little foote, but a big hand
 On which he ever wore rings rich and good :

Backward well made as any in that land,
 Though thicke, and he did come of gentle bloud :
 But of his wisdom ye shall quickly heare,
 How this fat Foole was made on every where.

Then follow some anecdotes of him, in prose.

In *Ulysses upon Ajax*, a tract, written soon after Harington's *Metamorphoses of Ajax*, 1596, one *Rumsey* is mentioned as my lord of Pembroke's jester.



From Nashe's Life of Jacke Wilton, 1594.



THE following extract from a very scarce publication may supply an additional note to Mr. Dibdin's highly enriched edition of Sir Thomas More's *Utopia*.

" Quick-witted *Sir Thomas Moore* travel'd in a cleane contrarie province to grave father Erasmus, who did write a booke in commendation of Folly ; for *hee*, seeing most commonwealths corrupted by ill custome, and that principalities were nothing but great piracies, which, gotten by violence and murder, were maintained by private undermining and bloodshed ; that in the chieftest flourishing kingdomes there was no equal or wel divided weale one with another, but a manifest conspiracie of rich men against poore men, procuring their owne unlawfull commodities under the name and interest of the commonwealth ; he concluded with himselfe to lay downe a perfect plot of a Commonwealth or Government, which he would intitle his *UTOPIA*."





The Young Gallants Whirligigg: or Youths Reakes, demonstrating the inordinate affections, absurd actions, and profuse expences, of vnbridled and affected youth: with their extratragant courses, and preposterous progressions, and aversions. Together with the too often deare bought experience, and the rare, or too late regression and reclamation of most of them from their habituall ill customes, and unqualified manners. Compiled and written by F. L. [Dedication signed Fra. Lenton.]

London, printed by M. F. for Rob. Bostocke in Pauls Churchyard, 1629.

4to.



IN his dedication to Sir Julius Cæsar, Knt. the author speaks of having “once belonged to the *Innes of Court*,” and says he was “no usuall Poetizer, but to barre idlenesse, imployed that little talent the Muses conferr’d upon him, in this little tract.”

A copy of this tract is preserved in the library of Sion College, which possibly may be unique. Lenton was the author of *The Innes of Court anagrammatised*, 1634, and *Great Britain’s Beauties*, 1638; two poems of no very elevated cast or character, yet not without some ingenious particularities.



*Phyala Lachrymarum, or a few friendly teares shed on
the body of Mr. Nathaniel Weld, M. A. of Emanuel
Colledge in Cambridge. By W. Lathum, 1694.*

12mo.



THE following poetical posy occurs in this scarce
little production.

No gaudie *Tulips* here admitted be,
Emblemes of false faire-fained sanctitie,
Whose worth all outward is in shew alone,
But inward scent hath not, ne vertue none.

Bring bashfull *Pinkes*, in which is to discry
Sweet embleme of faire maiden-modestie,—
Which, though of flowers least, almost the field
For sweetnesse to the greatest need not yeeld.

Bring *Hearts-ease* store ; oh ! flower most blest of all,
Which all they weare, whom nothing can befall
Beyond their expectation ill, ne ought
So good, as to excesse to tempt their thought.

Bring *Medway Cowslips*, and deft *Daffodillies* ;
The *Country Primrose* and all sorts of *Lillies*,
And Flowre-de-Luce (*Le fleur de lise*, more right)
Deliciæ flos, the flower of delight.

And last, a traile of winding *Ivie* let
Run all along, on either side beset
With sprigs of *Daphnis*, stain'd with drops of gold,
And olive-leaves that still with peace doth hold.

Some very singular words occur in this tributary poem, as *alewes*, *scientiall*, *surquedrous*, *bountiheed*, *fleshlyhood*, *companionrie*, *raucht*, *kilture*, *contristation*, *reluctation*, &c. A few of these appear to be the writer's original coinage, but it would have been wiser to have used the established currency of poetic language.



“ANCIENT prices of wearing apparel,” &c. from a MS. in the possession of the late Mr. *R. Greene* of Lichfield, who had formed a museum of curiosities.

	<i>L.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
<i>Dec. 4. 1640.</i>			
Bought of Mr. Pern a basin and voyder for the Earl of Dorset.....	32	13	0
<i>July 14, 1641.</i>			
Pawn'd my diamond ring of nine diamonds to Mr. South the Cutler, by Summerset-House, in the name of Mr. Wolf the Apothecary, till the 15 of October next, for.....	20	0	0
To the Sergeant that arrested me at Mr. Bour's suit.	0	2	0
Scouring my armour, the Cutler at Alesbury, for one year.....	0	4	0
Borrowed of Mr. Butler, the 2d of May, 1642....	100	0	0
(Lent the Parliament)			
A pair of green silk half stockings.....	0	3	0
2 pair of boots.....	1	2	0
Given Parson Sampson for his verses.....	0	11	6
Globe play house.....	0	1	6
Charges touching Tho. Harper, for inditing me at the Assizes, to sute....	0	10	0

This day I was imprisoned in the Counter by Wm.
Radford, a vintner, for not confessing my name.

Charges there	0	15	0
<i>Dec. 1.</i> To the Earl of Essex's Secretary for a protection for not plundering my house at Iver. Christned Mr. Sampert's son.			
A pass of Parliament to go to Cambridge.	0	7	6
A month's pay to Soldiers of Col. Bulstrode	2	5	0
To Major Buxton for 2 <i>lb.</i> of tobacco	1	8	0

1643.

Plush and velvet and sattin, for my wedding apparel.	47	12	0
Gloves for Mrs. Mary Thompson, 18 pair.	1	7	6
Embroidered slippers for her.	0	12	0
Diamond pendants for her—Dr. Fryer.	25	8	0
Lace for a band, cuffs, and tops	3	18	0
Mill'd stockings, a pair.	0	7	0
Silk do. black and white mingled	0	9	0
Shirt.	1	5	0
Slippers laced with silver.	0	11	0
Wedding favours, silver and gold.	13	4	0
Black sattin points, 3 doz.	3	0	0

April 28.

A play at Salisbury Court	0	1	6
Six pills of Mr. Wolf, my apothecary.	0	3	0

May 15.

Seeing a new play, *Cupid's Revenge*.*

May 19.

Grants 50*l.* per ann. to Dr. Fryer.

¶

* This could only be a revival, as the play itself appeared so early as 1615.

From ARTHUR HALL's dedication of his Ten bookes of *Homer's Iliades* to Sir Tho. Cecill, in the year 1581.

“About two or three yeres past, (good knight) ransacking divers old and aside cast papers of small moment, I found some fragments of *Homer's Iliades* translated out of Frenche verse into Englishe metre, at such time as I groped thereat, being a scholer with you in my L. your father's house: which when I had considered, and founde of as small reckening as the rest they were stored up with, which was in truth none at all, I was about to bequeath them to the fire: but being either better or worse advised, (for in your allowing and disallowing of this my proceeding consisteth the same) I tooke them againe in hand, and not only as my leasure and capacitie did serve me somewhat, corrected my first translation (which, God knows, needes even now much mending, and therefore in likelihood verie roughly hewed at the first) but also proceeded to finishe up *tenne* whole bookes. The which having performed this yeere, I have till now rested in divers myndes touching the publication of them. In which warre with myselfe, I first did deale with mine own want of abilitie to write any thing, much lesse to translate, and that out of verse into the same kinde, in my opinion the hardest matter belonges to the penne. Also I founde alwayes myselfe in such disquiet of minde by meanes of some practise of my contraries,* (I must say undeserved by me) such vexation in lawe, and carefull turmoyle to preserve somewhat of my poore house, in a manner overthrowne by my ungoverned youth, that I was fully perswaded I coulde not goe thorowe well with my desire, being so harried otherwayes: for

* He had been committed to the Tower in Feb. 1580, by an order of the Commons, for writing and printing a book, deemed *false and seditious*. See *Harl. Misc.* v. 246. and *Lansdowne MSS.* vol. xxxi. li. lviii. lxxxv—vi.

your selfe beste knows that to a poet there is no greater poyson than vexation of sprite. Againe, when I considered of the ripe wittes of this age, and had read diverse workes so exquisitely done in this kinde by our owne nation; as the travaile of M. *Barnabie Googe* in *Palingenius*; the learned and painefull translation of part of *Seneca* by M. *Jasper Heywood*; the excellent and laudable labour of Mr. *Arthur Golding*, making *Ovid* speake English in no worse termes than the author's owne gifts gave him grace to write in Latin; the worthy workes of that noble gentleman, my *L. of Buckhurst*; the pretie and pythie conceites of M. *George Gascoigne*; and others in great number, no more to be liked than praised, and not so much to be praised as to be recorded for their eternall commendation. These persons (whose bookes I am not worthie to carie) when I minded, I wished I had been otherwise occupied; I condemned my travaile, I scratched my head, as men doe when they are greatly barred of their willes. But when I lighted on M. *Thomas Phaer's* Virgilian Englishe; quoth I, what have I done? Am I become senseless, to travaile to be laughed at, to presume and to be scorned, and to put forth my selfe and not to be received? For I was so abashed, looking upon M. *Phaer's* heroicall Virgill and my satiricall Homer, as I cried out, (envying Virgill's prosperitie, who gathered of Homer) that he had fallen into the oddest man's hands that ever England bred: and lamented poore blind Homer's case, who gathered of no body, to fall to me; poore blinde soule! poorely and blindly to learne him to talke our mother-tongue. These stoppes, laide before me and considered, made me for a while cast my papers behind mee. But as it is a propertie of everie man soone to finde a reason to will him proceede with his owne humour, be it never so unreasonably grounded; in like case fell it with me; for these were my arguments against these sound persuations, objected to staie me. First I remembred, that about 18 or 19 yeeres past, walking with M. *Richard Askame* (a verie good Grecian, and a

familiar acquaintance of Homer) and reciting, upon occasion of talk between us, certaine verses, Englished by me, of the said author, he animated me much with great entreatie to goe forward with my begun enterprise. The like did also about that time the erst-named M. *Jasper Heywood*; a man then better learned than fortunate; and since more fortunate than he hath well bestowed (as it is thought) the giftes God and Nature hath liberally lent him." &c.



From *Churchyard's* dedication of *Ovid de Tristibus*,
 "to his most assured and tryed friende, Maister Christopher Hatton, esq." 1580.

"As I have great desire to perfourme my promise, touching my whole workes of English verses, (good maister *Hatton*,) so I wish my selfe able everye waye to keepe the worthinesse of your frendship, which many have tasted, and few can fynd fault withall: such is the evennesse of your dealinges, and the upright behaviour of the same. Wel; least I should seeme to unfold a fardle of flatterie, I retourne to my matter. My booke being unreadye, considering I was commaunded by a great and mighty parsonage to write the same againe, I am forced in the meane whyle to occupy your judgement with the reading of another man's worke, whose doings of it self are sufficient to purchase good report; albeit, it wanted such a patron as you are to defend it. The rest of that woorke, which as yet is not come forth, I purpose to pen and set out; craving a little leasure for the same. And surely, Sir, I blush that myne owne booke bears not a better tyle; but the baseness of the matter wil not suffer it to beare any higher name than *Churchyarde's chips*: for in the same are sondry tryfles composed in my youth, and such fruite as those dayes and my simple knowledge coulde

yelde ; so that the aptest name for such stuffe was, I thought, to geve my workes this title, to be called *Churchyard's Chips* ; to warme the wittes of his welwillers. In my *first* booke shall be three tragedies, two tales, a dreame, a description of frendship, a farewell to the Court, the siege of Leith, and sondry other thinges that are already written. And in my *seconde* booke shalbe foure tragedies, ten tales, the siege of St. Quintaynes, Newhaven, Calleis, and Guynes ; and I hope the rest of all the forrein warres, that I have seene or heard of abroad, shall follow in another volume.

Thus commending this little present to your consideration, I trouble you not long with the tediousness of my epistle : and wishing you much worshippe, good fame, and blessed fortune, I bydde you most hartely farewell.

Yours in all, at commaundement,

THOMAS CHURCHYARDE."

¶

The History of the Affairs of Europe in this present age, but more particularly of the Republic of Venice. Written in Italian by Battista Nani, Cavalier and Procurator of St. Mark. Englished by Sir Robert Honywood, Knight.

London, printed by J. M. for John Starkey, at the Mit-ter in Fleetstreet, betwixt the Middle Temple Gate, and Temple Bar. 1673.

Fol. pp. 574, besides dedication and table.

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**SIR ROBERT HONYWOOD** was eldest son of Sir Robert Honeywood of *Pett*, in the parish of *Charing*, in Kent, who was knighthed, July 7, 1625, by a daughter of Sir Martin Barnham of Hollingbourne, in Kent. His grandfather was Robert Honeywood of Charing, who married Dorothy, daughter of John Crook, LL. D. and who purchased in 1605 the estate at *Marks-Hall*, in Essex; and who was son of Robert Honeywood of Charing, by Mary, daughter and coheir of Robert Waters of Royton, near Lenham, Kent, a lady who lived to the age of 93, dying May 16, 1620, having continued a widow 44 years, and seen 367 children lawfully descended from her. (*See the curious account of her in FULLER'S WORTHIES, KENT*). Her husband was a younger son of John Honeywood, Esq. of *Hunewood*, in the parish of Postling, in Kent; whose eldest son John was father of John, M. P. for Hythe, father of John, father of Sir Thomas, father of Sir John, of *Elmsted* and *Sene*, in Kent, father of Sir Edward, of *Evington*, in Kent, created a *Baronet* in 1660; and ancestor of the present Sir John Courtnay Honeywood, of Evington, Bart.

*Sir Robert Honeywood*, our author, was knighted, June 15, 1625. Being of a military disposition, he spent many years abroad in the wars of the Palatinate, in the rank of a Colonel; and was one of those gallant English volunteers that vigorously espoused the interests of Frederick, King of Bohemia, father to the Princess Sophia, sacrificing a great part of his patrimony in that service. During our civil wars, he sided with the Parliament, and by means of his kinsman, Sir Thomas Honeywood, was made one of the Council of

State about the 16th of May, 1659. In his old age and retirement he translated the above History of *Nani*, and dedicated it to his brother-in-law, Sir Walter Vane, Kt. for he married Frances, daughter to Sir Henry Vane the elder, Treasurer of the Household, and of the Privy Council to K. Charles I. His grandson Robert succeeded to the estate at Marks-Hall, in Essex; and representing that county in Parliament, died, 1735. He was father of the late General Philip Honywood, who about the year 1781 left his estates to his very remote cousin Filmer Honywood, Esq. M. P. for Kent, younger son of Sir John Honywood of Evington, Bart.

Sir Robert thus dedicates his translation :

*“ To Sir Walter Vane, Knight, Colonel of his Majestie's Holland Regiment.*

*“ DEAR BROTHER,*

*“ I began this translation in the circumstances of an uncomfortable old age, and ruined fortune, brought upon me rather by public calamity, than private vice or domestic prodigality. And I undertook it to divert the melancholy hours, arising from the consideration of either. And as the intention was private, and without the least thought of making it publick, so I judged it every way best not to exceed those limits till some, acquainted with the affairs of those times, desiring it might see the light, and I then considering the friendship that hath always been betwixt us, and that particular owning a share in all my misfortunes, and a readiness to be assistant to me in them, I thought it did of right belong to you ; and that I might without vanity own also so much of public, as to publish to whomsoever shall read this Book, the true value and sense I have of your love and kindness to me and mine, exercised with a generosity without many examples.*

I therefore desire you (dear Brother) to accept it, not as that whereby you receive any thing but the testimony of the respect I bear you, and retribution I owe you; yet I presume I shall not deceive you, if I promise you, that are a heedful Reader, that you shall find in it reflections useful for the way you are in, both of Court and of Camp, and matter to give you occasion to acknowledge, it may deserve a place among the best of modern writers, if not the first, unless it have received too much disadvantage by the unskilfulness of the interpreter. But I will not raise that expectation by so weak an argument as mine own judgment, but leaving it to yours, subscribe myself

Your affectionate brother

and humble servant,

ROBERT HONYWOOD."



*"The Publisher to the Reader.*

READER,

"Next after writing books, translating them, and printing those translations, are the worst offices we do the Public; for as not many of the one deserve the light, so the same proportion must hold in the other. Yet, where the one and the other are exercised with judgment, and in profitable and noble subjects, they cannot want a first value among wise and sober men. For though I confess nothing hath of late so much thronged the press as Romances and Plays, with things of a light and fanciful nature, and that this very book hath found difficulty to creep forth, as being not of that form; yet I dare assure thee, thou shalt find in it, if thou be romantic inclined, truth in matter of fact out-doing fiction: if thou love history, thou shalt find the best ancient and modern historians emulated and imitated; civil wisdom and policy curiously observed; the trade of war, if thy way be martial, strenuously carried on;

vices and errors, persons and actions civilly censured ; virtues set up on high, to be the better seen ; and the common-wealth, from which this history taketh its name, in difficulties wisely deliberating, in resolutions vigorously acting ; in making treaties cautious, in executing of them faithful and constant ; sparing in time of peace, prodigal of their treasure in the necessary occasions of war ; and at all times punishing fraud in it equally with rebellion : so that, if the inventor of those glasses, which shewed by reflection at the foot of one side of a mountain what was done on the other, was famous for it, though but a knack ; why not this author much more, who from behind the mountain of time represents to thy view, not only what hath been actually done in the busy years treated of in this History, but what were the secret counsels, and who the authors of them ; and also by reflection what will be done in the world till ambition and the passions of men shall cease and be no more ? Thus, Reader, though good wine needs no bush ; yet since sophisticating is now so universal, I thought to give thee advertisement, and leave it to be tasted by thee."

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*The Case of James Percy, Claymant to the Earldom of Northumberland. With an impartial account of the Proceedings he hath made in the several Courts of Justice, in order to the proving and obtaining his right and title to the said Earldom. Humbly addressed to the King's most excellent Majesty, and the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament assembled.*

Prov. viii. 15. *By me Kings reign and Princes decree justice.*

*London, printed in the year 1685.*

Fol. pp. 12.





THE Claimant states his descent from SIR INGELRAM PERCY, third son of Henry, 5th Earl of Northumberland, who died 1527, by Catherine, daughter and coheir of Sir Robert Spencer, Kt. of Spencer-combe, in Devonshire. He asserts that Sir Ingelram had two sons, Henry and Robert.

That Henry, eldest son, married and had three sons, Henry, James the claimant, and Henry: that the two Henries died young, and that

James the claimant married, and had three sons, Anthony, Henry, and John.

Anthony, the eldest, was then married, and had issue Henry.

Joscelyn Percy, the *eleventh* and *last* Earl of Northumberland, died, May 21, 1670.

Henry, 6th Earl, elder brother of Sir Ingelram, died 1537. Thomas his nephew, son of his next brother, Sir Thomas Percy, *who was attainted*, was restored to the Earldom by Q. Mary, and was the Earl who in 1568 engaged with the Earl of Westmoreland in the Northern rebellion; for which he was beheaded, 1572. His daughter and coheir, Lady Lucy Percy, married Sir Edward Stanley of Einsham, in Oxfordshire, and was mother of the celebrated Venetia, Lady Digby, (wife of Sir Kenelm). His brother Henry was restored as *eighth* Earl of Northumberland, 18 Eliz.

In the Northumberland article in Collins's *Peerage*, (vol. ii.) drawn up by the late Bishop Percy, it is denied that Sir Ingelram Percy was ever married. But the Claimant's case states that "he *was* married, and had sons and daughters, *as by the oath of Mr. Henry Champion, who kept the Percies' books and records, where*

*he found what he testified upon oath at the tryal between Retling, plaintiff, and Coppleston, defendant.*

“He had issue,” as the case goes on to state, “1. Henry Percy; 2. Robert Percy; and two daughters. About 1559, these four children were (in the time of troubles of Q. Elizabeth’s days) sent out of the North in hampers, to old Dame Vaux, at Haraden in Northamptonshire, and there were brought up, preserved, and provided for. Therefore it is concluded by all, that Sir Ingelram’s lady, the mother of those children, must be related to Dame Vaux’s family.”

“Henry, eldest son, married the daughter of one Tibbott, by whom he had James, who died about 1654 in Ireland, without issue male; William, who died young; Henry; and three daughters.

“Henry Percy married Lydea, the daughter of Mr. Robert Cope, of Horton in Northamptonshire.

“James, the now Claimant, was born, 1619, of Henry and Lydea, his wife.

“Oct. 11, 1670, the Claimant arrived in England to prosecute his claim to the Earldom of Northumberland; at which time it being given out that the Countess Dowager of Earl Jocelyn was with child, the Claimant desisted until the contrary was evident,

“Feb. 3, 1670, he entered his claim at the Signet Office;” and afterwards attended the Attorney General, with his Counsel, Serjeant Bramston, together with Sir Edward Walker, and Sir John Birkenhead; and “there then appearing some difficulty to find out who was the Claimant’s great-grandfather, it was the joint advice of Sir Edward Walker, Sir John Birkenhead, and Serjeant Bramston, that the Claimant should at adventure claim

under some one of the family of the Percies, and not delay his prosecution any longer; they all then declaring to the Claimant, that in case he pitcht upon a wrong person to claim from, yet it could not prejudice the Claimant; for that on the contrary would be a means to find out the right person.

"Pursuant to this advice, the Claimant took his descent from Sir Richard Percy," (younger son to the eighth Earl) "as his great-grandfather; and the matter thereon coming to be heard before the Lords in Parliament, Sir Richard Percy appeared to be too young to be the Claimant's great-grandfather, Serjeant Pemberton then of Counsel with the Claimant, informed their Lordships of the reason and advice aforesaid of the Claimant's fixing upon Sir Richard Percy as his great-grandfather; and that, notwithstanding the mistake, the same could not, nor ought really to prejudice the Claimant, as to any definitive sentence to be passed thereon by their Lordships, against the Claimant; for that the matter of the Claimant's right and claim ought first to be tried in the inferior courts; and in case the truth of the matter could not be found out and determined at law, then, and not before, it was proper for their Lordships' judgment and determination; with which their Lordships were satisfied.

"Upon this the Claimant's adversaries procured to be published in the Gazettes, that the Claimant was an *Impostor*; and at their courts declared to the tenants that his name was not *Percy*, but that he was a *Bastard*; and that they could prove, that *Henry Percy*, whom he declared was his father, was never married," &c.

According to this account, at one of the trials, which

took place in 1674, and in which the Claimant's attorney is accused of having *by collusion* suffered a non-suit, Lord Chief Justice Hale stood up, and declared his dissatisfaction thereat, saying in open court, "*That the Claimant had proved himself a true Percy, by father, mother, grandfather, and grandmother, and of the blood and family of the Percies, Earls of Northumberland; and that he did verily believe the Claimant was cousin and next heir male to Jocelyn Percy, Earl of Northumberland: only he was afraid he had taken his descent a little too low.*"

"NOTE: immediately after this trial was over, the Court of King's Bench risen, and the Judge going to his coach, the late Earl of Shaftsbury meeting him at his coach, said thus to the Judge, "*My Lord, I hear Mr. Percy's trial was to-day: what do you think of him?*" to which the Lord Chief Justice HALE with much earnestness replied: "*I verily believe he hath as much right to the Earldom of Northumberland, as I have to this coach and horses, which I have bought and paid for.*"

"After this, the Claimant (pursuant to Judge Hale's intimation) endeavoured to search higher for his pedigree, and for that purpose repaired to the Right Honourable and truly noble and virtuous the then Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery, at Appleby Castle, at such time as Judge Wild and Judge Ellis (in their circuit) dined there; when and where (after a long discourse had between the said Countess and the Claimant touching his claim to the Earldom of Northumberland, and enquiry after his great-grandfather) the Countess, in the presence of Sir Thomas Stringer and Sir John Otway, said thus to the Claim-

ant: "If you be of kin to me, you must be descended from those children that were sent into the south in hampers, in the troublesome times in Queen Elizabeth's days;" which proved a happy intimation to the Claimant; for thereby he at last arrived to the knowledge of his great-grandfather, as in the pedigree."

The question came on again in a variety of actions and forms, between 1674 and 1684, in which the Claimant complains that he was constantly foiled, not upon the merits, but by technicalities, intrigues, a long purse, and corrupt power. And if the particulars he sets forth be true, there certainly is an appearance, as if his complaint was well founded.

At the close he says:

"Now it remains that the Claimant answer some objections, much insisted on by his adversary.

"*Objection I.* That the Claimant at first derived his pedigree from Sir *Richard* Percy, as his great-grandfather; and afterwards from Sir *Ingelram* Percy.

"*Answer.* This is admitted to be true in fact, but the occasion of deriving from *Richard* Percy was,

"1. The matches of the Percies were rent out of the Herald's book, and Sir *Ingelram* Percy's was quite left out of the first pedigree.

"2. The misfortunes of the family of the Percies in Q. Elizabeth's time, and thereby those of them, under whom the Claimant is immediately descended, driven out of their native country, and from their father's house, in a most obscure manner, merely for preservation of their lives in their tender years.

"3. The taking away the court of wards, and inquisitions *post mortem*.

“ 4. The interruption of the executing the office of *Heralds* in the times of the late rebellion.

“ 5. The adversaries having the advantage of possessing themselves of all the memorandums and records of the late *Earls* of Northumberland, Algernon and Jocelyn, and the pedigrees and descents of that family.

“ The advice abovesaid, given to the Claimant by Sir Edward Walker, Sir John Birkenhead, and the Claimant's counsel, to fix upon the wrong party, as the only way to find out the right; and which in truth had the hoped for effect. Nor is this an objection with any knowing, intelligent, and unbiassed person; It being a thing frequently in practice in the courts of law.

“ *Objection II.* The obscurity of the Claimant, and ~~mean~~ness of his profession, having been a *Trunk-maker*.

“ *Answer.* The obscurity was, as before is said, from the misfortunes and difficulties of the family of the Percies, in the troublesome times of Q. Elizabeth.

“ Nor is it any real disreputation upon any noble family; the supporting families by lawful callings, though never so mean, being esteemed a virtue by all virtuous persons: and it is more frequent in the noblest families in Germany to train up their sons in the learning handicraft trades. Nor can any thing but vice disparage true nobility. Besides, the matter in controversy is not, whether the Claimant was of this or that trade; but whether he be cousin and next heir male to Jocelyn Percy, last Earl of Northumberland? which he hath, at several trials, and in several courts, proved to full satisfaction of the said courts, by all the methods and ways imaginable.

“ As by proof of his lineal descent, and the ownings and declarations of the late Earls of Northumberland, Algernon and Jocelyn; that the Claimant (by the appellation of *James Percy, the Trunk-maker of Dublin,*) was of the blood and family of the Percies, and next heir male, after the said Jocelyn, to the Earldom; and by diverse other unanswerable proofs.

“ This being the true state of the Claimant's right and title to the said Earldom, and of the means by which he has endeavoured to recover his said right, wherein he hath been obstructed by the powerfulness of his adversaries, and the corruption of his agents; he humbly submits to the great wisdom, honour, and justice of the King's most sacred Majesty, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled; and (where it is not possible there can be any failure of justice) for relief and redress in the premises.”

The compiler of the Northumberland article in Collins's *Peerage* (which I have already ascribed to Bishop Percy) treats this claim with contempt: asserting that Sir Ingelram Percy was never married, which he infers from the silence in *his will* as to any wife or children, except an illegitimate daughter. This is certainly a presumption of some strength; but far from conclusive, and capable of being rebutted by contrary proofs. The compiler adds, that “ having persevered in his pretensions for twenty years; and being an illiterate man, and conducting his pursuit in an illiberal manner, at length, in 1689, the Lords sentenced him to wear a paper in Westminster Hall, declaring him ‘ a false and impudent pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland.’ ” Dr. P. subjoins a note, that “ he printed several editions of his case with various alterations; but none that offered even probable proof.” His son, ANTHONY PERCY, became Lord Mayor of Dublin, and is mentioned as a sufferer under the tyranny of King James, by Archbishop King, in his account of *The Sufferings of the Protestants of Ireland*. See Collins's *Peerage*, edit. 1812, vol. ii. p. 357.\*

\* Joscelyn Percy, younger brother of Henry Percy, 5th Earl of North-

Before we remark on this claim, it is necessary to remember the rule of "*Audi alteram partem*." If the Claimant has stated what is false, in regard to the declarations of that wise, and incorrupt Judge, Sir Matthew Hale; in regard to Champion's evidence of Sir Ingelram Percy's marriage; and in regard to the technical obstacles which were thrown in the way of his various suits at law, the inferences in his favour of course fall to the ground. But it must have been an hardened effrontery, not probable in the ordinary course of human conduct, and therefore not lightly to be believed, to publish these statements in the face of all the world, if untrue; as in that case it would then have been so easy to disprove them. On the other hand, to stamp this Percy with the ignominious character of an *Impostor*, would have been an act in the House of Lords not a little arbitrary and unjust, unless there had been strong evidence that his conduct had been grossly dishonourable. I am however at a little loss to guess by what law or authority this unhappy man was branded by this peculiar mode of punishment.

I confess, that till I can receive the contradiction of a strong case on the other side, I cannot reflect on the statements disclosed in this publication of Percy, without strong suspicions that there was a great deal of truth mingled up with his claim. He might have

umberland, was father of Edward Percy of Beverley, Esq. whose younger son, Thomas, is supposed to have been the Percy engaged in the Gunpowder Plot, who flying to Worcestershire, was there shot dead. From him is said to have descended Charles Percy, a tradesman of Cambridge, whose son, Joscelyn Percy, A. M. had the Rectory of Marham, near Peterborough, and was supposed to be the next heir male of the family about 1753. See *Masters' History of Bene't Coll. Camb.* p. 355.

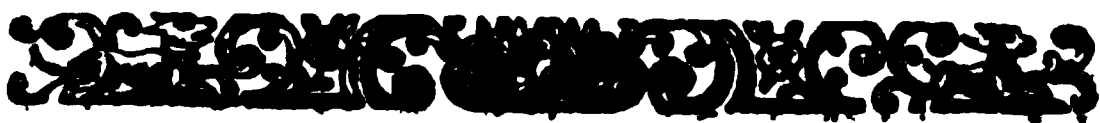


conducted himself illiberally, and thus have injured his own rights; but it seems to me contrary to probability, and the usual course of human actions, to have persevered in such assertions, and such pretensions, without a sort of family knowledge and conviction on his part, not always communicable in the shape of proof, because perhaps it consists of little inherited particles of information, which cannot be embodied in a tangible form. The story of this unfortunate Claimant therefore appears to me to possess an interest far from trifling. It is not impossible there was an illegitimacy in the course of the descent; for the printed case (unlike modern cases) neither states, nor refers to proofs, except the proof of Sir Ingelram's marriage, and the declaration of the Countess of Dorset, which, if true, is too vague to prove the particular line of descent relied upon.

I may here observe, that a treatise on the law of evidence, as applied to pedigree, is yet a desideratum. The brief outline, ably sketched in CRUISE's excellent *Treatise of Dignities*, is too general for the purpose.

B.

Oct. 14, 1815.





*Penelope's Complaint: or a Mirror for wanton Minions.  
Taken out of Homer's Odissea, and written in English  
verse, by Peter Colse.*

*Armat spina rosas, mella tegunt apes.*

*London, printed by H. Jackson, dwelling in Fleetstreet,  
and are to be sold at his shop under Temple-barre  
gate, 1596.*

4to. 32 leaves.



THE name of this writer appears to be new on the muster-roll of our Elizabethan poets, and Herbert records no production by Hugh Jackson the printer of a later date than 1590: this publication therefore is a novelty in a twofold point of view. The author, both in his dedication, and address to the readers, has a pointed and rather invidious allusion to a poem which was published in 1594, under the title of "*Willobie his Arisa, or the true picture of a modest maide, and a chaste and constant wife.*" In a second edition of that poem, edited by the author's "chamber-fellow," Hadrian Dorrell, in 1596, and examined with able care by Mr. Haslewood, in the *British Bibliographer*, iii. 241, the present writer is named as "one P. C." and his sinister reflections on that performance are repelled in a vindicating apology. I propose to exhibit the epistle dedicatory and address, as both allude to the poem of Henrie Willobie, who was termed by his editor and

friend, "a scholar of very good hope;" and as both will serve to illustrate several passages in the *Apologie*, reprinted by Mr. Haslewood. The dedication is thus inscribed:

*"To the vertuous and chaste Ladie, the Lady Edith, wife to the right worshipfull Sir Rafe Horsey, knight, increase of all honourable vertues.*

Perusing (vertuous Ladie) a Greeke author,\* entituled *Odyssea*, written by Homer, prince of Greeke Poets; noting therein the chaste life of the Ladie Penelope, in the twentie yeers absence of her loving lord, Ulysses; I counterfeited a discourse in English verse, terming it her *Complaint*: which treatise comming to the view of certaine my special friends, I was by them often times encited to publish it. At length, weying with my self the shipwracke that noble vertue, Chastitie, is subject unto; and seeing an *unknowne author*† hath of late published a *pamphlet*,‡ called *A'visa*; overslipping so many praiseworthy matrons, hath registred the *meanest*.§ I have presumed, under your Ladiship's patronage, to commit this my *Penelope's Complaint*, though imperfectly portraied, to the presse: not doubting but the etimologie of so rare a subject,

\* Author seems here to be substituted for work.

† "The author was unknown," says Dorrell, "not because he could not, but because he would not know him: his true name being open on every page." Vid. *Brit. Bibl.* ubi sup.

‡ "His poetical fiction P. C. calleth a pamphlet. It is folly for a man to despise that which he cannot mend." *ib.*

§ Dorrell pertinently remarks on this: "I thought that Chastitie had not bene the meanest, but rather, one of the greatest giftes, that God giveth to men or women. If by the *meanest*, hee meane anye other object or subject of Willobie his Muse, then Chastitie itselfe (under the fayned name of *A'visa*) is a meaning of his owne making, a subject of his owne suggestion, far from the mind of the first maker."

enchased with the physiognomie of your excellent chastitie ; so worthie a conclusion cannot but be a sufficient argument, both to abolish Venus' idolaters, and also to countervaille the checkes of artizans, ill-willers, which carpe at al, but correct nothing at all ; measuring other men's labours by their owne idle humours.

Thus offering unto your Ladiship the firstlings of my scholars crop, for a satisfaction of my presumption ; and hoping you will pardon my boldness, and accept of this my proffered service, I commit you to the grace and tuition of the Almightye !

Your Ladiship's to commaund,

PETER COLSE."

After this follows an acrostical poem in eight six-line stanzas, "in commendation of the right worshipful Sir Raufe Horsey, knight." Then "an encomium upon Sir Rafe Horsey, and the Lady Edith, in saphic verse." More acrostics "in commendation of the vertuous, prudent, and chaste virgin, Mistris Grace Horsey, daughter to Sir Ralph Horsey, and the Ladie Edith." "Candido Lectori hexastichon," signed Joannes Mayo. "Amico suo charissimo, P. C." signed S. D. in all probability, Samuel Daniel. To these preliminaries succeed the author's address, which I transcribe.

*" To the Readers.*

Having taken upon me, Gentlemen, to pipe with Hiparchion, though my musicke be not melodious inough to content the proud Thessalians, yet I doubt not but poore shepheards will stirre their stumps after my minstrelsie. If the stranes be too harsh to delight your stately eares ; pardon me, and accept my mind and not my musicke. I stretch my strings as I can ; desiringe rather to teach the simple their uniform cinquepace,

then effect courtiers in their lofty galliards, which alter every day with new devises. The cause I have contrived so pithie a matter in so plaine a stile and short verse is, for that a vaine glorious *Avisa* (seeking by slaunder of her superiors,\* to eternize her folly,†) is in the like verse by an unknowen authour described. I follow, I say, the same stile and verse; as neither misliking the methode nor the matter, had it been applied to some worthier subject. Thus hoping you will courteously accept my *Penelope's Complaint*, I wil shortly make you amends with her Will and Testament, in pentameters; wherein I wil stretch my wits to Ela, to shew my duetie, and satisfie your desires: and so farewell.

PETER COLSE."

Hence it appears, that while Peter Colse indulged an obliquity of reflection against Willobie's *Avisa*, he avowedly imitated its style and structure of lyric versification. But he pursued his poetic track at an humble distance, though with more uniformity and better judgment, as to the minor divisions of the work. A few extracts shall be given, from which the whole may most favourably be appreciated.

*Penelope, her Answer to her Wooers.*

My lords, for me take you no care,  
My love's losse I my selfe wil mourne;

\* It is the averment of Hadrian Dorrell:—"I dare precisely advouch, that the author intended neyther the description nor prayse of any particular woman; and therefore this P. C. hath offered manifest injurie to some, whatever they be, whome his private fancie hath secretly framed in conceit."

† Dorrell observes—"None can eternize their follie in things which they never thought of: but I pray God some other have not eternized their follies more waies then one."

I wonder you so witlesse are  
 To trie by force the streame to turne :  
 What though my love doth time prolong,  
 With shame shal I requite the wrong ?

Shame follows sinne, as beames the sunne ;  
 Amisse wil out, though closely done ;  
 Folly diffame can never shunne,  
 Reproach breaks out, unthought upon :  
 My countenance would me bewray,  
 If I amisse should do or say.

Shall I my soule's shipwracke procure ?  
 Shall hateful slander spot my name ?  
 Shall faire speech me to lust allure ?  
 With pleasure shall I purchase shame ?  
 Ile rather pine in my complaint,  
 Than shame shall crown me Cupid's saint.

I can but thanks afford for love,  
 Your good will for to gratifie :  
 Your practise meane I not to prove,  
 Your secret friendship I defie.  
 Sith, lordings, you have misst your aime,  
 Leave off in time, those toyes reclaime.

For why ? it never shall be said  
 Penelope did tread awry,  
 Nor truely told—she false hath playde,  
 Or spotted her pure chastitie :  
 My lords, I loathe your wanton lure,  
 Your faith shal not my fall procure.

Therefore, my lords and lovers all,  
 Let me this at your hands obtaine,

(For feare of that which may befall)  
 That you my house awhile refraine,—  
 Until my towe\* be at an end ;  
 Then I with speede wil for you send.

*Her Epistle to Ulysses.*

Ulysses ! if thou be alive,  
 Peruse those lines I send to thee :  
 Sweete ! let me see thee here arrive,  
 'Tis booteles for to write to me.  
 Not thy epistle, be thou sure ;  
 Thy present sight my grieve must cure.

Ah ! say, sweetheart and true love mine !  
 How can'st thou ling'ring stay so long ?  
 Why cam'st thou not home al this time ?  
 How can'st thou offer me this wrong ?  
 Say, sluggard ! what doth thee restraine,  
 That thou dost not returne againe ?

The Trojan war is at an end,  
 To sinders Troy is quite consumde :  
 The Argives al do homeward bend,  
 With incense are the altars 'fumdē.  
 Some free,† I fear me, holdes thee backe,  
 And that's the cause thou art so slacke.

To Pylon have I often sent,  
 To forrein countries farre and neare ;  
 My messenger to Sparta went,  
 But there no certaine newes could heare :

\* *Tow* is the coarser part of flax, and therefore not very happily chosen to form the texture of Penelope's web.

† *Free*, or *foe*, may either be the intended reading.

At Troy, they say, thou wert not slaine,  
That makes me hope, thou com'st againe.

Ah ! good Ulysses, hie thee home,  
For I had suitors long agoe :  
If that thou say thou wilt not come,  
Then know I what I have to do.  
I need not long a widow live,  
A hundred gladly would me wive.

My father eke doth me accuse,  
And saies—I do my wooers wrong ;  
And too too much my selfe abuse,  
Sith widdow-like I stay so long :  
But let him daily me reprove,  
From constant faith I wil not move.

Yea, let him say or do his worst,  
I wil be but Ulysses wife :  
To him I gave my faith at first,  
With him Ile end my love and life :  
To him, ere I wil faile my faith,  
I sure will die a martir's death.

As twentie winters they are gone,  
So twentie more I meane to spend :  
I wil undoe that I have done  
Ten thousand times before I end ;  
Yet shall I thinke each houre twaine  
Until you do returne againe.

The poesies of this writer seem to show that the *Epistles* of Ovid were more resorted to by him than the *Odyssey* of Homer : but he blended much of the familiar phraseology of his own time and nation, which ill



assimilates with classical antiquity. A few detached instances of this travestie style may close this article.

*I scot-free scap't, and Rhesus slaine.*

*These trencher-flies me tempt each day,  
What shall I to these roysters say?*

*A thousand Bridewell birds hath made.*

*Put case, that you, my prettie ones,  
Should match with such a brainsicke boy,  
As would not sticke to baste your bones.*

¶

## MODI MUTANTUR, &c.



MR. PINKERTON, the learned antiquary and geographer, &c. published a volume of poems in 1781, which he entitled *Rimes*: and such are the changes even in literary fashions, that THOMAS BASTARD, an early English epigrammatist, seems to have considered such a title as almost degrading; for in his *Chrestoleros*, 1598, he addresses the following lines

*Ad Lectorem.*

Reader, I grant I do not keep the laws  
Of *riming* in my verse; but I have cause:  
I turn the pleasure of the end sometimes,  
Lest he, that *likes them not*, should call them RIMES.

¶



## Biographiana.

*Collectanea for Athenæ Cantabrigienses.*

107. *Wm. Stukeley, C. C. C. C.*



R. WHITAKER, in his *History of Manchester*, 4to. 1771, says—"I am sorry to observe that Mr. Pegge has sullied his useful *Treatise on the Coins of Cunobeline*, with a rude stricture on the late Dr. Stukeley. Let the extravagancies of Dr. Stukeley be all corrected. They ought to be. But let not his character be held up to the public, as the mere fantastical enthusiast of antiquities. This justice, gratitude, and politeness equally concur to forbid. His strong intellect, his enterprising spirit, and his extensive learning, must ever be remembered with respect and reverence. And even his extravagancies, great as they are, must be considered as the occasionally wild colouring of that bright ray of genius, which has not yet been too frequently the portion of our English antiquarians, and which never seduces the dull critic either into excellencies, or into extravagances." Query, whether Mr. Whitaker is not here making his own apology? Aug. 1, 1771.

"Mr. Pennant, in his *Welch Tour*, speaking of Dr. Stukeley, has the following passage, similar to what I had many years before observed of him.

"Having had occasion to mention a departed antiquary, I think fit to acknowledge the many hints I have benefited by, from

the travels of that great and lively genius; but at the same time lament, that I must say I often find him, *plus beau que la verité*. His great fancy led him too frequently to paint things as he thought they ought to be, not what they really were."

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108. *Laurence Sterne, A. M. Jesus College.*

"Prebendary of North Newbold, in the Cathedral of York, in which he was succeeded by Dr. Worthington: he was also Vicar of Sutton in the Forest, in which he was succeeded by Mr. Cheap, in March or April, 1768. He died, 1768, aged 53.

"His death happened in Old Bond Street, of a decaying complaint, a relation of mine seeing him at court not above three weeks before. *March 26, 1768.*"

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109. *John Strype of St. Catherine Hall.*

"Joh. Strype, Coll. Jesu admissus in matriculam Academiae Cantabr. July 5, 1662. T. B.

"J. S. Aul. St. Cath. A. B. 1665, ad Bapt. scriptis suis de Ecclesia Anglicana præclare meritis." T. B.

"M. A. of Catherine Hall, born at London, of German extraction; Vicar of Low Leyton in Essex, Rector of Theydon Bois in Essex, June 1664, which he resigned the Feb. following for Leyton. Had a sinecure from Tenison, and was Lecturer of Hackney, where he died, 13 Dec. 1737.

"In Mr. Strype's dedication of his *Life of Sir Thomas Smith*, he takes notice of a censure passed upon him by the author of *The English Historical Library*, as crowding too many quotations from other books into his History. Mr. Strype very modestly defends himself from the charge, and won't allow the censure to be just in his respect. His cousin, Mr. Bonnell, in a letter to him, also disculpates him from the charge, as unjust. Mr. Nich. Batteley also, in a letter to Mr. Strype, says, he has cashiered the censurer too mildly, being a bold man, and proud and partial cen-

surer of other men's works. After all this bustle, it seems the whole was a mistake of Nicholson, who, in his letter to White Kennett abusing Dr. Atterbury, frankly owns that he meant *Bishop Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams*, and not Mr. Strype's of Archbishop Cranmer: and sure never pedantic book deserved it better. However, it was a little hard upon poor Mr. Strype, that through his bad memory he should have been made uneasy, and stigmatized for another man's fault. Bishop Nicholson, at the same time, to soothe Mr. Strype, that he owns his blunder, makes honourable mention of him, as indeed he could not with justice do otherwise.

" Strype was educated at St. Paul's school."

---

110. *James Six, A. M.*

This ingenious young man was a native of Canterbury, and educated at the public school of that city; and afterwards at Trinity Coll. Cambridge, of which he became Fellow. He died at Rome, 1786, being then Tutor to the present Sir John Stanley of Alderley, Bart.

" *Verses and Epitaph by Mr. Six of Trinity College, on Mr. Wm. Gostling of Canterbury, 1779.*

" The following Verses and Epitaph were copied by Mr. James Essex of Cambridge from a MS. belonging to Mr. Gostling's daughter, whom he saw going to Margate, in August, 1779, and lent to me, Oct. 8, 1779.

" *On seeing a mourning ring, to the memory of the Rev. Wm. Gostling, with a crystal urn, enclosing a platted lock of his hair.*

1.

When I survey this emblematic urn,  
This briefly comprehensive tale peruse,  
Remembrance wakes my soul to soft concern,  
To grateful elegy my plaintive Muse.

## II.

O narrow shrine ! And is thy crystal stor'd  
 With all that pious thriftiness could save ?  
 Yet shall affection prize this little hoard,  
 Won from the crouded coffers of the grave.

## III.

Lo ! here his reverend locks may vie with snow,  
 In silver tissue curiously dispread !  
 Yet how much more becoming did they show  
 Beneath the velvet covering of his head !

## IV.

On the fair brow, as open as his heart,  
 Which every social tie could comprehend,  
 To worth or science equal aid impart;  
 An hospitable, universal friend.

## V.

Where is the glist'ning eye, the pregnant smile,  
 The comely countenance, the vocal tongue,  
 Whose lively tales could fleeting time beguile,  
 Instruct the old, and captivate the young ?

## VI.

Decrepid age and racking gout conspir'd  
 To break this firm composure, but in vain.  
 Oft have I mark'd his features, and admir'd—  
 Serenely smiling in the face of pain.

## VII.

Careless the fetters of disease he bore ;  
 While memory led his active mind to stray  
 Thro' Gothic piles, in search of ancient lore,  
 And rescue sacred ruins from decay.

## VIII.

Still fancy views him ; still I seem to spy  
 His lamp, his book, his posture, form, and dress :

Beside him filial care, with anxious eye,  
Watching his undisclosed wants to guess.

## IX.

Thus his good name, and honour'd image still  
On living tablet shall affection raise,  
Above the sculptor's ostentatious skill,  
Or the vain words of monumental praise.

J. SIX, A. B."

*"To the Memory of the Rev. Wm. Gostling, Minor Canon of the  
Cathedral Church of Canterbury.*

Hither, ye sons of harmony, repair,  
And haste to pay the tributary tear :  
In crouds approach this monumental stone,  
And with the tears of marble mix your own.  
His loss with sighs lament : to whom was given  
To emulate the inhabitants of heaven :  
With sacred hymns to bid devotion rise,  
And draw attention from his kindred skies.  
Pity shall lend her saddest, sweetest strain,  
And Music's self in hallow'd notes complain.  
Meanwhile translated to that blest abode,  
Where hosts celestial join to praise their God ;  
In strains ineffable by human tongue,  
Attuning high their never-ceasing song.  
Him shall his much lov'd *Bird* with rapture greet,  
And *Blow* and *Purcell* hold in converse sweet :  
And to those mansions of the good and bless'd,  
Angels shall hail their long expected guest."

---

111. *Tho. Morrell, D. D. King's College: Rector of  
Buckland in Hertfordshire.*

"Dr. Morrell is my old acquaintance : was born, as I take it,  
at Eton ; where, at least, his mother and sister kept a boarding-

house, while I was of that school; but by keeping low company, especially of the musical tribe, and writing their operas, and mixing much with them, he let himself down so as not to be taken notice of in the road of preferment. His great friend, and from whose patronage he expected much, Mons. Desnoyers, dancing-master, and greatly intimate with Frederick Prince of Wales, died before he could get any thing for him: though a very ingenious, good-tempered man, and a good scholar; but always in debt and needy, so as frequently to be obliged to abscond. He had a new office erected for him in our Antiquary Society about a year or two ago, (I write this, June 25, 1777) where he is one of the Secretaries. He married a lady of good family, of the name of Barker; but happily, I think, has no issue. One of his best performances, for he is a frequent writer, is *Mr. Hogarth's Analysis of Beauty*, which is supposed to have been written by him.

"Mr. Nichols, p. 33. of his *Life of Hogarth*, says, that Dr. Ben. Hoadley, M. D. began and finished two parts in three of the *Analysis of Beauty*, and Dr. Morrell finished it for the author, Mr. Hogarth."

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112. *Tho. Martyn, Sid. Col. 1768.*

"In March, 1770, or the latter end of February, soon after the University had sustained the great loss of Mr. Miller, son to Mr. Miller of Chelsea, who left us to go as a factor to the island of Sumatra, being Curator of the physic garden at an appointment of 50*l.* per an. Mr. Professor Martyn offered his services to the University, to look after it, gratis and without salary, till such time as they could procure a proper person for that business. Mr. Miller was a very ingenious young man; had made himself master of the learned and modern languages since his establishment at Cambridge, and gave lectures on botany and Linnæus to a Mons. Bonstettin; who studied at Cambridge for some months in a house opposite Pembroke Hall, where he lodged, chiefly on account of the vicinity to Mr. Gray of Pembroke, who had brought him from London to Cambridge. He was a most studious young gentleman, of a most amiable figure, and was son to the treasurer of the Can-

ton of Berne in Switzerland, whither he returned in March, 1770, on his leaving Cambridge, through Paris, not staying at London above a day or two. Mr. Miller read lectures to him to the very last day of his being at Cambridge. Mr. Miller was subject to epileptic fits, and his friends much feared his success in so great a difference of climate.

“*Tho. Martyn, S. T. B. Coll. Sid. Soc. Prof. Botan. Præf. Walk. et Hort. Curat. Catalogus Horti Botanici Cantabrigiæ. 8vo. London. Print of Dr. Walker before it. V. Critical Review for October, 1771, p. 317.*

“ This day are published, and ready for the subscribers, on the payment of two guineas, the two first volumes of the English translation of the *Antiquities of Herculaneum*. *County Chron.* Nov. 28, 1772. Junior Proctor, 1764. *The Connoisseur*, anonymous, but by Mr. Martyn of Sidney.

“ On Thursday, December 9, 1773, he was married to the sister of Dr. Elliston, M<sup>r</sup> of Sidney College, and kept their wedding at Lynton, where Mr. Martyn's mother-in-law lives in the great brick-house by the river, I passing them that day going to Horseth Hall. Mr. Martyn had hired Mr. Bening's house at Thriplow; but unexpectedly next month, in Jan. 1774, at the beginning, he was presented by Mr. Warren to hold the good living of Ludgers-hall in Bucks, for a Minor, for about 16 or 17 years.

“ On Thursday, May 22, 1777, Mr. Martyn and the Master of Sidney, drinking tea with me at Milton, he told me that he was disposed to give up the Curatorship of the botanical garden to any person whom the University thought fit to confer it upon, as he was obliged to live on his living at Marlow, near my living of Burnham in Bucks; but that he should keep the museum and books in it, which were given to the University by his father, on condition that he was to have the care of them; being a most choice collection of botanical writers. Mr. Martyn is now reading a course of lectures. I sent him two years ago a curious part of rock, mixed with human bones, from Gibraltar, which Mr. Jacob Bryant gave to me, to place in the museum. I also gave him this day a large piece of a tessellated pavement, which had been Dr.



Charles Mason's, and was given to me by his widow. Mr. Martyn told me his family was of Combe Martyn in Dorsetshire, where they had been settled from the Conquest, and gave for arms *A. 2 bars G.*

*"The English Connoisseur: containing an account of whatever is curious in Painting and Sculpture, &c. in the Palaces and Seats of the Nobility and principal Gentry of England, both in Town and Country. Lond. 1764. Two small 8vo. volumes. No name, but by Mr. Martyn, who is now in Italy with his wife on a party of pleasure, Dec. 1779."*

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**113. Sir Tho. Twisden, Justice of the King's Bench.**

*"Gave 10*l.* to Emanuel College New Chapel.*

*"He was an eminent Judge and Antiquary."*

He was younger brother to Sir Roger Twisden, Bart. the Editor of *Decem Scriptores*: and was himself created a Baronet; and was ancestor of the present Sir John Twisden of Bradbourne near Maidstone.

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**114. Brook Taylor, LL. D. St. John's.**

A celebrated mathematician, &c.

He was eldest son of Nathaniel Taylor, Esq. of Bifrons near Canterbury. See his *Life* by his grandson, the late Sir Wm. Young, Bart.

His younger brother was grandfather of the present Edward Taylor of Bifrons, Esq. late M. P. for Canterbury; and of Gen. Herbert Taylor, &c.

Dr. Taylor was a friend and correspondent of Pope's Lord Bolingbroke; and eminent for his genius, talents, and acquirements.

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